



THE REBELS,

OR

BOSTON BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF HOBOMOK.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.

BRYANT.

BOSTON:

CUMMINGS, HILLIARD, AND COMPANY—WASHINGTON STREET.

1825.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE it remembered, that on the twelfth day of November, A. D. 1825, and in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Rebels, or Boston before the Revolution. By the author of Hobomok.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.

Bryant."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act entitled, "An act, supplementary to an act entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

Call
Carrs Call

PS
1293
R4

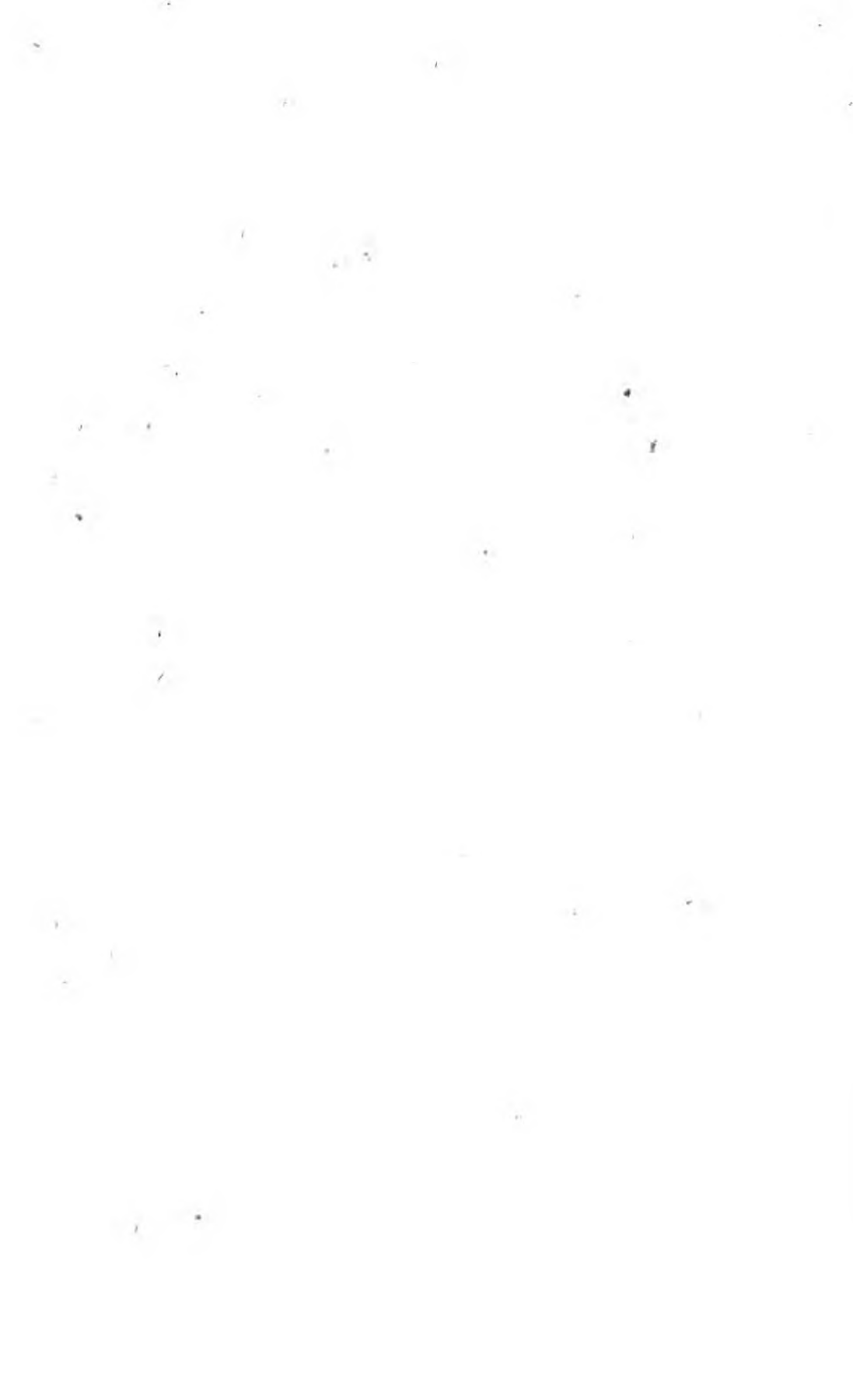
TO

GEORGE TICKNOR, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

NOTHING is more delightful to the human mind than to ascend from important results to their primitive causes ; and surely the Reformation alone has produced as extensive and important effects as the American Revolution : yet how few understand the springs which set that tremendous machine in motion. America is now vigorous and majestic ; she dwells in her spacious, sky-canopied home, where the Pacific kisses her feet in homage, and the Atlantic touches her garments, and rolls on more proudly than before. We now hear her youthful shout of freedom loudly echoed by the far-off nations ;—but while we exultingly exclaim, “ To-day our country may stand against the world ! ” we forget that but yesterday, none were so poor to do her reverence. Hercules decked with a lion’s spoil, is before us ; but the infant, struggling with serpents, is indistinctly seen in the distance.

True, we talk loudly of the battles we have fought, and the blood we have shed, in our glorious contest ; but there are very few among us who duly appreciate the deep wisdom, the passive courage, and the unyielding firmness of those men, who looked on the mighty torrent of English power, jealously watched its overflowing tide, and fearlessly exclaimed, “ Hitherto shalt thou come—but no further.” Had I the power to give a faithful picture of the vacillating, yet obstinate course of the British ministry, constantly changing their position, in order to elude the dangerous weapons which gleamed around them, and as constantly involving themselves in new and unforeseen difficulties ;—were I able minutely to recount the sounds of opposition, which grew

louder and louder, as the spirits of men were stirred within them, and their lips touched by a living coal from the altar of freedom,—I fear the number to whom I should impart pleasure would be but small. Surely, however, the domestic annals of those times, when the whole community seemed heaving with the pressure of expanding energies, yet unconscious of the desperate effort, that was so soon to tax its utmost strength, cannot fail to interest every American heart.

Thus much for the period I have chosen. How faithfully it has been portrayed, must be left to critics less merciful than myself.

Many will complain that I have dwelt too much on political scenes, familiar to every one who reads our history; and others, on the contrary, will say that the character of the book is quite too tranquil for its title. I might mention many doubts and fears still more important, but I prefer silently to trust this humble volume to that futurity which no one can foresee, and every one can dread.

THE REBELS.

CHAP. I.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stayne you all.

Song of the Sixteenth Century.

THERE was hurrying to and fro through the principal streets of Boston on the night of the 14th of August, 1765. A brilliant bonfire was blazing on Fort Hill. Column after column of light died away to rise again with redoubled grandeur, and at each succeeding burst of flame, the loud shouts of the rabble were heard with dreadful distinctness.

At this time, Henry Osborne was passing down Union-street, with the rapid pace of one who struggles with the intensity of thought. He leaned a moment on Union Stone, listening to the distant tumult, as he said, "Be the sin on the heads of those who have provoked this,—I have done all I could to prevent it."

As he spoke, a graceful stranger, in a rich military undress, stepped from a neighbouring court. The moon shone full on the countenances of both, and as he approached, he hesitatingly said, "Mr. Osborne, I believe."

"You are welcome, Captain Somerville," replied the other, giving him his hand.

"Thank you," rejoined the stranger. "I have found you very opportunely ; for I have been some time in search of a house which every child in this loyal town might point out to me. The spirit of rebellion, however, has induced some of your promising lads to mislead me by four contradictory directions ; and I am not, even now, certain that I am in the vicinity of Governor Hutchinson."

"We are very near his dwelling," replied Osborne ; "and I myself will accompany you thither, to meet my sister, whom I left there this afternoon."

A few questions relative to the riot were asked by the officer, and obviously avoided by his companion, before they arrived at Friezel Court.*

Both paused a moment opposite the Lieutenant Governor's elegant mansion, struck by the uncommon beauty, and almost fearful stillness of the scene. The dim light of a lamp suspended from the roof, gave a rich twilight view of the interior, and displayed a spacious arch, richly carved and gilded, in all the massy magnificence of the times, and most tastefully ornamented with busts and statues. The light streamed full on the soul-beaming countenance of Cicero, and playfully flickered on the brow of Tulliola, the tenderness of whose diminutive appellation delightfully associates the father with the orator, and blends intellectual vigour with the best affections of the heart.

* Now called Garden Court Street.

The silence was so deep that the gentlemen could distinctly hear a light, quick step, as a young lady passed from room to room, and paused beneath the arch in a listening attitude.

The exquisite proportion of her aerial little figure, and her beauty, pale and unearthly as Guido has represented his Madonnas, showed finely beneath the severely intellectual brow of Cicero. In the living figure, the soul was shrouded in its loveliest and most transparent veil; in the marble, its glowing fires seemed gleaming through the shrine they were consuming.

"It is my sister Grace," whispered Osborne.

"Grace, indeed!" ejaculated his companion, in a tone of fervent admiration.

"Hark!" said she, raising her beautiful finger, and speaking to some one behind her,—“as I live, there is the murmur of voices now. How could the servants leave us thus.”

She turned, and the last fold of her blue drapery was just disappearing, when Henry exclaimed, “It is I, dear Grace.”

The tiny beauty bounded to the door. “I am so glad you have come,—we have been so frightened,”—said she; and she paused and blushed deeply as she noticed the handsome stranger.

“My sister, Captain Somerville,” said Henry, evidently proud of her heightened loveliness.

A dignified courtesy answered the courtly salutation of the officer; and her brother, turning to two other ladies that now advanced; said, “Her friend Lucretia Fitzherbert, and Madam Sandford.”

The ceremony of introduction over, Miss Sandford opened a door on the right hand, and led the way into a dimly-lighted parlour. The pannelling was of the dark, richly-shaded mahogany of St. Domingo, and ornamented with the same elaborate skill as the hall they had just quitted. The busts of George III. and his young queen were placed in front of a splendid mirror, with bronze lamps on each side, covered with beautiful transparencies, one representing the destruction of the Spanish armada, the other giving a fine view of a fleet of line-of-battle ships drawn up before the Rock of Gibraltar. On either side of the room there were arches surmounted with the arms of England, in the recesses of which the company were soon seated, forming a group of exceedingly varied and interesting character. The sharp countenance and prim figure of Miss Sandford, gave her the air of an antediluvian image; the inelegant form and very plain face of Lucretia, though transiently lighted up with expression that almost atoned for the want of beauty, formed a contrast extremely favourable to the ethereal loveliness of Grace; and the Grecian outline of Henry's mild countenance served to place in bold relief the aquiline nose, and the open, fearless brow of Somerville, shaded by a profusion of curls, as dark and clustering as the beautiful locks of the Roman Antinous.

"Uncle Hutchinson has expected you several days," said Lucretia, as Somerville seated himself. "You wrote that you should sail in the William and Mary,—and a vessel arrived several days since, which had spoken her below the harbour."

"It was many miles below the harbour, however," answered Somerville; "and I was becalmed, according to my usual fortune. After so many delays, I am really anxious to meet my uncle."

"He would, of course, have been among the first to welcome you, had he been at home," she replied; "but, followed by all the servants, he has gone to watch the bonfires on Fort Hill; where, I suppose, either indignation or anxiety has led two-thirds of the population."

"I have heard some brief hints of this day's uproar," rejoined the Englishman; "but I could not have imagined any cause powerful enough to seduce Governor Hutchinson from the place where beauty claimed his protection."

"Nor would there have been, in my day," said Miss Sandford, in the squeaking tones of antiquated coquetry. "It was a toilsome process to please a lady when I was young; but times are sadly altered now."

"I dare say Cain scolded his wife about the degeneracy of the ladies in Nod," said Lucretia, laughing.

"And Cain might have reproached his mother, since, lacking mortals, she carried on her dangerous flirtation with Satan," continued Somerville.

No one smiled at this speech, for its levity was offensive to those whose associations with the Bible were all sacred; and to Henry Osborne, the irreverence it argued, was peculiarly painful.

Anxious to interrupt the awkward silence, Lucretia hastily said, "My uncle left the servants with us; but,

after all, it seems that bonnets and hats cover brains of very similar formation ; for, one by one, the eagerness of curiosity tempted them from us, till we were left to the protection of aunt Sandford."

"And really we have been much frightened," added Grace. "I had no idea the citizens of Boston could utter sounds so terrific as those we have heard to-night"

"It would be well if their echo could reach across the Atlantic," observed her brother.

"And what would be heard, if they did?" asked Somerville.

"Liberty and property ! No stamps !" exclaimed Henry, with startling energy.

A darkening expression passed over the fine face of Somerville, as rapidly as the shadows of autumnal clouds over the sunny brow of some verdant hill.

"Then you," said he, "are among the unhappy men who encourage popular outrage, and will thus drive the mother country to severity repugnant to her nature ?"

"You talk, sir, as many others do, who know nothing of the subject," rejoined Henry. "You mistake the unanimous voice of a free and intelligent people, for the factious zeal of a few office-seeking demagogues."

"And what farther proof need we than James Otis, the Aaron of your tribes, the Goliath of your hosts. Had his father been chief justice of the Supreme Court, the world would have lost his fiery speech against writs of assistance, as well as his never ceasing clamour about taxation without representation."

“That is a common, but most unjust slander upon the character of a generous and noble-minded man. He is disgusted, as every honest individual must be, with that rapacity for office, which distinguishes some friends of the administration; but he is too high-minded to place the interest of his family above that of his country. Besides, if avarice or ambition guides the course of James Otis, why is he not a tory? The ministry would gladly buy him over, on any conditions.”

“Crystals would fetch the price of diamonds if they were as rare,” replied Somerville. “England has quite too many great men, to come and purchase in such a market as her Colonies.”

“We have some, however, that Britain herself might be proud to boast. Such men as Adams, Hawley, Quincy, Hancock, Mayhew, and Otis, would even there obtain the influence and reputation which talents, joined with integrity, never fail to procure from those who can appreciate them.”

“Stop now, dear brother,” said Grace, playfully putting her hand before his mouth. Governor Hutchinson is coming, and I cannot have you always disputing about subjects on which you will never agree.”

The shadow of the Chief Justice* darkened the threshold as she finished speaking. He bowed to the ladies with all the Parisian gallantry that usually char-

* At the period I have mentioned, Beroard was governor, and Hutchinson lieutenant-governor. Among the various offices held by the latter, was that of chief justice. I have applied his different titles indiscriminately.

acterized his manner; and after warm congratulations had passed between him and his nephew, he inquired,

“What news from England?”

“Nothing new to you, I imagine, sir. Lord Bute’s ministry continues to keep the king unpopular among the commons. Chatham holds the people in the hollow of his hand; and if his demands for himself and friends were not so excessively exorbitant, a coalition of parties would no doubt be formed, and he would be, what he has long desired to be, secretary of state, and disposer-general of offices.”

“And the queen and the young princes?” said Hutchinson.

“Her popularity is unbounded. She and her rosy children unite all parties. Prince George is as handsome and clever a scion as ever sprung from a royal root; the Duke of York is healthy and promising; and a third is now added to the charming family group.”

“And the king is as gallant as ever, I suppose?”

“Too much so to leave three distressed damsels to guard a house on such a night as this, I fancy,” said Lucretia, smiling.

“Nay,” said the Lieutenant-Governor, “I will not plead guilty to that charge. I left the servants with you, and I knew the ribbers were employed at a safe distance. Besides it would have been ungenerous in me to have deserted Mr. Oliver, if there was the least chance of being useful to him. Then there is your friend Doctor Byles, Lucretia, it behoved me to inquire

about his safety ; for we well know that his wit and his loyalty make him very abominable in the eyes of this liberty-mad race."

Mr. Osborne frowned, and Grace looked more grave than usual.

"'Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of that lip,' " said the gallant Chief Justice, handing her a handkerchief that had just fallen on the floor. "But really, Mr. Osborne, the scenes of this day and night must convince the most obstinate whig that the designs of the popular party in these Colonies are altogether subversive of good government, and must eventually bring ruin on the people."

"I know not the extent of your meaning, when you speak of the popular party, sir," replied Osborne ; "but of one thing I am very certain, and that is, that outrages of any kind have never been incited, and will never be countenanced, by such men as Adams, Quincy, Hancock, and Whiting. Indeed it is worse than foolish, Governor Hutchinson, to trace the present commotions to the party spirit of individuals. The truth is, whenever government heap up combustibles, a hand will always be found ready to kindle them ; and if it were otherwise, they would take fire spontaneously."

"And what damage has been occasioned by the explosion at this time," inquired Somerville.

"They have merely suspended images of Lord Bute and your cousin Oliver, upon the Liberty tree ; razed Oliver's stamp office to the ground ; carried the images and timber to Fort Hill ; burned them before his house ;

pulled down his fences; broken his windows, and destroyed some furniture;" answered the Lieutenant-Governor.

"This will doubtless sound well at St. James's, and will mightily serve to heighten the king's respect for Bostonian loyalty," said the young officer.

"It may at least serve to convince his most gracious majesty that we are in earnest," rejoined Henry.

The politics of the gentlemen and the confidential *tête-à-tête* of the ladies were here interrupted by the entrance of fruit and wine. A light and general conversation ensued, and in a few moments Grace rose to depart.

"You have forbidden politics once this evening, Miss Osborne," said Somerville; "and I perceive by your glances at your brother, that you think us most disobedient. However, I trust you will forgive what the circumstances of the night seem to have compelled; and permit me to say, that I am particularly rejoiced that in meeting Mr. Osborne, I not only meet an old friend, whom I had known in England, but likewise your brother."

Grace slightly blushed, and said she hoped no unhappy political divisions would interrupt their former friendship.

Osborne warmly seconded his sister's wish, and extended a polite invitation to the uncle of his friend.

"I see no reason why you should leave us at all to-night, my dear Miss Osborne," said Hutchinson.

"Why Grace would think me a lunatic if I should propose to her to live one night without her father's kiss and blessing," said Lucretia.

“And not far from right, my mad-capped niece,” replied he, playfully touching her shoulder. “However, as you both will ; you know your lovely friend is always welcome twenty-four hours in a day.”

Grace smiled and bowed. Somerville took his hat, said that nothing but *such* a cause could tempt a few moments' absence, and joined the young people as they left the house.

CHAP. II.

Fortune, the great commandress of the world,
Hath divers ways to advance her followers:
To some she gives wealth, some wit, &c.
All Fools.

CAPTAIN FITZHERBERT, the father of Lucretia, was the youngest son in a family of noble connexions and moderate wealth. In his youth, he was sent to Manilla, at the request of a bachelor uncle, who promised his immense fortune as a reward for his affectionate attentions. This uncle proved tormentingly nervous, and his whims and caprices daily became more intolerable to a young man of the most haughty independence and stubborn inflexibility of character. He wrote a letter to his father, earnestly entreating permission to return to England. The answer he received was partly in the language of reason, partly of authority, and ended by expressly forbidding him to leave the East Indies during the life-time of his uncle.

From that moment, he resolved to enter the career of life for himself, and to spurn at the support which must be purchased by years of servile dependence. He collected all his money and jewels, procured the disguise of a common sailor, and came over to America, alone and unfriended. The new world then opened a fine field for enterprise, and he soon accumulated property. He had been for some time successfully engaged in

navigation, when he first met Matilda Howe, at Halifax. She was a beautiful and destitute orphan, with great sweetness of manners and of temper; and these qualifications had so much weight with the young English Captain, that he very soon gave her legal claims to his protection. Pride had hitherto induced him to conceal his existence from his friends; but he was now rich, and he felt anxious to secure their friendship for the sake of his lovely wife. For this purpose he left her a few months after their marriage, intending to arrange some business in the West Indies, and from thence proceed to Liverpool, and discover himself to his family.

A short letter from Cuba was all that she ever after received from him; nor was it long before she heard the dreadful tidings of his shipwreck.

After the birth of the infant Lucretia, Mrs. Fitzherbert proposed to the executors to examine the papers of her deceased husband. To her utter astonishment and dismay, she found that his strong box had been opened, and every paper of any value removed. It was afterwards reported, that during Mrs. Fitzherbert's sickness, many of the notes were presented by a middle-aged man, and paid by the unsuspecting debtors, who supposed that a legal transfer had taken place. Whoever this villain was, no trace of him could afterward be discovered.

The distressed mother wrote two letters to England, imploring assistance from her husband's relations. The first received an insolent answer, disclaiming all knowledge of such a being as young Edmund Fitzherbert,

and reproaching her with the grossness of her impudence. The second was returned in a blank envelope.

Bowed down with affliction, the heart-broken widow soon after expired, leaving her child to the care of benevolent acquaintances.

The rent of a small house, all that remained of her father's large property, saved the orphan from the misery of entire dependence; but her young heart was as blithe as if thousands had been her portion.

When Lucretia was in her thirteenth year, it chanced that Miss Sandford, the maiden sister of Mrs. Hutchinson, visited Halifax, and was taken ill at the house where she resided. The overflowing kindness and unremitting attention of the child won upon the stranger's heart, and she formed the resolution of taking her under her own immediate protection. This lady, who possessed many foibles, united with much shrewdness and great goodness of heart, brought the insulated little being with her, when she returned to the dwelling of Governor Hutchinson.

To his good opinion, the orphan possessed two very sure passports. One was an honourable English name, the other, a portion, scanty indeed, but sufficient to prevent any large expenditure on the part of Miss Sandford, whose property he thought would eventually devolve upon him.

Anxious to ascertain whether her father's story had really been an imposture, he caused minute inquiries to be made in England, but could only ascertain that the

name had become extinct, and that a large estate in Manilla had been settled on a remote collateral branch of the family. This last account seemed to tally with the Captain's story, and in the Governor's mind, it established the important point of honourable birth; and though there was seemingly no hope that Lucretia would ever become an heiress, we must do him the justice to say, that he treated her with extreme kindness, up to the period we have mentioned.

The morning after Somerville's arrival, Governor Hutchinson found a large package on his library table, which his nephew had placed there, at an early hour. He opened it, and found a polite letter from Goldsmith, accompanied by the "Traveller," then recently published in England; two long and laboured epistles from Lord North and Mr. Grenville; and an anonymous production, with the signature of the mitre, urging gentleness, discretion, and open dealing, with the discontented Colonies. These papers were read with avidity; and could some of them now be found, they would throw additional light on the political hypocrisy of the Chief Justice.

The last opened letter completely arrested his attention. It was as follows :

"Honoured Sir,

"A friend of mine, who has lately returned to England, accidentally mentioned meeting Miss Fitzherbert at your house. May I ask who this Miss Fitzherbert is? I have been in my native country but a short time, —I am a bachelor,—and my health is exceedingly pre-

carious. It is therefore important that I should know her history and connexions immediately.

“Copley is now in New England, and I should like to have him take her picture for me. I will pay all expenses, whether the event be as I hope, or not. Omit no particulars concerning her father, and have all the documents well authenticated.

I am your obedient and humble servant.

EDMUND FITZHERBERT.”

A long conference between the Governor, Miss Sandford. and Lucretia, terminated in sending a note to Doctor Byles, requesting his attendance as soon as convenient, to converse on some particular business. A servant was speedily despatched to Nassau-street, and soon returned with an answer that promised an early call. Before two hours had elapsed, Lucretia heard the well-known sound of his gold-headed cane, as it struck on the stone steps of the dwelling; and hastened to show him into the library.

He was a middle-sized man, with a large, closely curled wig, and an expression of face as strangely contradictory as his very singular character. There was a sanctity about his mouth, evidently induced by long habit; but nature peeped out at his eye with unrestrained drollery.

“Wherefore am I summoned?” said he, planting his cane firmly on the threshold of the door. “Has Jethro cut his little finger? Has Aunt Sandford been backbiting her neighbours till her double teeth ache? Or have the rebels more symptoms of the cholic?”

"None of these things have befallen us," answered the Governor, smiling, "I want to consult you about Lucretia's affairs."

"What affairs can she have, pray? No design of wearing Hymen's saffron robe, I trust?"

"They say it is a garment often bought," observed Lucretia; "and it is money which uncle Hutchinson wishes to talk with you about."

The Governor placed the letter in his hand, and remarked, "With all your contempt of wealth, you will not wonder that its contents are highly interesting to us."

"It is indeed of consequence that it should be attended to," said he, "but what is to be done?"

"All the evidence that can possibly be collected, must be immediately committed to paper. I have heard you say, that you saw Captain Fitzherbert, in your youth. I believe you and Madam Sandford will be my most valuable evidence."

Now, to this lady the reverend Doctor had a most unconquerable aversion. Some said it was because he suspected her of forming designs on his liberty, while he was a widower. To this charge she never condescended to give any other answer than, "It would be strange if I should seek such a punishment, when nothing worse than *Biles* could be found wherewith to afflict Job."

Perhaps it might be this same habit of paying him in his own coin, which had first created a dislike. Be that as it may, he lost no opportunity of railing at her, and when Lucretia was desired to call her, he exclaimed,

"Oh dear, that Miss Sandford ! I have such a *phobia* of her. - From morning till night she is clattering about the faults and follies of her neighbours ; and as for her own character, it is a dark lanthorn,—nobody sees the bright side but herself."

Governor Hutchinson looked upon his friend as a privileged person, and took no notice of these and similar remarks ; but they were always distressing to Lucretia, and she had just whispered, "I beg of you not to talk in this way,"—when Miss Sandford entered and wished him good morning.

"Good morning, Madam Sandford," said the Doctor, rising.—"Hem ! Pray Governor Hutchinson have you the Gossip, or the Tatler, or the Busy-body in your library ?"

"I thought the last was usually in Doctor Byles's presence," observed Miss Sandford, sweeping past him in great indignation.

"A truce with such contests," said her brother-in-law. "I wish to ascertain how much both of you know concerning Captain Fitzherbert."

Doctor Byles then proceeded to details exactly corresponding to the story we have already told. "I remember," said he, "hearing Captain Fitzherbert speak of his escape from Manilla. He was a proud-spirited man, and nothing on the earth or beneath it could *compel* him to an action. He used to say he had rather be a plough-boy in America, than a prince in the East Indies."

"I have heard that remark of my father's repeated several times," said Lucretia.

"And you know the lady with whom you boarded after your mother's death used to tell many anecdotes about his Manilla uncle," said Miss Sandford. "Do you remember her accounts of his chocolate-coloured gown, the monkey that saw fit to hide his wig in the chimney, and the favourite old servant that used to lie on his back and fiddle all day?"

"All this is nothing to the purpose," said Doctor Byles, sternly. "Women should only speak when it is necessary."

"All these trifling details will serve to authenticate the story," observed the Governor. "Do you know whether Captain Fitzherbert ever heard from his relations after he left them?"

"I have heard that he was once taken ill with a fever, and carried to Chelsea Hospital," replied Lucretia; "and that his father was one of the visiting committee, and used frequently to give him cordials with his own hand; but time and sickness had so changed my father that he did not know him; and his pride would not submit to an avowal under such circumstances."

"That was strength of nerve indeed," said Hutchinson, "to meet a father in a foreign land, and yet remain incog. But bless my heart, why have none of us thought of Mr. Townsend? he was one of the executors."

"What, Townsend of Roxbury, who lives in a house leaking at every pore, goes to bed before dark to save his candles, and wears a garment woven before Deucalion's deluge?"

"Just so, Doctor Byles; and is worth thousands of pounds for all that," replied the Governor. "Lucretia, sit down and write a note to Mr. Townsend, requesting him to come here; and send Jethro with the carriage,"

"I love that scatter-brained girl in spite of myself," said Doctor Byles, as she left the apartment. "Did you notice the tears in her eyes when we talked of her mother? I believe there was some great villany about her father's property."

"People do say this Mr. Townsend is no better than he should be," rejoined Miss Sandford.

"Did you ever hear of any body that was?" said Doctor Byles.

"If I had, I should have heard a fact you will never know by experience," answered she.

"Surely you have touched the Doctor's garments," said her brother, laughing.

"At any event, wit made a strange mistake when it popped into her brain," rejoined her unwearied tormentor.

Some more conversation followed, the particulars of which were interesting only to the parties concerned; and the Governor was busy in committing the various facts to paper, when Jethro arrived with Mr. Townsend. He was an old man, with a black cap pulled closely over his shaggy eye-brows, a wrinkled face, a threadbare coat, and patched small-clothes, tied above the knee with leathern strings.

The rising smile was checked by the politeness of the Chief Justice, who handed him a chair, and after a

few general inquiries, spoke of the business for which he had summoned him.

Every one noticed his look of deadly paleness, when the name of Fitzherbert was mentioned.

"I am an old man," said he, in the querulous tones of extreme age; "and a poor one. That was a troublesome business. Papers were lost; and the world blamed me, God knows, without reason."

"Old man, swear not at all," exclaimed Doctor Byles, with a thundering voice.

The miser looked terrified.

"It is hard to perplex an old man with this business, when he is just on the verge of the grave," said he.

"I am poor,—too poor to be wearing and tearing my clothes in riding about from one end of the town to the other; and I have been *despit* sick for years back. I have a power of complaints on me now."

"An *expansion* of the heart is one disorder you have *contracted*, is it not?" inquired Doctor Byles.

"I have had almost all kinds of sickness in my day," replied the old man, without noticing the ridicule of the remark; "but then you know doctors cost a mint of money."

That craving for sympathy which leads us all to dwell more or less on our own miseries, would have induced Mr Townsend to prolong this topic to a painful length, had not Governor Hutchinson at once arrested him by direct questions concerning the Fitzherbert estate. On this subject, he was less garrulous. A trembling hesitation, which might proceed either from conscious guilt,

or from an incapacity for business, was very discernible. His story was but a repetition of the other, excepting that he remembered having seen the death of Mr. Edmund Fitzherbert, of Manilla, in the London Chronicle. Having given his testimony, he expressed a wish to oblige the gentlemen in any thing that would not prove expensive, and signified his desire to depart.

That there had been some mistake concerning the death of the East India uncle, and that Lucretia would be heiress to his immense wealth, was the impression of all her friends.

The Governor congratulated her on her prospects, but at the same time reminded her of their extreme uncertainty, and exhorted her to keep the whole affair secret for the present; since, in case of failure, it would be exceedingly unpleasant to be questioned concerning it.

Miss Sandford did not attempt to conceal her joy. "Lucretia will be the richest woman in New England," said she; "a match for the greatest man in the Colonies."

"Mulier ad unguem," exclaimed Doctor Byles; "ideas always saffron-coloured. It would be well if you thought as much of some other flames as you do of Hymen's torch."

"In my opinion, wrath and eternal fire are too much talked of by some ministers," rejoined the maiden.

"No doubt you think so," replied he; "and when one seems so anxious that a place should be represented comfortable, one cannot but have a shrewd suspicion they expect to go there."

"I know of no one so fit to be master of ceremonies as yourself," retorted she.

"A young distiller has moved into your neighbourhood, Governor Hutchinson," said the Doctor; "and the first business I wish you to give him is to *still* your sister's tongue."

"A heavy cannonade, upon my word," said the laughing Lucretia; "but after all, Doctor Byles, none of my friends will be more glad of my good fortune than yourself."

"Very true, my good girl," said he, affectionately taking her hand; "but it will be that you have it in your power to be useful,—not to get a husband."

"Certainly not," replied Lucretia. "I am sure—"

"Have a care," interrupted the Doctor, "else I shall be tempted to say, 'Faith, I'll believe a woman, when I have nothing else to do.'"

Lucretia blushed,—for at that moment she was actually conjecturing whether her thousands could make Somerville forget that she was less beautiful than Grace Osborne.

CHAP. III.

The spirit of that day is still awake,
And spreads itself, and shall not sleep again;
But through the idle mesh of power shall break,
Like billows o'er the Asian monarch's chain.

Bryant.

THE political principles of Frederic Somerville were rather the result of habit and education, than of personal character. He was fresh from the classic schools of Greece and Rome, and his own spirit was as free as the untamed courser of the desert; but he had read gorgeous descriptions of feudal power,—he had gazed on old baronial castles, the massive grandeur of the Gothic, and the lighter and more graceful outline of Saxon architecture, till his imagination was wedded to pompous pageantry, and his heart bowed down before the crown, the coronet, and the mitre.

But he was enthusiastic, ardent, and capricious; and those who knew him well, would have felt no surprise at seeing him as valiant a champion for the rights of man as he now was for the supremacy of his king.

Toward the evening of the 26th of August, he was sitting in one of the alcoves which looked out upon the garden, talking with his uncle concerning the arrival of stamped paper, when a small arrow whizzed between them, and fastened in the canvass hangings of the room. Both started, and looked out at the window.

A lad, with cross-bow and quiver, was just scaling the fence; but he was soon out of the reach of pursuit.

To the arrow was fastened a slip of paper, with these words :

“ Lieutenant-Governor, Member of the Council, Commander of the Castle, Judge of Probate, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court ! you are hereby commanded to appear under the Liberty-tree within one hour, to plight your faith, that you will use no more influence against an injured and an *exasperated* people.
NEMO.”

The Governor's face flushed to the very temples.

“ Again reproached with the multiplicity of my offices,” said he ; “ as if talents and education ought not to command fortune.”

“ Where is this tree, of which I have heard so much ? ” inquired his nephew. “ It seems these people are determined that even their timber shall be implicated in rebellion.”

“ It is that large elm opposite Frog Lane,* where the mob dared to suspend their insulting effigies on the fourteenth of this month,” he replied.

“ And what notice shall you take of this insulting epistle ? ”

“ Such notice as king George's representative should take of the insolence of his subjects. I will never compromise with their vengeance, nor govern them by stratagem.”

“ Spoken like Governor Hutchinson,” exclaimed Somerville. He paused a moment, and looked anx-

* Where Boylston market now stands.

iously into the street, before he added, "Had I not better go to the tree, and watch their proceedings?"

"As you please, sir. They will make no difference in my arrangements, however. They will hardly dare to touch my property; and if they do forget so far as to pull down some of my fences, they will be compelled to pay a pound for every penny I lose."

With high ideas of English power, and with very gross ignorance of the colonial character, Somerville regarded the resistance of America as the discontented murmuring of a wayward child; and as he now passed through the principal streets of Boston, he was absolutely astonished at the intense eagerness and portentous activity of the crowd.

There was something in the hurried step of those who were walking to and fro, and in the earnest manner of those collected in groups, that seemed like the stormy movements of the ocean, as it rises wave after wave, and lashes itself to fury.

"There is the man that daddy calls the *Breetish* tell-tale," said a sturdy little fellow, who was helping his companion fly a kite.

"By George, say that again, if you dare," retorted the son of a staunch tory, as he clenched his fist, and at one blow prostrated him on the ground.

"I'm up again," exclaimed the resolute little chap, springing on his feet, and rubbing his ears.

"Let those who throw the infant Hercules, beware his rising," said a dark-eyed young man, whose flushed cheek and sparkling eye betrayed the keen interest he took in the scene.

Those who are the most enthusiastic in their opinions, and the most impetuous in their conduct, are peculiarly subject to violent reaction, and had Somerville at that moment been alone in the world, without friends to sway, or interest to guide him, he would have rebounded from his long cherished aristocracy, to the extreme of political freedom.

Desperate and wicked as he had been accustomed to think the cause, he could not but admire the fearless energy with which it was maintained ; and with more respect than he had ever before felt for the rebels, he passed along to the place where a meeting with his uncle had been appointed. There were clusters of people within sight ; but the immediate vicinity of the tree was perfectly quiet.

A tall, slender man passed Somerville, with the slow and irresolute step of one who has no other object in walking than to while away a tedious interval. He looked at his watch anxiously, and was about to retrace the path he had just taken, when the young Englishman arrested his attention. For a moment he seemed to hesitate whether to speak, or not,—then suddenly plunged into a narrow lane, the darkness of which soon concealed him from view.

Willing to ascertain more fully the state of public feeling, Somerville entered the White Horse tavern, and carelessly glancing over the London Chronicle, kept a watchful eye on those who entered and departed.

Several countrymen surrounded a gentleman in one corner of the room, who was saying to them, "Be firm.

Resist unto death; but," added he, slowly and impressively lowering his hand, "be moderate—be prudent."

"Spoken like Samuel Adams," said a young man, who had that moment entered. Somerville immediately recognised the figure that he had seen passing and re-passing the Liberty-tree, and the voice that had spoken of the rising Hercules.

"Has he come, Doctor Willard," inquired a dozen voices.

"The person I sought is not yet where we expect him," answered he.

There was a long pause.

"Do you really think, after all Governor Hutchinson has promised us, that he has dared to write to England, advising them not to repeal this duty?" asked one of the countrymen.

"It seems to be proved beyond all doubt," replied Willard.

"Let him look to 't, then," said an old man, taking out a huge quid of tobacco, and shaking his head most significantly.

"And do you think, sir, this duty never will be *pealed*?" inquired a ruddy-faced farmer.

"Franklin is making great exertions for us," rejoined Adams; "but the king is ignorant of the real state of his Colonies, the ministry are obstinate, and their friends here are wicked and selfish. We have much to fear."

The farmer made a nod of defiance, similar to those which a small boy ventures, when at a safe distance, to direct toward the champion who has just thrown him.

"My friends," said Adams, "remember that nothing is to be gained by violence ; much by calm and dignified firmness. Let not the outrages of the 14th be re-acted."

"Do you fear any open resistance ?" asked Somerville, stepping forward.

The two gentlemen looked anxiously at each other, for his entrance had been unnoticed by all who stood in that corner of the room ; and Adams replied,

"I trust there will be no assault upon individual property, sir ; but there is no answering for the movements of a populace, goaded and trampled on as we have been."

"I need not remind you of English power," rejoined Somerville ; "and what will you do if they continue to resolve that the duty shall be paid ?"

"In such a case, hearts and hands will not be wanting," replied Willard. "To the nephew of Governor Hutchinson, I shall say no more. Good evening, sir."

"Ye're a *frind* to your country, and I like ye for it," said the farmer. "But I 'll not stay here, *nuther* ; for I guess I should give too much of my mind to that *Breetish* fellow."

With an air of evident vexation, Somerville followed them to the street, and the traces of recent indignation were very conspicuous on his ingenuous countenance, when he entered his uncle's library. This room contained the finest collection of books then in the Colonies ; and bore obvious marks of the scholar, the antiquarian, and the man of taste. It was hung with canvass tapestry, on which was blazoned the coronation

of George II., here and there interspersed with the royal arms. The portraits of Anne and the two Georges hung in massive frames of antique splendour, and the crowded shelves were surmounted with busts of the house of Stuart. A table of polished black oak stood in the centre, at which were seated the Governor and his friend Doctor Byles.

"You are welcome, sir knight of the dolorous visage," said the facetious clergyman. "Your uncle and I have been two hours endeavouring to decipher the black-letter manuscript you brought us; but like the woeful messengers that drove poor Job to desperation, each succeeding hour has brought some one with rueful face and direful tone, to tell us that the rebels are certainly about to commit some dreadful outrage, and that we had better prepare for the worst."

"I come on the same mournful errand," replied Somerville, imitating the mock solemnity of his manner. "But, to speak seriously, uncle, I have seen instances of fearless audacity to-day, which leave no room to doubt of the infuriated state of the populace."

"Ill news are swallow-winged; but what is good walks on crutches," said Doctor Byles. "These discontented wretches dare not insult one of his majesty's officers."

Somerville repeated, very minutely, all he had heard and seen during his absence.

"Why did you not treat the insolent rebels in the manner they deserved?" inquired Governor Hutchinson.

"It was with difficulty that I did refrain in one instance," replied he; "but it is well I did; for you.

know how much mischief Oliver's passionate friends made on a similar occasion. After all, there is a touch of spirit in this thing. I had rather see zeal in a bad cause, than coldness in a good one. The mantle of true English feeling must have descended on these people, as they left our shores."

"I confess, young man, I see no similarity to English—"

A confused noise in the distance here interrupted the conversation. For a few moments they listened with a kind of stupefaction; and this gradually increased to a bewildered, but intense fear of approaching danger, as the sounds of drum and fife, mingled with the loud shouts of men and boys, became terribly distinct.

"Lucretia is in the cupola," said the Governor, motioning to his nephew.

"My private papers are in that desk, Doctor Byles," added he. "They may be safer about your person than mine. Get them into the hands of Mr. Osborne as soon as possible."

He was making other brief arrangements, with a trembling eagerness that defeated his haste, when a loud crash of falling glass announced that the multitude had commenced the work of destruction.

Lucretia's voice was heard on the stairs, as she screamed, "Aunt! aunt!" in an agony of terror.

Another tremendous wreck succeeded, as she burst into the library.

"Oh, my God! where is aunt Sandford?" she exclaimed. "Dear uncle, save yourself. Run, run to Mr. Osborne's."

The united voices of Somerville and Miss Sandford were now heard, calling, "This way, Lucretia, this way."

With an involuntary wish to save something, she caught two rolls of manuscripts, lying on the table, and followed their direction.*

Quicker than it can be said, the whole family were cautiously stealing through the back yard, on their way to Mr. Osborne's.

As they came into the street in rear of the house, bottles of Champaigue, and barrels of claret, brought from the Governor's own cellar, were furiously broken by the mob, who were drinking most immoderately.

"There goes stingy Tommy," cried one.

"And Mather, the droll," shouted another.

This recognition was followed by hats full of wine thrown in their faces, with loud cries of "Don't it go to your heart, stingy Tom?"

With difficulty they forced their way a few steps farther, and came in view of a large effigy, mounted on a car, round which the multitude were brandishing their torches, exclaiming, while hundreds of hats waved in dizzy circles through the air, "Liberty, or death! No stamps! Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!"

"Down with the tyrant! down with the hypocrite!" shouted the mob, as they formed a phalanx round the Governor.

* One of these rolls was the original manuscript of Hubbard's History. The other has long been before the public, under the title of Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts.

The tumult increased. At that moment, a tall, athletic man pressed eagerly toward the group.

"In the name of Heaven, let not a hair of their heads be injured," said he. "Is it come to this in New-England, that the presence of ladies is no safeguard against rudeness."

"You are one of his nephews, or parasite officers," muttered a bye-stander.

The arm of Somerville was raised, in the forgetfulness of his anger, but was stayed by Doctor Byles. "Forgive and despise them," said he; "they are not worthy of an Englishman's chastisement.

"Look me in the face, John," said the gentleman who came to their rescue. He raised his slouched hat as he spoke, and displayed the resolute features of Samuel Adams, as he added, "Am I not a friend to the people? But this is licentiousness, not liberty. This is no way to redress our wrongs."

"But it is the way to revenge them," shouted an unknown voice.

"Let Governor Hutchinson and his household pass!" said Adams, in a voice of thunder. "I will be his guard; and he that stops me, does it at his peril."

The multitude, awed by the boldness of his language, fell back; the confusion subsided for a moment; and the generous American soon conducted the family to more quiet scenes.

But the spirit of riot again stormed; and the heads of men seemed like the waves of the ocean, rising, swelling, rushing onward.

The noise of shattered glass and falling timber was mingled with horrid imprecations, in the midst of which, down fell the magnificent cupola, crushed to a thousand atoms.

“Fire the house, boys! fire the house!” shouted one.

The crowd, whom contagious excitement and brutal intoxication had maddened into fury, prepared to obey.

For an instant, fire-brands and torches were seen gleaming in the air; but several voices were heard earnestly expostulating with them,—and, whoever they were, they had power to arrest the storm in the midst of its uproar.

The noise gradually subsided. The mob scattered off in detached companies; and before midnight, the moon looked calmly down on the the quiet and deserted mansion of Governor Hutchinson. Fragments of manuscripts, tattered books, dilapidated furniture, and broken windows, proclaimed that the torrent of liberty, which had been so long fearfully swelling, had overflowed its banks, and left terror and desolation in its course.

In the mean time, a rapid walk had brought the wanderers to the house of the Rev. Mr. Osborne. There were brief salutations, eager inquiries, and cordial welcomes. Lucretia, who had not spoken one word during the perilous scene, now clasped her arms around Grace, and wept; Miss Sandford threw herself into a chair, and rocked and sobbed violently; while Mr. Osborne, forgetting how much he disliked the avarice and political deception of Hutchinson, grasped his hand most joyfully.

There is a certain point beyond which injuries cease to exasperate, and their influence softens and subdues the heart.

From the chamber window, the Governor watched the movements of the rabble ;—saw crow-bars and axes busy on the roof of his magnificent dwelling, and witnessed the cupola, as it fell, splintering into atoms.

“Would to heaven, it would crush the unfeeling wretches,” exclaimed Somerville.

“Say not so, my nephew,” rejoined the Governor. “Rather pray that they may live to repent of their conduct.”

Doctor Byles evinced the same spirit. He spoke of the rash proceedings with mildness, very unusual to him ; and when they returned to the parlor, he said, “With your leave, brother Osborne, we will pray that the sins of this night may be forgiven.”

At this moment, a shrill whistle was heard ; and it was immediately answered from a distance.

Grace cast a look of utter agony at Lucretia, who, pale as death, exclaimed,

“Oh, that dreadful sound ! It is the mob-whistle.”*

“It is a sound terribly familiar to our ears, indeed,” said Hutchinson. “My good friend, our presence endangers you. We must depart.”

“Not while there is any thing to fear,” rejoined Osborne, in a decided tone. “If I cannot avert the storm, its violence shall fall on me.”

* This sound was so peculiar, that the inhabitants of Boston recognized it instantly.

“Leave this house ; I beseech you, leave this house !” exclaimed Doctor Willard, abruptly entering from a side door. “There is no safety for you here ; indeed there is not.”

“Where can I go ?” asked the Governor, in an agitated voice.

“Remain with me,” said Mr. Osborne, taking firm hold of his arm. “My young friend, you could not suppose I would desert him at this moment.”

Faces were now seen at the window, and the awful sounds of an infuriated multitude were again heard. Doctor Willard cast a look of intense anxiety towards Grace, which spoke more than volumes.

“Do you, young gentlemen, remain with the ladies. If worst comes to worst, convey them to Doctor Mayhew’s. I myself will speak to these people,” said Mr. Osborne.

The venerable man stepped forth alone, and as he stood and gazed on the crowd, the clamour of voices ceased.

His appearance was indeed wonderfully impressive. His blue silk night-gown and slippers,—the white hair, parted in the middle of his forehead, and falling negligently over his shoulders, gave him the air of an evangelist of olden time. The moon shone full upon him, and displayed a countenance, in which intellect and affection were singularly blended. The celestial light beaming from his eye, announced that he lived above the world ; but the sweet smile that hovered round his lips, proclaimed how much he loved those who still enjoyed it.

“What would you have, my friends?” said he.

The mildness of his tones formed a strange contrast to their own tumultuous cries; and, awed into shame, they continued silent.

At length, some one said, “Governor Hutchinson is in your house, and he must leave it.”

“Not while I have a roof to shelter him,” rejoined the intrepid clergyman.

“Be cautious, my dear sir,” whispered a man in disguise, who stood near the door. “I fear your political principles will not prove a sufficient shield.”

“My countrymen,” said the old man, in a voice extremely agitated, “how well I love America, and how much I have exerted myself for her rights, you all know. I now tell you, once for all, that the ruins of this house shall fall upon my head before I give up one who has sought it for shelter. I have watched for your liberties, wept for your sins, and prayed for your advancement in holiness. My children, will you, can you, sacrifice me to your vengeance?” Then, raising his clasped hands, and streaming eyes to heaven, he added, “Father of mercies, keep them from further sin!”

The humbled and conscience-stricken multitude looked upon him with veneration. Blessings, and even sobs, were audible.

One after another came up, bowed before him, and passed quietly down the street. So much influence has genuine piety over the unprincipled, in their wildest moods.

CHAPTER IV.

Then Otis rose, and great in patriot fame,
To listening crowds resistance dared proclaim.
From men like Otis, independence grew ;
From such beginnings empire rose to view.

Hon. Thomas Davies.

ON the following day, the Court of Assizes and the Supreme Court met in the Council Chamber. Four of the judges wore "voluminous wigs, broad bands, and robes of scarlet cloth." The Chief Justice alone entered without the customary badges of his profession. A plain suit of black, which he had worn on the preceding night, was all that had been saved from the enraged populace.

A murmur of indignation ran through the court when he appeared ; and it was very evident that the citizens of Boston deeply regretted, and severely discountenanced the shameless outrages they had been compelled to witness. Nothing was now heard of the political bitterness and personal abuse that had, of late, mingled too frequently with their public debates ; on the contrary, respectful and conciliating attention marked the whole assembly ;—and when the court were about to adjourn, Samuel Adams arose and requested all the lovers of genuine freedom to meet at Faneuil Hall, to pass some resolves concerning the indemnification of Hutchinson's losses, and to take proper measures to prevent such excesses in future.

A crowded meeting accordingly took place. Without one dissenting voice, they passed resolutions to patrol the streets from sunset to sunrise, and to petition the Legislature that the ruined mansion of the Chief Justice should be repaired at the expense of the state.

The friends of government pretended to look on all this as the artful manœuvres of men anxious to ward off the effects of their crime. To further their tyrannical design of obtaining military assistance from England, the two governors chose to represent the affair as the spontaneous movement of the whole town, suggested and aided by its best and most influential citizens ; and one of Bernard's friends, who had accompanied Somerville to the hall, was impolitic enough to say aloud, "This is a sheer pretence. The legislature approve of the transaction ; and would publicly vindicate it, if they dared. All this only serves to show that they have not spirit enough to carry them through."

With a face of flame, James Otis arose and answered, "You assert what no honest man can believe, sir. A policy as wicked as it is shallow, can alone induce our enemies to give currency to such an opinion. Affect a disbelief, if you please ; but you well know that all the nerve and sinew of the community were exerted to stem the torrent of popular fury, during the whole of the last fearful night.

"I do not oppose the resolutions in favour of Governor Hutchinson. No one more sincerely regrets the insults offered his person, and the injury done to his property ; but I cannot restrain my indignation, when I

hear the public virtue, that so promptly recoils from undue violence, stigmatized as time-serving cowardice. Some will mistake my zeal for personal resentment ; but those who understand me well, will hear, in my voice, the thundering echo of a free people, who cannot be silenced, and who will not be mocked.

“ Let him who dares to say we have not spirit sufficient to resist oppression, look at the fallen cupola, the prostrate pillars, the tattered hangings, and the ruined walls in Friezel Court !

“ God forbid that I should thus recapitulate in order to add insult to outrage. I merely wish to prove that the spirit which cannot be controlled by friends, will never be overcome by enemies.

“ England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of Freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland.

“ Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown,—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

“ We are two millions strong,—one fifth fighting men.

“ We are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master.

“ To a nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance ; but it must not, and it never can be extorted !” exclaimed he, striking his hand, till the hall rung again.

Low murmurs of "Treason ! treason !" were heard in some parts of the room, and Henry Osborne, fearing his vehemence might betray him into danger, gently touched his arm. "Am I not of age ?" said Otis, petulantly ; but instantly calming his irritation, he continued,

"Some have sneeringly asked, Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper ? No ! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand ; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust ?

"True, the spectre is now small ; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

"Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt ? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

"We plunged into the wave with the magna charta of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and the torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy ; forests have been prostrated in our path ; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population.

"And do we owe all this to the kind succour of our mother country ? No ! we owe it to the tyranny that

drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

“But perhaps others will say, we ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.

“And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

“In every instance, those who *take* are to judge for those who *pay*; and if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

“But, thanks be to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember that a fire is lighted in these Colonies, which one breath of theirs may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.”

A murmur of delight ran through the whole assembly. The impetuous eloquence of his manner swept every thing before it. Loud and reiterated applause began to resound through the building; and shouts of "Otis forever! the friend of the people!" were heard around the doors. Even the friends of the administration had awaited his conclusion in breathless admiration. True, the charm ceased with his voice; and though the involuntary tribute they had paid to talents and integrity could not be recalled, it was immediately overbalanced by threatening words and scornful smiles.

To have surprised an enemy into unwilling praise, must give a delightful consciousness of mental power to the greatest and best of minds; but intellect has a still greater triumph, when genius, born in poverty and nurtured in seclusion, sees wealth and rank, with all their gilded trappings, shrink to their own nothingness, and pay reluctant homage where heaven has set its own high impress of nobility. That Mr. Otis was too much gifted by fortune, to enjoy this last species of exultation, certainly did not soften the asperity of his enemies. It was doubly provoking, that one whose situation in society was so commanding, and whose influence was so extensive, should dare, thus openly, to throw the gauntlet of defiance; and on their way homeward, not a few talked of the necessity of ridding England of so formidable a foe.

Leaving them to "nurse their wrath," we will follow his friend, Henry Osborne. After apologizing to Mr. Otis for his friendly interruption, and giving his most

cordial congratulations, he walked home through Friezel Court, thinking it possible some valuable papers might yet be saved.

Many people were still around the doors, intently examining the various articles that lay crushed and scattered in every direction.

Henry passed into the ruined library, and as the gaunt figure of Mr. Townsend met his view, he involuntarily started back. The old miser thrust something into his side pocket, with all the trembling eagerness of dotage ; and immediately began to make some inarticulate apologies about a paper he had lost.

“ Distressful times these, sir,” said he, “ when a man’s earnings an’t safe night nor day. Nothing can be done with money, but to hide it in the bowels of the earth.”

“ Have you suffered from the recent riot ? ” inquired Osborne, with a mingled expression of contempt and compassion.

“ I can’t say I have, sir ; but I have had great losses in my day. I am a poor man now ; and — ”

He was going to add more, but the entrance of Governor Hutchinson and his sister occasioned a sudden pause. The miser changed colour, felt in his pocket to ascertain that the secreted parcel was secure, and said rapidly, “ I hope your honour will excuse my being here. I just stepped down to see how things looked.”

“ My doors always opened upon the inside,” replied Hutchinson ; “ and I could not now close them against any one, if I would.”

There was a slight tremor in his voice, and the tears actually crowded into his eyes, when he looked on the wreck of that splendid library, which he had been more than thirty years collecting with all the devotedness of antiquarian zeal. Indeed the scene was melancholy enough. Books were stripped of their covers, manuscripts torn to pieces, the royal portraits rent from top to bottom, and the beautiful, swan-like neck of Mary Stuart was all that remained of the proud line of busts.

“Oh dear,” cried Miss Sandford, “you may say what you will, the world never was half as wicked as it is now. Who would think it?” added she, springing forward, and raising something from a heap of rubbish. “Here is my blue silk damask, that I wore to a ball as long ago as the year 25, stuffed into a porridge pot;—the very gown that Mrs. Winthrop hated so much because her husband insisted upon it that I never looked so well in any thing else. What will this world come to?”

The gentlemen gave all the condolence that so important a subject demanded, and the querulous maiden began making fresh researches. At every new instance of wasteful destruction, Mr. Townsend would signify his horror by a sympathizing groan. At first, Miss Sandford felt disposed to ask him to leave the room; but when she looked up and saw his grotesque figure bending over the ruined furniture with such a look of utter distress, she felt strongly inclined to be merry at his expense. Perceiving the gentlemen had passed into the adjoining rooms, she ventured to compromise with dignity, and began, “When I wore this gown, Mr. Townsend, you were young, and used to attend balls, I suppose.”

"Oh dear, yes," rejoined the miser. "I have spent a deal of money in them foolish ways; the more is the pity."

"But they say you are very rich now."

"Do they?" said the old man, chuckling. Then putting on a long face, he added, "'T an't true, though. I'm a dreadful poor man. Just enough to keep soul and body together, that 's all."

"I should not think your soul and body would be a very weighty concern, whether together or separate. You are very much out of health?"

"Yes, indeed I am. I have a power of diseases."

"Perhaps you suffer for want of good nursing. It is a pity you had not married when you were young, Mr. Townsend."

"I don't know, I don't know. Women are dreadful expensive."

"But you are rich, and it is not too late now to find some kind notable woman, for a wife."

"I hope it is, I hope it is. Women are *despit* expensive. Why, I don't keep a horse, because it costs such a power of money."

"But, Mr. Townsend, a prudent woman —"

"I tell you they are all dreadful costly," exclaimed the persecuted bachelor, pushing his cap hard over his forehead, and making the best of his way out of the house.

After examining the chambers, to ascertain whether any remnant of a wardrobe could be found, Miss Sandford and her brother returned to Mr. Osborne's,

where they had consented to take up their temporary abode.

The interview with the miser afforded the girls many a laugh ; but when Doctor Byles heard of it, he shook his head significantly, and said, " There is many a true word spoken in jest."

CHAP. V.

And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,
To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak
Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.

Manfred.

WHEN the plague raged in London, one of the most remarkable features of the time was the total forgetfulness of all religious distinctions. A house of prayer was enough to suffice hearts broken down by many sorrows; and if the soul could but prostrate itself before its God, it was careless whether the body knelt or stood, —whether hands were uplifted, or censers waved. But when the curse had departed from the land, again the temple of divine truth resounded with the din of jarring sectaries, and its sacred courts were once more polluted by man's unholy passions.

In the same manner, the scene of imminent peril, which we have described, subdued, for a while, all the rancour of political animosity.

The disinterested firmness and the ready hospitality of Mr. Osborne, were repaid with prompt and grateful affection; and it was not until Doctor Willard met the same company at the house of his friend, on the ensuing evening, that party distinctions were for a moment revived.

When he regretted the depredations of the rabble, Hutchinson answered, "The rabble would have been

excusable, sir ; but these things are excited by men who would honour a nobler cause. This is the price I pay for being Chief Justice at the expense of the elder Otis."

"With indignation I repel the charge that the late riots were either instigated or approved by such men as Otis and his associates," replied Willard. "They will fearlessly resist oppression, but they will never encourage violence. Have not the community expressed their abhorrence with sufficient union and energy? Have not the good citizens of Boston voluntarily taken every precaution to prevent such excesses in future?"

"That is all nonsense," exclaimed the Chief Justice. "You boast of your proceedings at Faneuil Hall—but what was Otis's speech, but the rankest rebellion? The people would do well enough, if they were not led on by a few intriguing individuals."

"Our confusions do not originate in the arts of demagogues, but in the tyranny of rulers, sir," replied the young patriot. "The Geisslers of Switzerland, the Granvels of Holland, the Lauds and Straffords of England, were the undoubted authors of the tragedies acted in their respective countries ; and—" he paused a moment—"I leave to your own conscience, who will be answerable, if one drop of American blood is ever shed in this contest."

The Governor appeared struck with the boldness of his manner, and remained silent.

"Yet there certainly were men above the common mass, among the crowd of rioters," said Somerville.

"True," answered Henry Osborne ; "but were you at the bar of the House of Commons, could you in conscience, deny that the efforts of those men were to regulate and control the populace."

"I certainly do not forget the noble conduct of Samuel Adams," rejoined Somerville ; "nor am I unmindful of what we owe to your father." He looked significantly at Doctor Willard, and added, "Neither have I forgotten that some of America's best blood did not disdain to seek my uncle under the Liberty-tree."

"Make what use you will of the knowledge, which circumstances have put in your power," said Willard. "I do not deny that I sought him there ; but I must add, none more heartily regretted the summons, than myself."

"I believe you, young man," said Doctor Byles ; but after all, you must be aware, that it is much like opening the sluices of a stream, and then attempting to stem it with sand. He who teaches a people to distrust their sovereign, and fills their heads with delirious dreams of their own rights, is answerable for all the excesses of their fury ; and I must confess I see no way to put an end to these mischiefs, but by cutting off such men as Hancock and Adams. Notwithstanding all that has been said in Fanueil Hall to-day, there can be no doubt that such men are the instigators. To reason they will never listen ; but indictments, fines, scaffolds, and gibbets, are the strongest arguments in the world. I never knew a man get the better in disputing with them."

"It would be but one head of the Hydra," observed Willard, in a tone he vainly endeavoured to render calm. "Public indignation is not to be mistaken for the personal interest, or the factious zeal, of a few. That the stream overruns its banks, argues that it is full even to excess; and should the waters subside into smoothness for a while, you may rely upon it, the waves beneath are rolling and gathering in their might. America never will submit, sir. We have drawn the sword of opposition, and we throw the scabbard into the fire."

"You had better put it in your pocket, young man," replied Doctor Byles, with a dryness of sarcasm that was irresistibly ludicrous. "You might very possibly want the sheath in the presence of well disciplined English armies."

"True, the British infantry can acquit themselves well in the gay reviews exhibited for royal amusement, in Hyde Park, or on Wimbledon Common; but they have never fought with Englishmen," replied Willard. "Our forefathers brought the spirit of liberty from their native land, when it was in the greatest purity and perfection there; and it has not degenerated by change of climate. Those who tamper with it, may perhaps be scorched by a flame they know not how to extinguish."

"Bravely said, Doctor Willard," exclaimed Hutchinson. "I was not aware you were so ready to throw off the mask of loyalty."

The eyes of the young patriot flashed. "I wear no masks," said he, "and those who do, will soon find them useless."

"My friend spoke of things *possible*, not *desirable*," continued Henry Osborne. "He must be blind indeed, if he did not perceive that a momentous crisis was near at hand. The cards are shuffling fast throughout Europe."

"Where will the regiments of England, and the horde of soldiers that her wealth can buy in from the continent, find the strength that is to oppose their progress?" asked Hutchinson.

"The sword that has been sharpened on the heart, does deadlier execution than the sabre of the mercenary," rejoined Willard. "Besides England has not much to expect from foreign troops. It is notorious that the king is on exceedingly ill terms with the emperor of Germany. Frederic of Prussia hated his grandfather, and it is not probable he likes the young monarch any more for his union with the house of Mecklenburg."

"Many from the heart of this country would join the royal standard," said Doctor Byles.

"Dreadfully formidable they must be," retorted Henry Osborne, "Let me think, there would be Justice Sewall, the Honourable Mr. Paxton, Brigadier Ruggles, some twenty or thirty of the relations and dependants of Governor Hutchinson, and perhaps we might add a reverend pontifex, with bands and robe floating in the air, leading them on to victory."

"I wonder I have not been mobbed," said Doctor Byles, laughing outright. "I am sure I should have been, if the people had known one thing of which I am guilty."

"What is that?" asked Lucretia, who occasionally attended to the conversation.

"Why, your uncle has had all this trouble, because he holds five *posts*. Now whoever will take the trouble to notice, when he goes by my door, will see that I have lately had fifteen."

The company all smiled, and Mr. Osborne said "You attribute our difficulties to causes too local, brother Byles. A few offices bestowed contrary to our wishes, form but a feather in the balance. It is this enslaving principle of taxation without representation, that we all complain of, as ruinous; and which has already driven some of us to frightful excesses. My son and his friend have indeed talked somewhat openly; but how is it possible for any of us to conceal from our own hearts what must be the result, if the present system is pursued. With the lapse of time, this country must fall from England, like ripe fruit from the tree that has formed it; but why should the hand of oppression shake it to the ground while it is yet unripe, because it must drop in its maturity?"

"Nay, if losing you is so certain," replied the Doctor, "we had best do it at once. You know the old proverb, 'Good riddance, &c.?'"

"England might well repeat the proverb, with regard to Massachusetts," added Hutchinson. "She has been refractory from her earliest infancy."

"And well she may be," said Henry Osborne, "when she has not the power to choose her own state officers; and is compelled to take them from men whose interest it is to oppress and vilify her."

"The Governor frowned at this home-thrust. "You may thank your own obstinacy for that," replied he. "Had you complied with the royal pleasure in the reign of James the Second, your original charter would not have been condemned. But you chose to declare in favour of the revolution ministers, those makers and un-makers of kings; and what did you receive for your pains? Truly nothing more than a mutilated charter, shorn of one half its privileges, from the hands of William and Mary. Thus may rebellion always flourish. Have you other grievances, weighty as those you have mentioned?"

"You, of all men, need not ask what are our wrongs," rejoined Henry Osborne. "You need not be told, that wicked men are allowed to put their hands in our pockets, and draw from thence pay for their parasites and plunderers."

"Why, in being taxed, you do but share the fate of other British subjects," answered the Chief Justice. "To take protection implies that you promise obedience; and really, after England has fed you, clothed you, and fought for you, it is not unreasonable you should do something for your own support."

"I have no patience to hear this," exclaimed Willard, starting on his feet. "Fed and clothed us, indeed! You spurned us from you; and thanks to ourselves, we have struggled on to prosperity. France is no enemy to America, but to England. We have had wars, because we belonged to her; and if she helped us she did but her own work. Besides we are not unwilling

to pay our full share toward the support of the British empire. We only wish to have our property fairly represented."

"I know that is your favourite plea," replied Somerville. "But you are in fact as virtually represented in the British parliament as our Irish brethren."

"As virtually represented as the English commons are in a council of the Cherokees!" said young Osborne.

It was Somerville's nature to sympathize with every thing bold and fearless; and as he looked at Grace, he was delighted with the fluctuating colour that betrayed the keen interest she took in the conversation of her father and brother. Perhaps wiser men than he would have wavered in an opinion formed by accidental circumstances, and supported by pride, for the sake of a smile from lips as beautiful as the rose-bud, just bursting from its calyx.

"I cannot but support the supreme legislation of my country," said he; "and I shall always maintain the right of parliament to tax her Colonies when and how they think proper; but I must acknowledge I begin to think that the present system of taxation is impolitic, however just it may be."

"And pray, sir, may I ask on what you found so wise an opinion?" asked Doctor Byles.

"I think, that the bulk of the American people are under so strong a delusion, and the spirit that every where pervades them is so dauntless, that a victory, even if it should cost us but little blood and treasure,

would take from us what is far more valuable; for, instead of faithful subjects, the king would have a parcel of discontented citizens, ready to explode at every spark of excitement. Besides, it is well for government never to attempt what they are not sure of performing. Nothing is so dangerous to authority as a command successfully resisted.

“And for fear of all this, you would have the lion fawn; and cringe, and lick the hand of the wayward baby; and if medicine must be given, it must forsooth be hid in sugar;” said Doctor Byles.

“If you have so high an opinion of their prowess, you had better join their cause, nephew,” added Hutchinson, with great bitterness of manner.

Grace, alarmed at the increasing acrimony of the conversation, turned to Henry, and said, playfully, “I wish you gentlemen would leave politics, and teach me how to carry war into the enemy’s quarters, on this chess board.”

“A wise speech, Miss Osborne,” said Doctor Byles. “I have been highly amused at the folly of this conversation; and was just about to say to brother Osborne, that we would drown all heart-burnings in a good orthodox bowl of punch, which I see he is preparing.”

“Pray how much does an orthodox bowl hold?” asked Mr. Osborne.

“Are you not theologian enough to know?” rejoined the Doctor. “It contains precisely *five pints*.”

A smile again went round the room; but it gave place to respectful attention, when, assuming the dignified

seriousness that so well became him, he took the offered glass, and said, "Do not you, my friends, forget that we are grateful men, and we will never forget that you are conscientious."

Mr. Osborne readily pledged the sentiment; political discord was again hushed, and the remainder of the evening passed in cheerful good humour.

"I have not been inattentive to your game, Miss Osborne, though I have been so earnest in conversation," said Somerville. "Miss Fitzherbert will be the conquerer, I foresee."

"As she always is in a contest with me," replied Grace, smiling. "She has taken both my castles, and all my knights."

Both, but not *all* your knights, Miss Osborne," rejoined Somerville, with a glance that could not be misunderstood.

The suffusion that flitted over Grace's cheek, was as light and transient, as the rose-tint that the setting sun casts on the drifted snow; but Lucretia blushed that deep and glowing red, which a painful sensation can alone call to the face; and Doctor Willard turned away from the too beaming expression of Somerville's countenance, with an audible sigh.

"I understand that Whitfield is to preach for you next Sabbath, Doctor Byles," said Henry Osborne.

"He is," rejoined the clergyman; "and I suppose the joints of Hollis-street church will crack with its fulness."

"I have never heard that celebrated orator," observed Somerville; "though I was very near Bristol,

when he was there, drawing such crowds after him. I remember that one who heard his farewell address to the good people of that city, said, Whitfield preached it like a lion."

And he described his eloquence well," observed Doctor Byles. "Whitfield feels the importance of his subject, and he makes others feel it."

"Brother Chauncy considers him half enthusiast, half hypocrite," said Mr. Osborne; "but I must say that I think his piety as sincere as it is fervid."

"Will you accompany me to Hollis-street, on Sunday, young ladies?" inquired Somerville.

Grace looked to her father for consent, and having readily received it, cheerfully agreed to the proposal.

"And whom must you ask, Miss Fitzherbert?" said he.

"Aunt Sandford is visiting one of her friends for a few days,—so I cannot ask her; and uncle Hutchinson has already looked that I might go."

Somerville rallied them a little about being so dutiful and obedient; and talked of Hesperian fruit, dragons, &c.

The minutes "flew away with down upon their feet;" and it was late when Doctor Willard looked at his watch; and observed, "My time must be too fast."

"How can it be otherwise, when it has such *fair* reasons for its flight?" said Somerville, bowing to Grace.

The young physician turned rapidly, and bade the company good evening.

Doctor Byles too, who had been engaged with Mr. Osborne, in a discussion concerning the different tenets of Wesley and Whitfield, arose and prepared to depart.

"I must not lose your friendship, if I am a whig," said Mr. Osborne, as the doctor moved toward the door.

"You see, brother Osborne, that a wig is very near to me," replied he, touching his head.

"Near to your head, but not to your heart," said Lucretia.

"Those who know me well, know that they are very near each other," responded he ; and bidding them all an affectionate good night, he returned to his home.

The family devotions, which immediately followed his departure, were perfectly delightful to all. The simple and impressive prayer in which the father so earnestly entreated that the snares of youth might not be concealed beneath its flowers, betrayed such a mixture of human tenderness and religious fervour, that his guests could not but forgive the emphasis with which he begged that "God would guide the hearts of kings, and give their counsellors wisdom."

CHAP. VI.

"Soh," thought Mr. Glossin, "here is one finger in, at least; and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand."

Guy Mannering.

WE must now call the attention of our readers to the miser whom we introduced in our second chapter. A day or two after the riot in Friezel Court, he was engaged in earnest conversation with a desperate-looking man, to whom he was bound by those terribly galling chains, which link the guilty in unhallowed communion.

In tones of whining entreaty, Mr. Townsend began by saying, "So, after helping me to these Fitzherbert papers, and after forging letters to the widow, you say you will leave me in the lurch, if I get into any trouble by this deuced East India uncle's coming to life again. I heard all the name were dead and gone; and my heart has been at rest about 'em many a year."

"When it is known that Mrs. Fitzherbert's letters never reached England, you will be suspected of course, but there is no witness to prove any thing against you, but myself,—and you know well enough what will buy me."

"I have told you, a thousand times, that you should be remembered in my will."

"So the bird promised his wings to the mouse, that gnawed open the door of his cage; but the first thing the poor mouse knew, was that his wings had borne him

off to the skies. I don't mean, by the way, that there is any danger of your taking an upward journey. Nevertheless, you may die shortly, and what good will your promises do me then? I want no legacy for myself. I have already told you that every penny of your property must be left to the one I shall name to you, unless you are willing to have your life left at the mercy of the law."

The miser groaned in all the various tones of distressed dotage.

"There is no use in bewailing the matter thus," said his rough companion. "The will must be drawn, signed, and attested, before this night. Else I will tell all."

"You ha'n't any proof," rejoined the trembling miser; "and who is going to believe your word?"

"The devil, I ha'n't!" exclaimed Wilson. "Hav'nt I all the Captain's papers, and the widow's letters, locked fast in my chest?"

The features of the old man were convulsed with rage and fear.

"You told me," said he, "that you lost them in the street, the night of the fracas."

"I lied for sport," replied Wilson. "Do you think I would carry such papers in my pocket, when I went into the midst of a mob?"

"You stole 'em from me, with false keys," murmured Townsend.

"That's neither here nor there, so long as I have got them, and there are marks enough on their white faces to hang you high and dry."

"I can prove to the Lieutenant Governor, that you were among the rioters," growled the miser.

"And much good may it do him and you. Tell him to send a warrant after the fly that bites him in harvest time. Gibbet-making will be a profitable trade, if all who committed that offence are to be hung. Send him word that I was in the mob, and as an offset, I will let him know of the bank notes you picked up in his library, and thrust into your pocket."

"The evil one helps you!" exclaimed he. "How could you know that?"

"If he finds time to help me, it is because you have learned out," said Wilson. "I found it out by my eyes, which have helped me to many a useful thing in my day. You see I have evidence enough to do what I have a mind to; and I promise you I will make use of it, if this day closes without your making a will in favour of my daughter."

"Daughter! I never heard you had a wife."

An agonized expression passed over Wilson's face. "I have a daughter," said he,— "as lovely a creature as man ever looked on. Oh—"

He stooped down and covered his face with his hands.

Mr. Townsend gazed at him in a perfect stupor of surprise; for it was long since he had witnessed any thing like human emotion.

Wilson rose and walked across the room several times. "Why have I betrayed the sorrows of a bursting heart to such a wretch as he is?" thought he. He stopped

before Mr. Townsend, and with a mixture of sadness and decision, said, "I have no earthly hopes or wishes, but for this child. If you will leave her all your property, it will be well for you. If not, I put the match to a mine that will blow you up in its explosion."

"There an't a charge of powder in the house," rejoined the old man. "I never buy things I don't want."

"Fool!" exclaimed Wilson, "The powder I blow up, will be your own knavery. Will you, or will you not, comply with my directions?"

The miser groaned deeply. "It is hard to toil the best of one's days, and then throw the money away upon strangers," said he. "My nephew often sends me a pretty letter and a bottle of wine, free of expense, and he is the only one that cares for the poor old man. Besides, I don't know but I may change my situation. One of the first ladies in the place did the same as tell me she would marry me."

"She would send to the dissection room for a bridegroom, as soon," replied Wilson, with a look indicating the deepest contempt. "Shall I send for a lawyer about this business?"

"If I could be sure about that box of silver," said the old man, hesitatingly.

"You may be sure of it; if you will follow my directions. I know where it is."

"And why don't you get it yourself?" asked the miser, with a look that he intended should be extremely arch.

"It would be ill work digging that depth alone; and there must be numbers for the charm, they say."

“How did you first know about it?” said the old man, drawing his chair close to the speaker.

“When I was on board the pirate ship, we overtook a richly freighted vessel a little off Cuba. We boarded her, and seized all her cargo. A small iron chest, directed to Halifax, was taken out of the cabin. Two rolls of parchment were found on the top, containing the name of the owner, and mentioning the Captain to whose care it was entrusted, the destination of the vessel, and so forth. On a strip of canvass were spread twelve ingots of gold; and beneath this, the Spanish silver lay in piles. This treasure belonged to Captain Fitzherbert, who had left it in the care of a friend at Cuba, with directions to send it to his widow at Halifax, in case of his death. The Captain and mate took the strong box to themselves, dividing the remainder of the prize (and a noble one she was) among us sailors. To make a long story short, we made for Boston; and when we came within sight of the island, the Captain despatched a boat with three men and a negro toward the castle, about midnight. I heard them whisper, ‘Place it where the shadows of the two elms meet at twelve o’clock.’

‘We know how to do the business,’ was the answer; and presently the dead silence was disturbed by the loud dash of their oars, as they manfully rowed towards land.

‘Muffle your oars,’ said the mate. ‘D**n you, you ’ll wake the castle guard, at this rate.’

‘Keep in the shade, as you pass the garrison,’ said the Captain.

"The commands were obeyed; and the trickling of the water was all I heard. The boat swept round to the back part of the island, and I saw it no more. The next day, the three men returned; but the negro was not with them."

"What had become of him?" asked Mr. Townsend.

"He was sacrificed to the devil. They always put a corpse under their treasure."

"And is the box there now?"

"No doubt. It is no easy work to get money that is left in the grip of Satan, unless one knows how to loosen his fingers."

"And can that be done?" eagerly inquired the miser.

"There is a woman, called Molly the Witch, who they say knows the art. I will go to her for information if you will pay the men for digging, and give me a hundred crowns for my trouble; and as for this affair about the will, if you do as I tell you, the negro buried under that iron chest could not keep your secret better than I will."

"If I was sure there would be the *valee* of —"

"Not less than ten thousand pounds, I promise you," interrupted Wilson.

The old man paused, before he ventured to say, "I have not long to live; but nobody cares for that. I shall neither be missed nor moaned. This nephew is the only being that has a drop of my father's blood in his veins. I cannot disinherit him."

"You have been playing a game of selfishness and guilt all your life," responded Wilson; "and now that

you are completely in the nine-holes, you will not throw your knave of trumps on the last lift."

For the first time, Wilson perceived some emotion on the face of that lonely mortal. "Old as I am, I must expect to die soon," said he ; but I would not dangle from a halter. I should not think you would have the heart to tumble this old carcass into the grave."

"I have been familiar with blood," replied his desperate associate ; "but I don't want your wretched life, if you will give your bags of gold instead."

The miser leaned his hands upon his knees, rocked vehemently from side to side, and heaved his accustomed groan,—but said nothing.

"Tell me instantly what you will do !" said Wilson, seizing his shoulder with a fierceness that made him quake beneath his grasp.

"Shall I go to Hutchinson, and procure a Tyburn tippet for you ? Or will you provide for my daughter ?"

Half frightened out of his senses, the old man muttered, "If the young folks would but marry —"

"A bright thought, by Jove," exclaimed Wilson ;—and he went on talking to himself, in an under tone, "Clever fellow too ; as much better than this old fool as Gertrude is better than I am. But," continued he, aloud, "what will you do for me, if the young man has some boyish freak, and chooses to marry another ?"

"I will leave something to the young woman. May be five thousand crowns."

"The whole, the whole, every farthing of your money," exclaimed Wilson. "All that you have, must you give for your life."

"Take all, then," said the miser. "Oh, the day that I knew you was an unlucky one for me."

A lawyer and witnesses were immediately called. Emboldened by their presence, the covetous old man was about to recant what he had promised; but a glance from the terrible eye of Wilson intimidated him; and amid sighs, and groans, and tears, a deed of gift was at length written, which made Gertrude Wilson heiress to his large fortune, in case Edward Percival refused to marry her.

A long and earnest conversation respecting the chest of silver ensued,—and about four o'clock, P. M. an upright vehicle, studded with brass nails, and adorned with wings that looked like any thing but flying, conveyed Mr. Townsend and his accomplice to the dwelling of the "spae wife." After travelling a few miles, they turned into a sequestered path, obviously unfrequented. They had not proceeded far, when two half-starved hounds sprung from the thicket, and set up a most hideous yell.

"Whist, Mars! Down with you, Hecate!" exclaimed a voice, the shrillness of which alone indicated that it came from woman.

The travellers looked toward the place whence the sound proceeded, and saw a tall, athletic female, clearing the bushes, and coming towards them with rapid strides. Her masculine figure, of such uncommon height and rigid outline; the grey hair, that hung in confused masses about her haggard countenance, and the frenzied look of her large blue eyes, would have struck the stoutest heart with something like dread.

When asked where Molly Bradstreet resided, she answered, "In that hut at the foot of Rattlesnake Hill. What 's your want? I am the woman."

She looked at Wilson as she spoke, with an expression that made him shudder. Had he ever known the strange being, he would have thought it indicated personal hatred, deep, settled, and rancorous; and though he was sure she was a stranger, and that he could not of course be an object of animosity, that look haunted him for days after, like a frightful dream. Recovering from his momentary embarrassment, he briefly explained his errand.

"Follow me," she replied; "but you must leave the horse here. You 'll find no footing for the beast."

Complying with her directions, they pursued a crooked path, occasionally intercepted by brake and briar, until they stood before the wretched hovel.

"Walk in," said she, lowering her gigantic stature as she led the way. "What questions would you ask?" she added, as she seated herself on the bed, and pointed to a rude stool, that constituted her whole furniture.

"Tell us what we come for," said the old miser. "If you don't know that, we won't give you a copper."

"You are a cunning one," rejoined she, with a hollow laugh.

After learning the days of the month on which they were born, she looked in an almanac, and ascertained through what sign the sun was then travelling, marked it down, pressed her hand against her forehead for a few moments,—and then carefully examined two large, dirty folios, covered, within and without, with

strange and apparently unintelligible characters. Some tea-grounds were next deposited in a cup, which Wilson was ordered silently to whirl round three times three. This operation being performed with the most portentous solemnity, she looked alternately at the cup and the books, till Wilson, weary of the process, exclaimed, "What answer, woman?"

"There is gold, hidden gold," responded the oracle.

Mr. Townsend, who had from the beginning been the personification of extreme fear, now stole toward the door, muttering, "She has to do with the spirits of darkness."

The sybil grinned, and showed her loosened, yellow teeth.

"What more, witch?" said the impatient Wilson.

"Witch!" echoed she, with a malignant scowl.

"Mrs. Bradstreet, then," said the inquirer, in a more soothing tone.

"In your cup, there is crime," she cried. "Here is the corpse of a woman, whom you would give worlds to see alive, and beautiful, and innocent as she was before she knew you."

A withering glance accompanied these words, and Wilson, springing forward, shook her in the intensity of his anxiety and rage. "Hag! where did you learn that?" shouted he.

With strength that almost equalled his own, she threw him from her, and replied with affected calmness, "I have read to you what the fates have written,—nothing more."

Ashamed of having thus betrayed himself, he asked her to proceed.

"I tell you there is blood in the cup," said she. "Your right arm hath been familiar with the sword, and the pistol has not been quiet in your hand. Good luck is near you now, and it comes in the form of a wedding ring; but the circle of fortune is broken before it reaches the centre of the cup, and tears lie at the bottom. A death of agony is not far distant."

Without answering a word, the person to whom she had spoken, walked to the door, and breathed the fresh air, as if he needed its strengthening influence; for, though ashamed of his weakness, he could not but give his reluctant faith to a being, who had thus unaccountably read his blood-stained page of life. With a trembling hand, the miser took the cup, and performed the mystic ceremony.

"There is but little to tell you, sir," said the witch. "You have loved gold, and gained it,—and you will keep it till you die. A sword hangs over your head; but it will not drop. Your sand is almost run out, and until the last grain is shaken through, your deeds will be kept secret."

"Let us go hence," said Mr. Townsend, as he staggered toward the door; "for if ever the wicked one was in human shape —."

"But what of the money?" inquired Wilson.

"There is money hid," was the laconic answer.

"And how is it to be found?"

“If the sea-robber buried it, let three, or nine, or fifteen men seek for it. He who bears the witch-hazel rod, must carry it upright till it bows down in spite of his strength. At that spot let them dig; and let not a word be spoken within hearing of it. Perhaps the meeting of two shadows at twelve o'clock may mark the place; for the pirates were ever particular about that. Every man must fasten a Bible on his neck with a silken cord. If none speak within a circle of nine yards, you 'll find the treasure.”

Wilson laid two Spanish dollars on the table.

“It is too much,” said the covetous old man, seizing hold of one of them. “Breath costs nothing.”

“Don't it?” said the wrinkled dame, forcing open the skinny fingers that had closed over the money. “You will think it is worth more two months hence.”

“Farewell, witch,” said Wilson, who had recovered the bold and savage manner most natural to him.

“Farewell,” muttered she, as they plunged into the thicket; and take an old mother's curse. I know ye well, though you know not me ”

A savage exultation lighted up her eyes for a moment, and she shook her head toward them, as she added, “I 'll have my revenge ”

CHAP. VII.

His peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy.

Wirt.

On the ensuing Sabbath, Somerville joined the young ladies on their way to Hollis-street. The crowd presented a strange contrast to the congregations of the present day. Here and there a taper-waisted damsel, glittering in embroidered brocade, with flowers even larger than life, while close by her side walked the dandy of that period, with bright red waistcoat, leather small-clothes, and enormous buckles sparkling in the sun. Then followed a humble dame, with rustle gown and checked apron, leading a reluctant urchin, stumbling along with his little three-corned scraper; the tears still trickling down his cheeks, forced from him by the painful operation of being shoved and shaken into his tight breeches for the first time. In the rear came an older boy, alternately casting an envious eye on the trim little fellow before him, and a despairing glance at his own clothes, which, drenched by repeated rains, hung in slovenly folds about his ancles.

Among this motley group was one individual, who entirely arrested Lucretia's attention. She walked before them with a most masculine stride, and ever and anon cast back an anxious, earnest look, as she muttered,

“Aye, as good as the proudest ; thanks to a poor old woman she never dreams of.”

“Some insane creature, I imagine,” observed Somerville.

Lucretia thought so too ; but the expression of her face haunted her imagination ; and she was unable to dispel the charm, until she had vainly searched around the church for the singular apparition.

Eager and respectful attention characterized the whole audience.

There was nothing in the appearance of this extraordinary man which would lead you to suppose that a Felix would tremble before him. He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, and his dark blue eyes small and lively : in recovering from the measles, he had contracted a squint with one of them ; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more rememberable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass ; and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. To have seen him when he first commenced, one would have thought him any thing but enthusiastic and glowing ; but as he proceeded, his heart warmed with his subject, and his manner became impetuous and animated, till, forgetful of every thing

around him, he seemed to kneel at the throne of Jehovah, and to beseech in agony for his fellow beings.

After he had finished his prayer, he knelt for a long time in profound silence ; and so powerfully had it affected the most heartless of his audience, that a stillness like that of the tomb pervaded the whole house.

Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowded the bright sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, " Strive to enter in at the strait gate ; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

" See that emblem of human life," said he, as he pointed to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. " It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view—but it is gone. And where will ye be my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud ? Oh, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days, we shall all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that vast assembly which will gather before his throne ; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate—whether you were supremely devoted to God—whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able.

Oh, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavour to mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No! you must answer, I made myself easy in the world, by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

“You, O false and hollow christian, of what avail will it be that you have done many things—that you have read much in the sacred word—that you have made long prayers—that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven, by acts really polluted and unholy?”

“And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? Wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify, in your love of gain? Why, that when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled to hell in his chariot pillowed and cushioned about him.”

His eye gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

“Oh, sinners!” he exclaimed, “by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awakened. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See there!” said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—“’Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!” continued he, raising his finger in a

listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. "It was the voice of the Almighty, as he passed by in his anger !"

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly by, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow ; and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory ; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The effect was astonishing. Even Somerville shaded his eyes when he pointed to the lightning, and knelt as he listened to the approaching thunder ;—while the deep sensibility of Grace, and the thoughtless vivacity of Lucretia, yielded to the powerful excitement, in an unrestrained burst of tears.

"Who could resist such eloquence ?" said Lucretia, as they mingled with the departing throng.

"I should think no one who had a human heart," answered Somerville. "It is as resistless as it is untutored. I was never before so completely aware of my own nothingness,—never so forcibly reminded, that I was a mere drop in the vast ocean of existence."

"Some doubt Mr. Whitfield's talents as well as his piety," rejoined Lucretia ; "but after what I have witnessed this morning, I shall never distrust the sincerity

of his enthusiastic devotion. The heart that could dictate such language must have been bathed in the fountains of life. Who that had heard him to-day, could think of him as a lad of fifteen, making mops, washing floors, and taking care of horses at an inn ? ”

“ Yet young as he then was,” replied Somerville, “ it is said the singular boy found leisure, amid his servile employments, to read Thomas à Kempis, and to write two or three sermons.”

“ It is but another proof that genius will find its upward way, whatever obstacles may lie in its path,” said Lucretia. “ You have promised to join us at Mr. Osborne’s church this afternoon, you know. You will there hear preaching of a different kind ; but I do not think the contrast will prove unfavourable to my friend.”

Grace, usually silent and timid, said nothing ; but her beautiful eyelashes were still impearled with tears,—and her sweet face was radiant with pleasure, when she heard the allusion to her father.

Mr. Osborne’s eloquence was, as they had anticipated, a perfect contrast to that of Mr. Whitfield. He too seemed to feel the importance of his subject, and often rose to majestic fervour when urging it upon his hearers. He never appeared to them invested in the sublimity of wrathful denunciation,—but he intreated them, with all the earnestness of a father, to kneel at the Saviour’s feet, and lay their burthens there.

The Quaker poet has described in one powerful line, the sensations excited by the first view of the stormy

ocean, with the boundless canopy of heaven above it, and its frightful barrier of rocks and precipices.

My spirit was mute in the presence of power !

Mr. Whitfield's eloquence left a similar impression on the soul ; but Mr. Osborne was like a calm, deep river, reflecting the light of heaven with mildness and splendour. The first left the sensitive heart of Grace in a state of painfulness, almost amounting to anguish ; from the latter, she returned to kneel at the bed-side with involuntary devotion, as she said, " Father in heaven, let me be guided in all things by thee." Without ever talking of religion, or pretending to more piety than her associates, Grace well understood this delightful state of internal resignation. It was not because she so often heard her father speak on the subject. Young as she was, experience had taught her that nothing else could exalt every feeling into the region of pure, ethereal tranquillity, and leave no void in the heart. Lucretia had more quickness of feeling, but less depth ; and she possessed a large share of that freedom of thought, that boldness of investigation, which renders exalted talents a peculiarly dangerous gift. Such minds, while they proudly avoid the shoals of superstition, are too apt to be wrecked on the rocks of scepticism. The same faculties which open the hidden causes and effects of nature to our view, will not guide us aright when studying into the state of the soul, and the nature of its future existence. There is a point where " the divinity within " peremptorily says, " Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Very few have groped about the veil, which

separates revealed religion from its internal mysteries, until they have become enveloped in the thick folds of its drapery, without at times wishing for the simple, undoubting faith of the ignorant. Indeed there never was a soul, however cold in its speculations, however wild and irregular in its passions, that has not felt the calm influence of devotion stealing over it, like the delicious breathings of distant music. Such impressions were now vivid in the mind of Lucretia ; but it was her fault, that religion was the offspring of excitement, and the sport of impulse. Its power was as transitory as it was entire ; and before she retired to rest she had forgotten every thing but Somerville. He had invited the ladies to an evening sail in the harbour, and promised that the plan should be carried into execution before the week had expired. To think of his looks, expressions, the very tones of his voice, furnished ample food for her imagination during the interim ; for in a heart that loves as youth and genius are too apt to love, the progress of affection nearly equals the rapidity of light.

CHAP. VIII.

Such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved.

Twelfth Night.

THE proposed sail was unavoidably deferred until the 9th of September, during which time our young friends were almost constantly together. The night chosen for the expedition was rich in autumnal beauty. It was one of those calm, delightful evenings, when the soul bathes itself in stillness, and thoughts pure as an infant's dreams come crowding on the heart. Nature, like an oriental beauty, seemed to repose on her magnificent couch, amid the sparkling and bubbling of fountains, the perfume of flowers, and the varied witchery of music. At such seasons the chords of feeling are lightly touched, as if fanned by the wings of some passing seraph, and they vibrate only to what is calm and holy. Selfishness, prejudice, and passion, have no entrance there ; and man is, for a while, what God designed him, a rich-toned instrument thrilled by the slightest influence of heaven. This capacity for refined pleasure exists, more or less, in every mind,—not like the Apollos and Dianas, which Aristotle supposed to be concealed in the unhewn marble, waiting for art to fashion them ; but like the music of the winds, waked by the faintest breath into an existence as delicious as it

is fleeting. But though all may worship at the shrine of nature, it is not given to every one to enter the holy of holies and withdraw the veil. Such souls as Lucretia's alone can feel the full force of its softening and mysterious power. Her mind, vigorous as an eagle's wing, and rapid as the streams of Chili, had been early left to her own guidance. Under such circumstances, imagination had become her favourite region; but the glowing climate that brought the weeds to rank luxuriance, did not scorch the beauty of the flowers. She was wont to examine every thing in the illusive kaleidoscope of fancy, which forms broken glass and tinselled fragments into as beautiful and regular combinations as polished diamonds and pearls bedded in gold. Had nature only been seen under this bright delusion, it would have been well. It was no harm that the mighty cavalcade of worlds, wheeling through the desert realms of space; the hills in their broad and mellow sunshine; the rivers laughing and leaping in their joyous course; and the western sky warmly blushing at the bright glance of her departing lover, should speak to her a language deeper than poetry; but at that susceptible age, when the affections are fully developed while the judgment remains in embryo, more dangerous objects are often invested with the rainbow-robe of romance. In our maturer years we laugh at the eager hopes and intense fears of youthful love; but ridicule cannot disarm the mischievous power, and intellect frequently struggles in chains which it cannot burst. To search out all the involutions of a woman's heart,—to describe all its

fluctuations from embarrassed consciousness, to friendship apparently careless, or tenderness poorly disguised, would be more difficult than to trace the intrigues of statesmen, or the rise and fall of empires ; and were the task well performed, it would make a very silly appearance in print. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that the burthen was sufficiently heavy to the foolish heart which carried it ; and that Lucretia joined the evening party with no small portion of sadness. Grace, likewise, came with wounded delicacy and conflicting feelings. Not that her better disciplined mind yielded to the infatuation which held such undivided sway over her impetuous friend ; but her shrinking modesty was alarmed lest others should suppose it so.

Somerville had read the " Rape of the Lock " to her and Lucretia, and had afterwards presented her with the elegant little volume. All the passages he admired were marked with a pencil, his observations written in the margin, and the book carefully placed in a small ebony writing desk, to which her brother alone had access. Henry had most unfortunately left the drawer open when his friend came to make arrangements for their aquatic excursion. He discovered all, before Grace entered,—and the liquid radiance for which his eye was remarkable, expressed unrestrained tenderness and exultation.

Pride, delicacy, feelings as yet without a name, in short, every thing that could create a tempest in woman's heart, was at once active. Face, neck, and hands were covered with blushes,—but her reception

was formal even to coldness; and in a few moments she retired to her own room. There she succeeded in believing that respect for Somerville's talents had alone influenced her conduct; and her only fear was, that he would not be quite so sure of it as herself. The novice reasoned well, and resolved well;—nevertheless the blind guest had gained admittance, unbidden and unknown, with a wedding-garment stainless as the drifted snow.

To convince Somerville that she really valued him only as her brother's friend, Grace resolved to treat him with marked indifference. Accordingly, when the boat was drawn up to the wharf, she passed him, and gave her hand to Doctor Willard. For an instant a deep frown settled on the brow of the young Englishman, but it immediately passed away; and giving his hand to Lucretia, he sprang into the boat, and seated himself by her side. Henry Osborne, ever mindful of those ladies whose claims were the least, offered his services to Miss Sandford; and Doctor Byles came after, saying aloud,

“The king himself hath followed her,—
When she has walked before.”

There was an abundance of mirth, whether heartfelt or not. Miss Sandford was in good humour with herself and all the world (Doctor Byles always excepted); and having a good stock of sense; and a talent at repartee, she by no means diminished the pleasure of the party: as for Doctor Byles, the fountain of his wit was never known to be dry, though sage advice and dignified

admonition were frequently mingled with its playful brilliancy or pungent sarcasm : Henry Osborne preserved his usual calm, unostentatious, but perfectly delightful manner : Doctor Willard, enthusiastic, and easily excited, made no attempt to conceal the happiness which Miss Osborne's unwonted kindness inspired : Somerville talked with unusual volubility, and surpassed even his own accustomed gallantry : Grace with difficulty forced back her tears, yet she appeared uncommonly cheerful ;—while the flushed cheek, the sparkling eye, and the unconscious deference of all Lucretia's looks and actions, betrayed the subtle power that produced them. The helms-man completed the group ; and to have judged by his antiquated dress, his grey hairs, his closely fitted cap, his sonorous voice, and his coarse but strongly marked features, one would have supposed that Brewster or Standish was guiding his rude skiff in the unfrequented bay of Plymouth.

As they passed "the gay young group of grassy islands," which decorate our beautiful harbour, Lucretia observed, "How very lovely these little spots appear, where the moon gleams through the dense shade, and tinges the water with its brightness."

"It is like a smile on the face when the heart is cold and breaking," said Grace.

"A metaphor from the lips of Grace Osborne, as I live," exclaimed Lucretia.

"You know what is the boon inspirer of poetry," rejoined Somerville, looking very archly at Miss Osborne.

He was thinking of Doctor Willard when he spoke ;

but Grace, with a readiness that consciousness could alone have produced, saw nothing but vanity and rudeness in the insinuation.

An angry suffusion passed over her pale brow, and she hastily turned to talk with the young physician. In the evening light her confusion passed unnoticed by Lucretia, who continued all exhilaration and romance. She pointed out the tangled constellation of Berenice, the brilliant beauty of Altair, and the royal circle of the Corona Borealis. Then she talked of the graceful gayety of Chaucer, the melodious versification of Pope, and the witching simplicity of Goldsmith.

Her want of beauty was forgotten in her unaffected eloquence; and Somerville looked at her with unfeigned admiration, as he said, "What a pity you had not lived in the days of chivalry, Miss Fitzherbert. How many lances would have been lowered before the majesty of—mind."

"I think Miss Fitzherbert will prefer what she will be sure to receive at the present day," said Henry Osborne. "I mean the homage due to a rational being,—that homage which mind exacts from the intellectual, and genuine goodness of heart from those who know how to value it."

"A very wise lecture, and very well delivered, Mr. Osborne," replied Somerville, bowing towards him with a very comic expression; "but, after all, I only wish I were a constellation, that I might be described with such delightful enthusiasm."

"You always are, when in the presence of ladies," rejoined Doctor Willard.

"Then he must be the Lyre," said Doctor Byles.

"Captain Somerville," said the aged steersman, "I trust you will have grace given you —"

"If I guess aright, you could not have wished a thing more to his mind," interrupted the witty clergyman.

Miss Osborne blushed deeply, and the smile on Lucretia's face was stiff and unnatural.

The pilot continued, "I trust you will have grace enough, before you die, to relish the savoury discourses of wisdom rather than the light conversation that appertaineth to this world."

"An excellent, though heretical writer hath told us," observed Doctor Byles, "that piety is like certain lamps of old, which maintained their light for ages underground, but as soon as they took air expired. It is a doctrine that the *New Lights* forget, my friend, though it seems the *old lights* acted it out, generation after generation."

"If we are to keep our religion locked up from others, what do you make of the command, 'Let your light so shine before men?'" asked the pilot.

"If I read Scripture aright, that is the light of good works," was the reply.

"Very true," rejoined the old man; "and therefore we should strive to attain to perfect holiness."

"Perfect holiness!" exclaimed the clergyman. "You might as well talk of such a coin as a pound sterling, or a French livre."

"I don't understand what you mean touching the comparison," answered the steersman; "but I will

never sell my reason to any man, because he happens to be more *larnt* than I am."

"If you should set it up at auction, it would be a poor pennyworth to him that bought it," observed the reverend doctor. "However you are made for your place, and I for mine. Some must think, and some must labour; some must rule, and some must be ruled. For instance, young men, Governors Bernard and Hutchinson are born to command, and you are born to obey."

"Then I shall fail in answering the end for which I was made," rejoined Doctor Willard. "What difference is between the duke and I? No more than between two bricks, all made of one clay; only it may be one is placed on the top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by mere chance. If I were placed as high as the duke, I should stick as fast, make as fair a show, and bear out weather equally."

"Oh dear," exclaimed Doctor Byles, "I am in a sad predicament, between new lights and new fires. One nailing heresy with a text, and the other sanctioning treason with the odd ends of a play."

"I tell you what, Doctor Byles," said the pilot, "some folks do say you are a good man; and them who know you, tell that you have more religion than you seem to have. If so be this be true, you can't in earnest deny that the New Lights and the Quakers are the only people that have 'put off the old man.'"

"I don't know how far they have put off the old man," rejoined the minister; "but of one thing I am

certain,—they keep his deeds. Since New *Lights* are so numerous, it is desirable we should have more new *livers*; and as for the Quakers, ‘they come to the gospel not as law, but as a market, cheapen what they like best, and leave the rest for other customers.’ ”

“The book where you found that, likewise tells you, that ‘some people think their zeal lukewarm unless it reduce their charity to ashes,’ ” retorted Miss Sandford.

“ ‘One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found,’ complains Solomon; and he complains with reason,” said Doctor Byles. “What have you to do with subjects above your understanding, Madam Sandford?”

“Above my understanding!” echoed the offended maiden; “I can tell you I began the controversy with zeal, and stuck to it with perseverance.”

“Aye, no doubt you stuck like a fly in a glue-pot,” retorted the Doctor. “Forward you could not stir, by reason of weakness; and the subject matter was too thick for you to dive into.”

“Heard ever any body the like of that?” said Miss Sandford. “There is no use in talking with you, Doctor Byles; but tell me in earnest, what can you prove against the Quakers?”

“I know the secret of your taking up in their defence,” answered the Doctor. “There was a friend Isaac, or a friend Jacob, that once spoke soft words to thee, and told thee that thy voice was more pleasant to him than the sound of rivulets,—yea, than the voice of spring; and you never could be grateful enough to him for the unexampled favour.”

"True, there was —"

"Well, I don't want to hear the story. Tell it to those who believe in love and ghosts. What do I know of the Quakers! Haven't I attended their meetings? I once heard a wise thing there. After having sat a long time and said nothing, one was moved to speak from Scripture; and he rose up, and said, 'Oh ye fools! when will you be wise?' and down he sat again; and *sat* it was in Latin, as well as English. At another meeting, I heard nine women speak; and all the sense could have been packed in a robbin's egg. One of their wise ones took for his text, 'Art thou better than populous No.' Every body knows that No means Egyptian Alexandria; but his inward light taught him that No was the eighth preacher of righteousness, and he was called populous, because the whole world was in his ark. Another said he was sent on a long journey by the spirit, and when he returned, he told that the man was not at home. 'Thou fool,' said his wife, 'dost thou suppose the Lord would send thee to a man who was not at home?' Another came to me, and would fain inquire for Mr. Churchman; but the name being profane in his eyes, he asked for Mr. Steeplehouseman."

"You seem to be fighting shadows," said Somerville, since there are no Quakers here."

"Only the ghost of Miss Sanford's only lover," answered the Doctor.

"I could set you right in that particular, if I had a mind," said Miss Sandford.

"Nobody ever supposed you had a mind," retorted Doctor Byles. "However, I never knew an old woman that was not beautiful when she was young ; I never knew a woman that could not have been married if she wished it ; and I certainly never knew one but that wished it, if she could."

"But, concerning the Quakers," observed Henry Osborne,—“since there is so little of the genuine spirit of religion in the world, is it worth while to throw any away, because we find it diluted ?”

"No man would be more unwilling to wound a really tender conscience, than myself," returned the clergyman ; "but when I see these foolish and blind guides pretending to lead mankind, I lose all patience. But come, my friend," said he, turning to the boatman, "I am willing to join in a psalm with you, though I did hear one of your New Light preachers read : 'He rode into Jerusalem on the *soal* of an ass ;' from which he no doubt drew the certain conclusion that he had a soul. But come let us sing a few verses ; it will sound well on the water."

"You are a master hand for a minister," observed the pilot ; "but folks do say you are better than you seem." Then, taking a psalm book from his pocket, he began, "Let us sing a psalm of David."

"No, no," said the Doctor, displaying a piece of writing,—“Let us sing a song of—Mather Byles."

The piece was well written, and those who knew his character, did not doubt that the warm devotion it expressed was perfectly sincere ; still, the scene was ir-

resistibly ludicrous, even to the sober-minded Henry Osborne. A smile went round when he first announced his own production ; and it could not but increase as he proceeded,—for, at the end of every verse, he patiently waited for his companion, who, with prolonged cadence and nasal twang, brought up the demisemiquavers that lingered most lamentably in the rear. The gaycty of the young people would have met with severe rebuke, but just as the hymn was finished, Fort William, with the red cross flag streaming from its summit, was seen reflected in the unbroken surface of the water ; and scarcely had the oar ruffled its undisturbed beauty, when a group on shore arrested their attention.

“The stamped paper has arrived,” exclaimed Henry Osborne.

“And the infernal cargo is to be lodged at the castle,” said Doctor Willard, springing on his feet.

“I know that the paper has not yet arrived,” replied Somerville.

“And I will add my testimony to the same effect, if the word of a tory can be believed,” said Doctor Byles.

“No one doubts Doctor Byles, when he condescends to speak in earnest,” answered Henry Osborne ; “but I acknowledge I have great curiosity to know what those people are collected for.”

“Let us go on shore,” said Somerville. “If the ladies have any fear, I can order the guard out, in the name of my uncle.”

The ladies would not acknowledge any fear, and the proposal was readily accepted. Henry Osborne turned

to give his hand to Lueretia,—but Somerville had already offered his services. Grace, too, unconsciously glanced that way, before she took the proffered arm of Doctor Willard, but suddenly retreated, when she met the penetrating dark eye of the young officer. At a convenient distance they paused, and watched the motions of the party they wished to reconnoitre. Six men, with bibles fastened on their necks by silken cords, stood around a large hole, from which four others were trying to raise something, by means of large iron levers. In the midst of them stood Mr. Townsend, with his cap pushed far back, and his spectacles on, examining the rising treasure with intense earnestness.

“There is money in the case,” whispered Doctor Byles; “else he of the clenched fist would not be here.”

Something seemed to sink instantly; and the crow-bars fell heavily upon the sand.

“Confound the voice that spoke,” exclaimed the miser. “A week’s labour is lost, and twenty thousand crowns, and twelve ingots of gold.”

“How do you know the value of treasure you never examined?” asked Somerville.

“That would be easier to tell, than why you come here at midnight, to meddle with a poor old man, trying to gain an honest penny to buy his bread,” said he; and he looked at the sand which covered the lost chest, till he sobbed with all the impotency of childish dotage.

“Step a little nearer, if it pleases you, Miss Fitzherbert,” said Somerville.

The old man turned pale. "Is there a Fitzherbert here," muttered he; "no wonder that —"

"Strike the bar down, and ascertain its depth," interrupted Somerville, without regarding what he said.

"Young man," said Mr. Townsend, "your services an't asked. If there is money, it is of my finding."

"It belongs to the crown, of course," said the Englishman, "if no owner is proved."

Before the old man could reply, the bar was thrust forcibly into the sand; but no metal echoed to the blow.

"There never was a chest here," said one.

"We have been prying up a good-for-nothing rock," observed another.

"But where, in the devil's name, is the rock?" asked a third.

As he spoke, a struggling was seen in the sand, and a deep, low groan was heard. The ladies uttered a cry of horror; the miser clasped his skeleton hands; and the eyes of all present seemed starting from their sockets. Again the mournful sound was heard, as if from the very centre of the earth; and no longer attempting to conceal their fear, the ring suddenly broke up, and every individual departed. There was indeed something terrific in the scene. The loneliness of the hour, the gaunt figure of the miser, the mysterious silence, that dismal and inexplicable groan, and that unaccountable struggle in the sand, all conspired to produce a dreadful effect upon their highly excited minds. However fear and wonder gradually subsided. Doctor Byles and the pilot joined in expressing their abhorrence of

such profane use of the Bible, Miss Sandford dwelt long on her favourite theme of modern degeneracy, and the conversation at length became as general and as lively as before. Lucretia sought her pillow with a head full of cheerful visions ; Miss Sandford related the adventure to Governor Hutchinson, and when she retired to rest, she drew the coverlet over her face, quick as thought, lest the growling spirit should appear at her bed-side ; and as Grace extinguished her light, she gently wiped away a tear, after vainly attempting to account for the capriciousness of Somerville.

CHAP. IX.

He would have you believe,
That a mouse, yoked to a pea-pod, may draw
His goods about the world.

The Wits.

WHILE the current of domestic happiness was gliding along thus smoothly, the tide of public indignation was rising higher and higher. The evening after the one we have just described, the cargo of paper arrived, bearing the stamp, which Doctor Warren styled the accursed seal of American slavery. The Lieutenant-Governor, fearing the tremendous excitement that was every where ready to burst forth, ordered the vessel to unload at Fort William, and the hateful freight to be guarded with the whole force of the garrison. The avarice which grasped at so many and such incongruous offices, the support he was known to give to the impolitic system of taxation, and the suspicion that he would attempt to force the distribution of stamps, rendered him an object of uncommon detestation. He seldom appeared in the street without receiving some open insult; and there is no name connected with those times, handed down to us with so much bitterness. Nor did that respect for the clergy, which has always characterized New England, prevent frequent rudeness to Doctor Byles. His aristocratic manners, his attachment to the crown, and his friendship for the Chief Justice, all combined

to render him odious to the populace. Young and old, wise and simple, thoughtless and considerate, all took a deep interest in the aspect of the times ; and though no politician could foresee one half of the important consequences which were to spring from that eventful crisis, yet even then, there was a fearful looking forward in the minds of many. Those whose keen perceptions enabled them to appreciate the vast importance of one single step, deliberated with cautious wisdom, and resolved with daring intrepidity ; while those those who were guided by them employed themselves in ten thousand petty stratagems, to thwart and vex their oppressors. Mr. Townsend was well known to be a tory in his predilections, though, "like the big-headed boy at Tatawa, he never took an active part ;" and the young whigs, willing to tantalize a man who could weep over the loss of a penny in real bitterness of spirit, resolved to carry into execution a plan, which had more of frolic than malice in its design

It was a tremendously stormy night, when, after a long and earnest conversation with Mr. Wilson, who had lately been his frequent guest, the old man retired to his miserable bed, totally unaware of the mischief in store for him. The rain poured in torrents ; the darkness was almost tangible in its density ; and the lightning flashed across the sky, as if the fallen spirits were brandishing their flaming swords in defiance of that heaven from which they had been expelled forever. The winds roared, and the thunders rolled and crashed, as if the chariots of Gabriel were rushing on to the com-

bat, and his trumpets hurling back the challenge. Every peal knocked hard at the heart of that selfish old man; and unable to compose himself, he arose and crept timidly into the chamber of his guest. Mr. Wilson, more inured to danger, thought only of a comfortable sleep, and had just succeeded in removing his bed to a corner which secured him from the drenching rain. The terrors of the poor wretch subsided in the presence of his fearless companion, and with drowzy indistinctness, he was just saying, "Noah, and all them *criters* in the ark, must have had a dreadful time o'nt, if it poured worse than it does to-night; and what a heap of provender they must have devoured in forty days"—when he was alarmed by loud and repeated knocks at the street door. Wondering for what purpose any one could visit that unfrequented house on such a merciless night, Mr. Wilson hastily arranged his dress, and obeyed the summons.

"Is this Mr. Townsend's house?" inquired the stranger.

"It is, sir."

"Is he living?"

"He is, sir."

"I am glad of it; I was afraid I should arrive too late," replied the physician.

"Wilson! Wilson!" cried the old man, who had groped his way to the head of the stairs. "Who is there? are robbers breaking in? bolt—bolt the door! and take my gun that's at the foot of the stairs. Don't stand in the wind with your candle.—There, it is blown out now. Light it quick! light it quick."

The light was hastily struck ; but before Mr. Wilson could assure the miser that the gentleman was well known to him, he was startled by a second knock.

“There is another one,” exclaimed the old man. “Do get a light quick, and see to my gun.”

Suspensions were again quieted by recognising the second intruder as Governor Hutchinson.

“Gentlemen, may I ask what drove you out on such a night ?” inquired Wilson.

“Why, Mr. Townsend’s dangerous sickness to be sure,” answered both at once ; “but do make a fire—we are perishing with wet and cold.”

Mr. Wilson brought forward some wood ; but before he could kindle it, Mr. Townsend was again calling him in the feeble tones of a cracked voice trembling with fear.

“Go to your friend,” said the physician. “His sickness probably deranges him.”

“Am I dreaming, or am I not ?” thought Wilson, as he listened to the last observation.

After a long effort, he succeeded in convincing Mr. Townsend that he knew the gentlemen below, and that it was perfectly safe for him to come down. Thus encouraged, the old man ventured into the room ; but all thoughts of robbers vanished from his mind, the moment he saw three sticks of wood cheerfully blazing in his fireplace.

“I have told you a hundred times, Wilson, that I never burn more than one stick at a time,” said he, as he demolished the first hospitable fire that had been seen there for years.

"We are surprised to find you able to leave your chamber, Mr. Townsend," said Doctor Ruggles.

"I don't know what right you had to expect otherwise," rejoined he, looking round upon them with a vacant stare, and then stooping to feel if the lock of his chest was perfectly secure.

The two gentlemen cast a look of surprise at each other, and the Lieutenant Governor said, "Has he been long deranged?"

"There is more knocking, Wilson. Give me my gun. Hand it quick! quick!" exclaimed the terrified wretch.

The gun was speedily handed, but before Wilson could open the door, Doctor Byles entered. Hastily shaking the rain from his hat, he inquired, "Is he living, sir?"

Beginning to comprehend the joke, Mr. Wilson burst into a loud laugh, as he said, "He is alive and well, sir." Another look of wonder passed between the gentlemen, as they bowed to Doctor Byles, and made room for him before the fire.

The trembling old miser had ensconced himself in a corner of the room, with one foot on his money chest, and his gun braced firmly on his shoulder, as if resolved to fight for his treasure to the last moment of his life.

"Did you say Mr. Townsend was really well, sir?" asked Dr. Byles.

"I did, sir; and now will you tell me how you were all brought here to night?"

"I was called up at midnight, and told that Mr. Townsend was in great distress of mind, and needed my aid to set the joints of a broken spirit,"

“And I,” said Governor Hutchinson,” was summoned to attend his death-bed, if I wished to hear some very important communications.”

“My visit is of course explained,” said the physician. “Some one has made this world of mischief for a joke.”

“It is all a trick, do you see,” said Townsend, venturing forward ; “and I trust you are not going to ask a copper, seeing I never sent for you.”

It is a hard case for doctor or patient to ride from Boston to Roxbury such a confounded stormy night,” said the physician. “However I will be content, if you will give us shelter until morning.”

“Yes. we must all remain to-night,” said Doctor Byles, “and our horses must not stand in that open shed.”

This suggestion was answered by a deep groan from the miser. “Oh, dear !” said he, “it is enough to cost a man a fortune to live in such troublesome times.”

Without noticing his murmurs, Wilson procured a lanthorn, and placed the horses in as comfortable a situation as the dilapidated state of the barn would admit.

“Oh, I can’t afford it. This will be the ruin of me ; —and to have that candle burning in the lanthorn too. Oh, it will ruin me. There is no use in having a light to talk by,” said Mr. Townsend, when his companion returned.

Without interrupting him, Wilson, with blunt hospitality, apologized for the state of the house, and offered whatever it contained for their refreshment.

The offer was accepted ; and, notwithstanding the old gentleman's contrary orders, such food as the house afforded, was soon arranged before them :

The remains of a miserable soup were placed on the table in a small earthen pan ; a pitcher of water on one corner ; a few dried crusts of bread on the other ; three wooden plates, and a few broken knives and forks, composed the whole apparatus for their frugal meal.

For a while the miser sat muttering between his teeth, that he wished it might bode good, having three men come in one night to tell him he was dying. He had heard his mother tell about folks being warned of their end ; but when he saw the keen appetites, before which his worldly goods were fast disappearing, he sobbed aloud.

Governor Hutchinson, almost forgetting his vexation in the amusement of the scene, promised their bill of fare should be paid the ensuing day. " Now have you not a little brandy to wash down this excellent supper ? " added he.

" No, I don't keep such things ; but that soup is nice and warming."

" There is not enough of it to warm two ounces of blood," rejoined the physician. " You look as if you needed stimulus yourself. Are you sure you are not consumptive, Mr. Townsend ? "

" He looks at the food we eat, as if he thought us fearfully *consumptive*," said Doctor Byles.

The miser stared at his remark, and replied, " Why the truth is, I have been *een jest* sick these many years."

" It seems you are *in jest* sick to-night ; and that we

are in *jest* fools," observed Doctor Byles. "However, I believe I understand the nature of this mischievous frolic. What are your politics, Mr. Townsend?"

The miser looked around the company, and unable to determine what answer would eventually be the safest, he hesitatingly-replied, "I trust my heart is on the right side."

"If I thought it was, I would send you to a surgeon as a curiosity," rejoined Doctor Byles. "In good truth, you look as if you had escaped from the sexton."

"Yes," said Hutchinson, "you are exceedingly thin; and since there are so many witnesses present, had you not better settle your affairs? It is well to have a will at any rate."

"So women and whigs think," replied Doctor Byles; "and the latter have had their will, at any rate, in sending us here to-night."

"Have you done aught to offend the rebels?" asked Hutchinson.

"I have already told you that I have fifteen posts," he replied; "but as for politics, I never meddle with them. I do not understand them; and they do, every mother's son of them. I see plainly how it will end,—they will finally do as the Quakers and New Lights say they have done—put off the old man."

"Many would rejoice to take the treasure from their hands," said Hutchinson; "but I think your people would soon be glad to send a writ of trover in search of talents, learning, and goodness."

Doctor Byles bowed low, and said, "Since the storm continues too furious for us to return home, had we not

better bottle off a little sleep against the exigencies of the morrow ?”

No one dissented,—and Wilson, with more kindness than his growling manner indicated, prepared lodgings as comfortable as the crazy situation of the building would admit. After showing the guests to their respective rooms, he returned to his miserable companion. The old man burst into tears, and exclaimed, “Oh Wilson, they ’ll ruin me ; four sticks of wood are burnt out ; one candle is gone, and you ’ve lit another ; to-morrow’s dinner is devoured ; and you have broke the pitcher that I have *drinked* out of more than twenty years. Oh dear,” added he, with a deep groan, “them horses are dreadful ravenous beasts. I never had such a costly night before. No less than two crowns are sunk this minute.”

“I wish as many mitres had sunk with them,” said his surly companion. “Many a shilling has the king taken out of my pocket, and never a penny did I receive from him. But be done grumbling, old man—I ’m tired of it. One word whispered to Hutchinson, you know, would lay you on a bed of coals.”

The miser grasped his arm with a most beseeching look, just as a lumbering vehicle rattled to the door, and a loud knock announced another arrival. A tall, robust man, with a fear-nought coat buttoned up to his throat, and his cocked-hat unlooped to defend him from the tempest, impatiently inquired whether Mr. Townsend was ready to start for Providence.

"I never thought of going there," replied the old man, stepping up to him. The stranger actually started back; and indeed the long flannel gown, the high, red night-cap, surmounted by an enormous tassel, the sharp, death-like visage, and the gun, which he held tight in his bony hand, made him seem more like one of Pluto's stray ghosts than any human figure.

"I was told to come here at two o'clock," said he, "to carry you to Providence on business that nothing in the earth, or under it, must hinder."

"Was it not some other Mr. Townsend?" asked Wilson.

"D—n you!" said the passionate man, "Who does not know Townsend the miser. I swear I'll be paid for my trouble."

"I tell you," replied the old man, "I won't pay a single stiver; for I never asked you to come."

The irritated man poured forth a volley of oaths, which Wilson at length stopped by offering him a handful of money, and telling him that the whigs had already sent three influential tories on errands equally fruitless.

"If that is the case," said Jehu, lowering his tone, "I will be satisfied with a moderate compensation. I am in king George's service; and I must take some of his kicks for the sake of his coppers."

The crack of the whip, and the shrill whistle, soon proclaimed his departure.

"Come, 'Squire Skin-flint," said Wilson, "you must pay me your stage-fare, before you go to bed."

“How can you say so?” responded the covetous wretch. “You will kill me, Wilson. I shall never see the sun rise at this rate.”

“That is what I should call giving the devil his due,” replied the ruffian. “Open your purse.”

The old man hesitated; “Will you promise never to speak of the bank notes? Was that in the bargain?” said he.

“Do you think I will let go your purse-strings, now I have hold of them?” replied Wilson, with a sneer. “Besides, my oaths are brittle things; I have broken—.” With a voice suddenly subdued by powerful emotion, he added, “Some have I broken, for which every farthing of your immense wealth could not atone.” He leaned his head on his hand, and the old gentleman crept towards the stairs as cautiously as one that fears to wake a sleeping tiger. “Your money!” thundered Wilson, seizing his arm, and looking on him with terrible, snake-like power. The old man drew out a greasy purse, but seemed reluctant to open it. “Hutchinson sleeps above—and I have a tongue!” said his tormentor.

The required money was instantly poured upon the table, and the old man hobbled up stairs, ever and anon saying, “That man will be the ruin of me,” and then sobbing in the bitterness of his heart.

CHAP. X.

She 's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:

She 's a woman; therefore to be won."

Henry VI.

ON the second day after this adventure, Mr. Wilson departed from Boston, in order to obtain an interview with Edward Percival, and ascertain the destiny of his daughter. Aware to how much danger she would be exposed, if she came forth into the world wealthy and inexperienced, beautiful and unguarded, he felt exceedingly anxious to give her into the protection of a young man whom he knew to be so entirely estimable as the one we have mentioned; at the same time he was painfully conscious of the unfavourable impression his own notorious character must produce; and, in order to remove, as far as possible, this obstacle to the respectability of his child, he resolved to arrange his dress, equipage, and manners with the most studious care. It was indeed a striking proof how much influence the affections have over the most reckless and depraved, that this man, so unfeeling and unprincipled to all the world beside, should evince tenderness and even delicacy, where this one beloved object was concerned.

The young man, for whom these preparations were making, was the son of Mr. Townsend's only sister; but in every respect unlike his parsimonious relation. He was generous, to a fault; and was remarkable for a

keen sense of honour, united with a lordliness of character, that sometimes touched upon the very verge of tyranny. For his covetous uncle he could not always restrain his contempt; but he was by no means romantic enough to despise the wealth he had accumulated, and he really regarded the desolate old man with compassion that bordered on kindness.

He had from his earliest infancy been educated in Canada, and at the time we choose to present him to our readers, he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, traversing the road between Montreal and Quebec,—which, at that early period, was certainly none too smooth to typify the path of life. It was autumn,—and the earth, as if weary of the vanities of her children, was rapidly changing her varied and gorgeous drapery for robes as sad and unadorned as those of the cloister. The tall and almost leafless trees stood amid black and mouldering stumps, like giants among the tomb-stones; the faint-murmuring voice of the St. Lawrence was heard in the distance; and the winds rustled among the leaves as if imitating the sound of its waters.

The melancholy that we feel when gazing on natural scenes in the vigor of young existence, is but pleasure in a softened form. It has none of the bitterness, none of that soul-sickening sense of desolation, which visits us in our riper years, when we have had sad experience of the jarring interests, the selfish coldness, and the heartless caprice of the world. A rich imagination, like the transparent mantle of light, which the Flemish artists delight to throw around their pictures, gives its own

glowing hues to the dreariness of winter and the sobriety of autumn, as well as to the freshness of spring and the verdure of summer; and if the affections are calm and pure, forests and streams, sky and ocean, sunrise and twilight, will always bring deep, serene, and holy associations. Under the influence of such feelings, our young traveller entered Quebec, just as the rays of the declining sun tinged the windows and spires with a fiery beam, and fell obliquely on the distant hills in tranquil radiance. At the sign of St. George and the Dragon, the horse made a motion to pause; and thus reminded of the faithful creature's extreme fatigue, he threw the bridle over his neck, and gave him into the care of a ragged hostler, who in bad French demanded his pleasure.

In the same language his hostess gave her brief salutation of, "A clever night to ride, please your honour."

Percival civilly replied to her courtesy, and gave orders for supper. The inn was unusually crowded and noisy; and, willing to escape awhile from the bustling scene, he walked out into the city. The loud ringing of the cathedral bells, summoning the inhabitants to evening prayer, and the rolling of drums from the neighbouring garrison, were at variance with the quietude of his spirit. He turned from the main street, and rambled along until he reached the banks of the little river St. Charles, about a mile westward from the town. He paused before the extensive and venerable-looking hospital, founded by M. de St. Vallier, the second

bishop of Quebec. The high, steep roof, and the wide portals, beneath which various images of the saints were safely ensconced in their respective niches, were indistinctly seen in the dimness of twilight ; but a rich gush of sound, from the interior of the building, poured on the ear, mingling the deep tones of the organ with woman's sweetest melody.

All that painting and music, pomp and pageantry can do, to dazzle the imagination and captivate the heart, has ever been employed by that tremendous hierarchy, "whose roots were in another world, and whose far-stretching shadow awed our own." At this time, the effect was increased by that sense of mystery so delightful to the human soul. "Ora, ora pro nobis," was uttered by beings secluded from the world, taking no part in the busy game of life, and separated from all that awakens the tumult of passion, and the eagerness of pursuit. How then could fancy paint them otherwise than lovely, placid, and spotless? Had Percival been behind the curtain, during these sanctified dramas,—had he ever searched out the indolence, the filth, and the profligacy, secreted in such retreats,—the spell that bound him would have been broken ; but it had been rivetted by early association, and now rendered peculiarly delightful by the excited state of his feelings. Resigning himself entirely to its dominion, he inquired of one who stood within the door, whether it was possible for him to gain admittance.

The man held out his hand for money, and having received a *livre*, answered, "Certainly, sir. You must

be a stranger in Quebec, or you would know that there is to be a procession of white nuns to-night, in honour of M. de St. Vallier." So saying, he led the way into the building.

An old priest, exceedingly lazy in his manner, and monotonous in his tone, was reading mass, to which most of the audience zealously vociferated a response.

An arch, ornamented with basso relievo figures of the saints, on one side of the chancel, surmounted a door, which apparently led to an interior chapel ; and beneath a similar one, on the opposite side, was a grated window, shaded by a large, flowing curtain of black silk.

Behind this provoking screen were the daughters of earth, whom our traveller supposed to be as beautiful as angels and as pure.

For some time, a faint response, a slight cough, or a deep drawn sigh, alone indicated the vicinity of the se-raphic beings.

At length, however, the mass, with all its thousand ceremonies, was concluded. There was silence for a moment, and then was heard one of the low, thrilling chants of the church of Rome.

There was the noise of light, sandalled feet. The music died away to a delicious warbling, as faint and earnest as woman's entreaty ;—then gradually rising to a bold, majestic burst of sound,—the door on the opposite side opened, and the sisterhood entered amid a glare of light.

That most of them were old and ugly passed unnoticed ; for whatever visions an enthusiastical imagination

might have conjured up, were certainly realized by the figure that preceded the procession.

Her forehead was pale and lofty,—her expression proud, but highly intellectual. A white veil, carelessly pinned about her brow, fell over her shoulders in graceful drapery ; and as she glided along, the loose white robe, that constituted the uniform of her order, displayed to the utmost advantage that undulating outline of beauty, for which the statues of *Psyche* are so remarkable.

A silver crucifix was clasped in her hands, and her eyes were steadily raised toward heaven ; yet there was something in her general aspect from which one would have concluded that the fair devotee had never known the world, rather than that she had left it in weariness or disgust.

Her eye happened to glance on our young friend, as she passed near him ; and he fancied it rested a moment with delighted attention.

The procession moved slowly on in pairs, the apostles bearing waxen lights on either side, until the last white robe was concealed behind an arch at the other end of the extensive apartment.

The receding sounds of, "O sanctissima, O purissima," floated on the air mingled with clouds of frankincense ; and the young man pressed his hand to his forehead, with a bewildered sensation, as if the airy phantoms of the magic lanthorn had just been flitting before him.

A notice from the porter that the nuns were now at the altar performing silent mass, and that the doors were shortly to be closed, recalled his recollection ; and slipping money into the hands of his informer, he left the church, and bent his footsteps towards the sign of St. George and the Dragon.

The wrangling and discordant sounds of an inn were never so unwelcome to him ; and with peculiar vexation he heard a loud voice, inquiring of the landlady, "Are you sure that the tall, handsome young man I mentioned, with light brown hair and blue eyes, has been here to-night ?"

"I tell you yes. In troth, he is not one a woman would be likely to forget."

"Where did he go, when he left here ?"

"That is what I know nothing of. May-be he is a New England rebel, come to raise the country in arms against His Majesty ;—and yet I should not think so. He spoke better French than the Yankees do."

The inquirer, who was none other than Mr. Wilson, took a heavy silver watch from his pocket, looked at the hour, and replaced it with an air of great impatience, as he said, "It is after nine. The trumpets from the fort have sounded the hour of rest. What can have become of him ?"

"Perhaps he is one of your moon-struck folks that gaze on the stars till they forget to eat their supper. So much the better for those who take their pay whether or no."

Just at that moment, the subject of their conversation entered the room.

In a confused manner, Mr. Wilson stammered out, "Mr. Percival, I believe?"

"I think I have seen you before, Mr. Wilson," rejoined the young man, with a look of coldness bordering on hauteur.

"Pardon my intrusion, sir. I have business of importance."

"It is very well," replied Percival. "Be seated, if you please. I cannot attend to you, just now; for I have eaten nothing since I entered Quebec."

He was about to seat himself at the table; but compelled himself to say, "Have you taken supper, sir?"

"I did at an early hour; but I must acknowledge that I am ready for another."

"Move to the table, then, if you will."

The invitation, ungracious as it was, was accepted; and though neither the quality of the food, nor its cleanliness, would have tempted a New England appetite, the hostess certainly had no reason to conclude that either of her guests preferred star-gazing to solid food.

With hunger too keen to be fastidious, the travellers devoured a hearty meal, with no other interruption than an occasional bow from Mr. Wilson, as he raised the mug of cider to his lips.

When the landlady had retired, and closed the door after her, the young gentleman inquired what important business had procured him this unexpected visit.

"You have an uncle in Boston," said Wilson, who seemed to be strangely awed by the gentleman-like manner of his auditor.

Percival bowed to this unimportant remark, and his companion continued, "You expect considerable property from him, I presume?"

"I have always treated Mr. Townsend with proper attention; and I am his only relation; but these things are very uncertain," replied Percival.

"Well, sir, I have come to inform you upon what grounds the whole of his large property may be insured to you."

"You, sir!" exclaimed Percival, with an expression of contempt so strong and undisguised, that Wilson felt his blood boil in his veins, as he answered, "Yes, I, sir. Your uncle has committed crimes for which the rigid laws of England would take his life; and the evidence of them is in my hands. To bring the matter to a point at once, I have a daughter. If you will marry her, the fortune is yours;—if not, it all descends to her, with the exception of a trifling legacy. The will is made and attested; and should he presume to alter it, his life must pay the forfeit."

Percival eyed him for a moment with extreme scorn, and asked, "What is the meaning of this artifice, sir?"

"It is no trick," replied Wilson; and he handed him a letter from Mr. Townsend, and another from the lawyer who had written the will.

The young gentleman to whom they were addressed, had too much pride to think of such a father-in-law with

any thing like complacency. Besides, he had indulged very romantic ideas concerning love; and he was by no means pleased with the business air of this transaction. He thought of affection, as some people think of religion, that it could not be genuine, unless it came upon him at once with irresistible power; and however apocryphal his creed might be, the white-robed vision he had that evening seen, tended not a little to confirm it.

After one or two impatient strides across the room, he stopped suddenly, and said, "A wife is not to be bought and sold like your southern slaves; nor are my affections like a garment, to be put on and off as interest may dictate. My uncle must dispose of his money as he chooses. I trust to my own energies. Good evening, sir."

"Stop, I beg of you," said Wilson earnestly. "Do not decide till you have seen Gertrude. I am a wretch, and you know it; but she has been kept from all the pollutions of this tempting world, and has grown up in the convent of St. Vallier, as pure, as lovely, and as elegant as the proudest lady in the land."

"Is she—is she a novitiate at St. Vallier's?" eagerly inquired Percival.

"She is; and how deeply soever I may have plunged into guilt, nobody can say that I have not been to her all that I should be. It is impressed upon my mind that I shall not live long. No matter whether I am a fool for believing it or not. When I am gone, she will be left beautiful and wealthy, an easy prey to the sharper or the sensualist. Your character is all that I wish my

own had been ; and my last earthly cares would be over, if you were her protector.”

“ But,” said Percival, crimsoning to the very temples, “ even if she is all I hope, she is—illegitimate.”

Mr. Wilson drew his breath hard, in the agony of his spirit ; after a pause, he replied, “ I was the husband of her mother. Sit down, young man, and I will tell you all ; though it is a subject on which I never meant to speak to mortal man. I was once as proud as you are ; and perhaps with as much reason. The world prophesied my success in life, and considered me a master-spirit, born to sway my fellows. With a gentleman and a scholar I still have some touches of my former spirit ; but I will say no more on that point. In my best days, I won the heart of a beautiful young creature, the daughter of a miserable, half-crazed woman in Halifax. I was aristocratic then,—and it was long before I could bring myself to think of marriage with one so much my inferior. However, her confiding fondness gained upon my affections, and I finally made a sort of half atonement by a private marriage.” He stopped, and his whole frame shuddered. “ It must be told,” continued he. “ Captain Fitzherbert was then in port. He was too handsome, and too attentive to my young wife. Gertrude knew it gave me uneasiness ; but conscious of her innocence, and loving to exert her power, she continued as gay and as free as ever. Day after day passed in this manner, till she became a mother. Fitzherbert dared to reproach me for my ungenerous conduct ; and Gertrude, after having besought me, with tearful eyes,

to make our marriage public, told me that she had no friend in the world but Fitzherbert. Maddened to insupportable jealousy, I....stabbed her." From different causes, both were silent for a long time ; and the convulsed features of Wilson alone betrayed his agitation. " She was innocent," he added ; " and here—here," pressing his hand upon his heart, " her memory 'biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' After that dreadful deed, I never cared what became of me. I have been a drunkard, a pirate, and a ruffian ;—but a father still."

He wrung Percival's hand with desperate energy, as he spoke, and the tears started to his eyes. There was an air of majesty about him, fallen as he was, that found its way to the young man's heart. When he first spoke of his crime, Percival could not restrain a loathing expression of hatred and horror ; but now he turned to the window to conceal how much he had been affected by such deep and frenzied remorse.

When the conversation was again resumed, Wilson said, " For a few weeks the infant Gertrude was in the hands of her grandmother ; but I could not trust the sweet little being, now doubly dear for her murdered mother's sake, in the care of one so low and vicious. I therefore gave orders that she should be placed at the hospital of St. Vallier, and that her grandmother should never be permitted to see her. I gave money enough to ensure a punctual obedience to my commands, and departed for the West Indies, where many a bloody deck has borne witness to my courage and my sins.

I have seldom seen Gertrude. Of late years, she has so earnestly entreated to come out into the world, and I have been so entirely unable to make her situation respectable, that I have forborne to visit her."

To this frank avowal, Percival replied by reminding the wretched man that it was never too late to repent of crime, and to atone for it by a life of usefulness and piety.

"The best thing you can do," said he, "is to purchase some secluded dwelling, to which you can retire with your daughter, and there forget every thing but the duties you owe to God and her."

"It cannot be, young man," answered Wilson. "Here on my vitals the vulture will prey forever. Besides, ought one so young and fair, to be thus buried for a father's guilt?"

"She will have sufficient wealth to purchase every luxury," replied he; "and no doubt she would think the freedom of such a situation perfect paradise, compared with her convent."

"Mr. Percival," said the father, taking his hand most fervently, "had I sooner met with one that would have advised me thus, one whose friendship would have soothed my tortured soul, I should not have been the wreck I now am. Alas, how little are the strong in virtue aware of the cruel temptations and the bitter misery of a heart willing to return to the paths of rectitude, if the voice of kindness would but give it welcome and encouragement."

With more respect than he had yet evinced, Percival

exhorted him to convert the property of his daughter into money as soon as she came into possession of it, and to retire to some country unacquainted with his crimes, where he might fulfil the duties of a citizen and christian.

“Young man,” exclaimed Wilson, “I forced your uncle to make a will in my favour; but I protest I am sorry for it, from the bottom of my soul.”

“If it is the means of reforming one from vice, and of making another happy, I shall esteem it well bestowed. I can make a fortune for myself,” rejoined Percival.

“Then you reject the idea of being connected with such a one as I am?”

Percival then frankly told him of the captivating being he had seen in the procession of White Nuns, and expressed his wish to ascertain her character and history. Full of the belief that the person described was his beloved daughter, Wilson the next morning applied to the Lady Abbess for an interview.

The torment of the never dying worm ceased for a while, when the fair creature clasped him to her heart, and exclaimed, “Father, dear father.”

“Well, Gertrude,” said he, looking on her with great affection, “I see you have not taken the black veil.”

“Oh, no. Did you think I ever could?”

“Then you still wish to go out and look upon the gay world?”

“I think,” said the young novitiate, with a deep sigh, “that I should come back here more contented, if I could go away for a few years.”

Smiling at casuistry dictated by the heart, her father answered, "I mean that you shall return to New England with me, my love."

Gertrude clasped her hands, with an exclamation of joy.

Her father smiled and left the room. When he returned with Mr. Percival, animation was still glowing on her fine features.

Both blushed deeply, when they were introduced; for each remembered having seen the other, the preceding evening.

Mr. Wilson eagerly watched their countenances, and saw that all was as he wished. It was the first moment of pure enjoyment he had known for years; and he felt then as if he had strength to be all that his unsuspecting child believed him.

During the general conversation that followed, guilelessness of thought and childlike simplicity of manner completed the conquest, which beauty had begun.

The hours in which novitiates were allowed to receive visitors having expired, both bade Gertrude farewell, with a promise to call again the ensuing morning.

The Abbess said that her young favourite was strangely bewildered during that day. She failed to respond to the "*Dominus vobiscum*" of the priest, and the hymn which she had daily sung to the Holy Mother for many years, escaped from her memory.

The interview terminated much as Percival had hoped, and even expected. Perhaps had he not believed the heiress of his uncle and the stately devotee

to be the same, he would not have acquiesced so quietly in the arrangements of Mr. Wilson. We must admit that on his way to the convent, he conjectured whether, in case of a disappointment, he could not prove his uncle's will to have been obtained by force, without risking the life of the poor old man. "If Wilson is disposed to be virtuous," thought he, "surely a handsome legacy is sufficient to give his daughter honourable support, and to keep him from temptation."

Very different ideas occupied his mind as he returned. He gazed on the monastery as long as its towering roof could be discerned. "How glad I am," thought he, "that I met her as I did. I could not have been in love, had I known that it was expected of me."

As for Mr. Wilson, it was the happiest day he had known since his youth; but when he retired to rest, he felt a sort of uneasy, reluctant wish to palliate his own crime,—and he could not help inurmuring, "She does look cursedly like Fitzherbert."

Necessary business detained the father and lover a few weeks, which no doubt passed rapidly and delightfully enough. Every thing that Percival heard of Gertrude from the Abbess and nuns, strengthened the impressions he had received.

With many a sigh, and many a bitter tear, the unsophisticated girl bade adieu to the sisterhood; (for the ties of habit are not easily hurst asunder; especially when formed in seclusion, and rivetted by daily kindness;) and though they said they only wept at giving her

up to a sinful world, it was evident they yielded to the strong current of natural affection.

When the bride and bridegroom stood before the altar in the church where they first met, it was said the priest had never united a lovelier couple. Percival was somewhat in the Adonis style of beauty,—and might perhaps have been charged with effeminacy, had not a highly arched nose, and a general loftiness of expression, redeemed him from the imputation.

Gertrude was as stately as the Juno of Titian; and had the same vivid glow of life, and health, and beauty.

These charms were certainly heightened by pearl-coloured damask, and Brussels lace, closely fitted to her majestic form; but they were by no means her surest hold upon the affections of her high-minded husband.

Accustomed from her earliest youth to an implicit obedience to a superior, whom she fondly loved, she had acquired a most charming ductility of character; and now that she was to be introduced to a world, of which she was so totally ignorant, she peculiarly felt the need of some guiding hand. To her husband, therefore, she looked for support and encouragement, with all the winning deference of woman's gentlest and most exclusive affection.

CHAP. XI.

O, luve will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen ;

O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been.

Burns.

LEAVING the young Canadians to enjoy "the sacred lowe o' weel placed love," we will return to the quiet library of the pious Mr. Osborne ; the republican simplicity of which afforded so striking a contrast to the splendid apartment of Governor Hutchinson.

On the afternoon of the same day that Wilson commenced his journey to Quebec, Grace was seated at her father's table, busily engaged in painting glass,—a fashionable amusement at that period.

The door gently opened, and the good-natured countenance of Lucretia Fitzherbert presented itself to her view.

"Why, Grace, how long it is since I have seen you," exclaimed her animated friend. "For three long days we have been expecting you. Captain Somerville at last grew quite angry,—so, to please him, I came to-day to see what could have offended your ladyship."

"Offended ! and with you ?" said Grace, in a reproachful tone. "I assure you, I have wished to come ; but I have been so very busy—"

"I wonder what has busied you so suddenly," interrupted Lucretia. "Have you been making linen for brother Henry ? or knitting warm night-caps for papa ?"

"The first," rejoined Grace, smiling; "and then all the leisure moments I have had, I have been practising on my spinnet, trying to learn those pretty songs that—you like so well."

"Umph," said Lucretia, with the most provoking significance. "You are taking likenesses, too, I see. What is this you are copying?"

"It is the head of a young naval officer; Sir—somebody—I have forgotten whom."

"How much it looks like Somerville," said Lucretia.

"Does it?" rejoined Grace, blushing deeply. "Perhaps it may, a very little."

"Captain Somerville is enthusiastic about painting," said Lucretia. "How I do wish I could sketch as well as you can."

Grace, in her turn, smiled significantly.

"I know you laugh because he is always the burden of my song," observed Lucretia; "but really if you lived in the same house with him, you could not but admire,—very much admire, his sparkling intelligence, his ready wit, and his open gallantry."

"And my enthusiastic friend places so much confidence in her native good sense, that she is not at all afraid of admiring him too much, I suppose?" inquired Grace.

"I think nothing about it," rejoined Lucretia. "I am very happy; and that is all I am sure of. As for the good sense you are pleased to talk of,—Minerva's

shield has withstood many a fierce attack ; but I believe one of Cupid's minikin arrows might shiver it."

"Oh, Lucretia, how little need there is of a window to your heart."

"Yours is carefully muffled in a thick screen, dear Grace ; but the flame will shine through."

The tears started to Miss Osborne's eyes, and forgetting that her remark would imply a keen reproof to her thoughtless friend, she said, "What have I done, that you should accuse me of being deficient in the delicacy which should ever characterize a lady ?"

"Who would think of defending herself from a charge that has no foundation ?" rejoined Lucretia, putting her arms round her neck, with girlish affection.

"What is the matter, young ladies ?" inquired Henry Osborne, who entered the library at that moment.

"Nothing,—only I have offended Grace, as I often do the Graces," answered Lucretia ; "and so I have been trying to atone for it. What news, Henry ?"

"None that will particularly interest such a staunch little tory as you are."

"Nay, I will not be called names," said she, gaily striking him with her parasol ; "unless you can warp your conscience enough to call me by the old-fashioned name of angel. In good earnest, what has happened in the political world ?"

"Accidents similar to those which happen every day," rejoined Osborne. "Merely a few mischievous tricks upon the tories. Mr. Paxton's horse, after being lost some days, was found shut up in the Town House, al-

most starved to death ; and Doctor Byles, when entering his house this morning, was assailed by a violent shower of soot and water."

"How did he bear such treatment?" asked Lucretia.

"Just as you would suppose. He made a very low bow, and said, 'My friends, you have entirely *sooted* me.'"

"I should like to walk there," said Lucretia, smiling ; "it is several days since I have seen him."

Grace soon arranged her neat little gipsey hat, beneath which her golden ringlets escaped in the most enchanting luxuriance ; and the shawl was just pinned about her neck with Quaker simplicity, when Somerville entered. "You are all for a walk I see," said he, bowing to the ladies. "I have arrived most fortunately."

His arm was offered to Grace, and he was not a little gratified at the slight tremor she betrayed on again meeting him ; nor could she, with all her diffidence, help being a little vain of her infantile beauty, since it had so evidently fascinated Somerville.

True, his compliments were less frequent than formerly ; for Henry, with the affectionate earnestness of an anxious brother, had cautioned him against the flattery so likely to tarnish the purity and artlessness of her character. Still, however, his delighted eye acknowledged her power, and she was not ignorant of its meaning.

During this walk, it seemed as if he exerted his uncommon powers of pleasing, to the very utmost. Now "his broad sail was set in the full, deep stream of argument;" and, now, every one was watching the eddies of his wit, as they sparkled, and broke, and whirled away.

The rein was held with as graceful a hand, whether he spurred his majestic war-horse to the battle, pranced by a lady's side over hill and dale, or appeared on the parade ground in gala dress, performing its complicated evolutions with careless dexterity.

The whole company were in high spirits when Doctor Byles met them at his door.

"Was there ever such an evening?" said he, as he came out to welcome them. "It is as light as a cork. I am glad you have come, my young friends; for Mrs. Byles and the girls have gone to see a sick neighbour, and I was just wishing somebody would come and take a glass with me."

"A most unclerical wish," observed Henry Osborne.

"Not as much so, as you think, young man," replied the clergyman, displaying a fine brass telescope, and motioning them to follow him up stairs.

"This is the glass I offer my friends," continued he, fastening one end in the window-shutter, and placing the other in Somerville's hand.

"I call this chamber my observatory; for, stationed here with my telescope, I can observe-a-tory all over Boston."

"I wish the search was as seldom rewarded as that of Diogenes with his lanthorn," answered Henry.

"No doubt; but 'the prayer of the wicked availeth not,'" replied Doctor Byles.

"How extremely beautiful!" interrupted Somerville, placing the telescope in Mr. Osborne's hand. "The bay of Naples hardly surpasses this."

Indeed, beneath the rich gush of autumnal twilight, the scene was indescribably enchanting.

The broad, blue harbour, like the ocean god, reposing on his own bright throne; the numerous islands, that seemed like infant Naiads waiting in his presence; the neighbouring churches, like youthful devotees, pointing the finger of faith to heaven; the foliage, rich with the hues of autumn; the herds, quietly grazing on the adjoining hills; and all so delightfully mellowed in distance and sunshine, formed a landscape that Claude would have delighted to copy.

Each one, in succession, gazed upon it till the strained vision was wearied. As they laid aside the telescope, Somerville glanced at Grace, and said, "To look beyond the smoke and din of the town, to a scene so lovely and placid as that, is welcome to the heart, as it is to meet unpretending goodness and unaffected beauty in the midst of this selfish, artificial world."

"Here," said Doctor Byles, "is something that precisely resembles the mind of a whig; for their reflections are all upside down;"—and he placed a large concave mirror before the young ladies.

"If the images are inverted, they are increased in beauty," observed Henry Osborne.

"At a distance, I grant ye; but examine closely, young man, and the defects are glaring enough. My dear girl, step up, and shake hands with yourself."

The figure of the little sylph seemed to come forth from the glass, as she advanced toward its focus.

"Nobody can say there is not a shadow of grace about that mirror," said the clergyman.

"But you can say there is not a shadow of beauty now," rejoined Lucretia, as she herself moved to the glass.

"If I did say it," replied Doctor Byles, "I would unite with the learned Bishop of Cloyne, and say, it is no matter—all is mind."

"How brilliant you are to-night," exclaimed Lucretia.

"Nay, it is you, ladies, who are bright," rejoined he. "When you both came in, lounging on a gentleman's arm, I could not but think you spark-led."

"Your ammunition is never exhausted," said Somerville; "one may always be sure of a *corps de reserve*. There is one of my acquaintance, the famous Samuel Johnson, to whom I should like to introduce you; but, with his invincible hatred of puns, it might prove dangerous."

"Wit is the least of Doctor Byles's qualifications," said Henry Osborne.

"Young man, I am not a woman. My constitution does not need the gilded pills of flattery," replied the Doctor.

The suddenness with which he changed from playfulness almost frivolous, to dignity bordering on sternness, produced a momentary embarrassment in the whole company.

Lucretia, who knew him well, was the first to break silence. "It is the way the Doctor sometimes chooses to cut his best friends," said she.

Doctor Byles looked very angry; and Somerville perceiving it, answered, "The friends of Doctor Byles are never cut, though often wit-led."

"It is contagious," exclaimed Henry Osborne, rising. "Let us depart by all means."

"I should never suspect that Mr. Osborne had a predisposition to the disease," replied the clergyman, with his usual dry, sarcastic manner. "But come into my study, Lucretia. I have Goldsmith's celebrated Chinese Letters; and you say, you have never seen them."

The first object that met their view on the library table, was a frightful mask, with a lighted candle within it, surmounted by the Doctor's wig.

It had been placed there by some mischievous boys. "You see the spirit of rebellion penetrates to our very closets," observed the minister. "However, the wig does but cover what it always has, 'a burning and a shining light.'"

After examining the books and some beautiful philosophical apparatus, the young people departed, highly delighted with their visit.

"The evening is so pleasant," observed Henry, "that I see no reason why we should not extend our walk to Roxbury."

"I trust we shall return better pleased than my uncle did from his nocturnal excursion," said Somerville. "No one cares how much old Townsend is tormented; but it is really carrying the joke too far, when such men as Governor Hutchinson and Doctor Byles are harassed in this way."

"When one side carry a joke too far, it must be expected that the other will return it by such means as lie in their power," rejoined Osborne.

"You must not begin to talk politics," said Lucretia; "for Captain Somerville never speaks all he thinks, before you. One would hardly believe he could be the same man that I sometimes hear talk with uncle Hutchinson."

Somerville looked, as if he did not thank her for thus lowering him in the estimation of Miss Osborne; and Henry replied, "I think he begins to be a proselyte to the righteous cause. I have a mind to have him stop to see John, on purpose to give him a good commentary on American feeling. He lives the next door to Mr. Townsend."

The man of whom he spoke, had once been a servant at his father's; but had, to use his own expression, "laid by a trifle for a wet day," and was now a thriving New England farmer.

Every thing within their doors indicated industry and prosperity. The wife, a buxom, sweet-tempered looking matron, was supplying four or five white-headed children with bountiful slices of brown bread; and if she did not perform the simple office with as much grace as Werter's Charlotte, it was certainly very delightful to

watch her look of maternal love, as she said, "Hearty souls! it does one good to see you eat. But hush, boys, hush; here are strangers coming."

The mother drew her cap down over her ears, and smoothed her checked apron,—then, after giving them a most cordial greeting, she showed the way into a neatly white-washed room, the floor of which was profusely sanded, and marked with a variety of fantastic figures, according to the fashion of the times.

The children in the mean time stationed one to peep at the door, who would now and then run to report proceedings to his laughing companions.

"They have over much of a good thing," said the father. "The rogues love liberty. Away with you, boys!—and, waving his hand, he cleared the door in a moment. An instance of the good old-fashioned obedience, seldom practised in these degenerate days.

"I must tell you," continued the farmer, "that you are heartily welcome, Miss Grace, and Mr. Henry, and Miss Fitzherbert, and the stranger gentleman."

"I forgot to mention that he was Captain Somerville, Governor Hutchinson's nephew," observed Henry.

"Perhaps you are from England, then?"

"I am," replied Somerville.

"And may be you will tarry some time in the Colonies?"

"That is entirely uncertain, sir."

"Well, it is none of my business, surely. It is a good country that you came from, and a good country that you have come to. Both the Englands are good;

but I am sometimes *afraid* they will try to patch the old with the new, till they make the rents worse."

"England has no need of patches, my good sir," rejoined Somerville.

"I doubt that somewhat. They say the young king has some German notions, which he would be much better without. Then there is a heavy debt will go near to break the collar-bone, if it is carried much longer; and them who have the care of it, are, in my humble opinion, no more fit to set the broken bones of a nation, than my cows are to climb a ladder."

"Which I trust they never will do," said Lucretia, laughing. "Mr. Townsend would doubtless be sadly grieved to have a blade of his grass devoured by them."

"A queer man, that Mr. Townsend, beside being a tory," answered John Dudley; "but he that is with him is far worse."

"Who is it?" asked Grace.

"He calls himself Harry Wilson; but such men have a name for every port. I feel scared to look at that house, when I think of the sin there is between its four walls. Odds luck, it was a sight to see, and a sound to hear, the night the whigs sent the tories there on such a Tom fool's errand. There were wheels rattling—and knocking at the doors,—and laughing, and swearing,—and there were lights glimmering round in corners that never saw a light before. The old man was sick three days, to think of the money it cost him. Wilson tells folks that he holds a whip over his back, and that he knows how to get the silver out of his grip."

“Has this man a family?” inquired Lucretia. “How comes he to be so much with Mr. Townsend?”

“There is but little known about him in these parts,” replied Mrs Dudley; “but a body needs only look in his eye to see that he is bad enough. Howsomever, there is One above us, who knows all things, and will manage them as seemeth good to him.”

“Mr. Wilson came here t’other day, and told us that his daughter was coming from Quebec; and he wanted us to let her have one of our tidy chambers, as he called them;—and when we were at a stand, as it were, on account of his character, you know, he said that if she was his daughter, she was a lady, and had had gentle usage. He said she was going to stay here only a few weeks; and he seemed so affected like, that I was fain to let her come. So I have whitened the counterpane, and put the patch curtains up at the window, and sanded the floor of the best chamber.”

“Poor young creature!” said Grace.

“She is young,” rejoined the matron. “The matter of seventeen, or thereabouts. May be you will come and see her, young ladies? Her heart will no doubt be sad in a strange land. Whist, Hancock! will ye not whist?”

“What do you call your sick little babe?” asked Lucretia.

“It was George, for the king, you know, Miss; but the stamp act a’nt likely to be taken off, so my good man would change it to John Hancock.”

Miss Fitzherbert smiled, and looked significantly at Somerville, as she said, "You see the spirit of the land."

"That is a fine man, that John Hancock," said the farmer. "He is a true friend to liberty; and though he is college *larnt*, and though he had more money than I could reckon, left him a year ago, he is as ready to stop and say, 'How do you do, John Dudley,' as my own wife would be. Poor, dear little Hancock," continued he, taking the child from his mother, and rocking him gently in his arms, "I hope you'll be as good a man. You must make haste,—yes you must, Hancock,—you must make haste, and grow strong enough to be a soldier." With a more sober look, he added, "May be they'll be wanted in this oppressed land, before you are able to buckle on a canteen."

"Hancock, dear Hancock," whispered Grace, as she offered him an orange, and kissed the bright red spot on his sickly cheek.

"Oh, yes, Grace can kiss him, now she knows his rebel name," said the laughing Lucretia.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a rebel," observed the gallant Englishman.

Henry looked serious and uneasy. He did not like Scripture quoted with so much irreverence; and he feared the effects of a kind of gallantry to which his sister had been so entirely unused.

"I believe I must bid you good night, John," said he, rising.

"Surely not, sir, till you have tasted a drop of cider that I made on my own farm. The king has none better, though I say it that should not say it."

Upon this hint, his wife took a plate and a large silver can, and left the apartment.

In a few moments, the children in the kitchen were heard crying, "Give me some, mamma, give me some;" and, having supplied their wants, the good-natured mother re-appeared, with her rosy-cheeked pears and foaming cider.

"It may seem strange for the like of me to have a silver mug," said the farmer; "but it has more value in it than the metal tells for. Governor Dudley brought it over himself; and there has not been many a better man to drink after."

His ancestor, his can, and his cider having received abundance of praise, he urged the young people to take as much fruit as they would, and bade them good night.

The young gentlemen, in terms of unqualified approbation talked of the frank hospitality and downright good sense of their host; and as the farmer closed his gate after them, he could not refrain from saying, "They are all gentle-folks, every soul of them; and that is a name that means a good deal to them that understand it right."

"That's true, my good man," said his wife. "That Captain Somerville has a frank way with him; and don't show a speck of pride,—though he is Hutchinson's nephew."

On their way home, Somerville walked with Miss Osborne ; and Lucretia, of course, accepted the proffered arm of Mr. Osborne.

Oh, how dangerous may one brief evening prove to the sliding hearts of the youthful and the guileless ; and how tasteless is every thing in life, compared with the sparkling cup that young love offers before we know his name.

Grace returned home with an elasticity of spirit unusual to her placid nature ; and when, after the family devotions were concluded, she stooped to kiss her venerable father, before she retired to rest, he could not but speak of the beaming happiness her angelic countenance expressed.

“ Dear Grace,” said Henry, passing his arm round her neck, “ I have something to say to you ; and I will say it in the presence of our good father.”

His sister looked up inquiringly.

“ You must have suspected how much interest Doctor Willard takes in you ? ” said he.

“ I know he is a friend to us all,” replied she, with extreme embarrassment.

“ Yes, dear sister, he is a friend to us all ; and for your sake, he loves us all. With a brother’s frankness, he has commissioned me to tell you so.”

“ And what does my daughter say to this ? ” asked her father, in a tone of anxious tenderness.

“ I feel very, very grateful to Doctor Willard ; but — ”

"But what?" interrupted her brother. "What can a woman desire in a lover, that is not united in his character? There is virtue, genius, a good family, genteel manners, personal beauty, and a generous heart, that has long been most sincerely devoted to you."

"He is more than I expect—more than I deserve," rejoined Grace.

"And what shall I tell him?" whispered Henry.

"Tell him to seek some one who deserves his affection, and can return it."

"Are you aware," said her father, in a tone of severe disappointment, "can you be aware what a treasure you are throwing from you?"

"I am—I am," exclaimed Grace, bursting into tears; "but I cannot love him."

"Will you tell me why?" asked her brother, in an insinuating voice.

"I have no reason to give," she replied.

"Has no one else won your pure heart?"

"Oh no, indeed; no other one ever sought it."

"I know it would never unsought be won, if you were aware of it," rejoined Henry. "But you are very young, and I fear you will allow 'a passing pleasing tongue,' and the fascination of a polished manner, to outweigh goodness of heart and dignity of character."

"Talents and education are of great value," interrupted her father; "but we must not forget that the tree of knowledge yields not the same fruit as the tree of life. Fixed religious principles and an amiable dis-

position are of more consequence to domestic happiness than all that wealth, or beauty, or genius can offer. It was these qualities in your dear mother, that for thirty years made me the happiest of men. It was these inestimable qualities that made you what you are, my children." As he spoke, the tear that fell upon his hand, betrayed how dear was the wife that had for years lain in the silent grave.

With kindness which seemed like cruelty, Henry said, "Some people admire beauty wherever they find it. Doctor Willard would love you, if you should lose that fading flower. Other friends may have lofty and generous feelings,—they may be greatly gifted by nature; but their worth has not been tried like his. Something novel in character, or more rare in loveliness, may erase a transient impression. A meteor may be dazzling, but we cannot calculate its orbit."

"I understand you," said she; "but indeed you wrong me. If I do not love Doctor Willard, I ought not to marry him, if I would. But indeed, indeed, I have no such reason as you suppose."

"My dear child," said Mr. Osborne, tenderly taking her hand, "you have never in your whole life told me an untruth. Do not let me go to my pillow with the fear that you have deceived your earthly father, and sinned against your heavenly one."

Tears fell fast on the heaving bosom of the timid and ingenuous Grace. She burst from the embrace of her excellent parent, saying, "Some other time, dear father, some other time, we will talk of this."

Pitying her extreme distress, neither of them attempted to prevent her departure. Both retired to rest exceedingly anxious concerning a delusion, which, from the character of its object, they could not imagine would terminate happily for the fair being that indulged it.

CHAP. XII.

But had I wist before I kiss'd,
That luvè had been sae ill to win,
I had lock'd my heart in a kist of gold,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.

Old Scotch Song.

FOR several weeks, our young friends kept the "noiseless tenor of their way," without meeting any other danger than that of frequent and delightful intercourse. Grace visited less and less frequently at Lucretia's lodgings, but the visits she received from Somerville were far too numerous to please her affectionate and judicious connexions. Perfectly aware of this, and sometimes chilled by the fastidious reserve of the little beauty, Somerville became more absent, irritable, and negligent than Lucretia had ever seen him. The inattention which originated entirely in thoughtlessness, seemed to her to be peculiarly pointed; and she began to fear that the gayety and frankness of her nature had been mistaken for undue levity. Painful as this idea might be, it was the medicine her diseased mind required. Pride took possession of a heart transparent as it was susceptible, and it was soon evident that she was exerting all her good sense to overcome the fascination to which she had so foolishly yielded. But when we have long allowed our feelings to spurn at restraint, it requires a giant's hand to curb them; and though

Lucretia possessed great purity and rectitude of purpose, the important lesson of self-control was one she had never learned. The materials for a delightful and highly-finished character were rich and ample,—but want of judgment in the artist had marred the original design; and the mind that might have been a noble Corinthian pillar, now only displayed a few beautiful specimens, which, like the Elgin marbles, served to betray the perfection of the column.

It has been well observed that there is a time in the lives of most people, when character fearfully fluctuates in the balance; and when circumstances, apparently accidental, may do much to decide it, either to good or evil. Henry Osborne was aware that the present period was a very important one to Miss Fitzherbert; and he feared that the influence of Somerville was any thing but beneficial. The fearless reasoning, the contempt of quiet virtues, the restlessness under the salutary shackles of society, against which a vigorous understanding and a glowing imagination ought to be peculiarly guarded, were all increased by his bold and brilliant conversation. Perhaps a long-cherished attachment to Lucretia had made Mr. Osborne particularly keen-sighted to the faults of his rival; but so wise, so prudent had he been while under the dominion of that blind boy, who is wont to writhe and stamp so furiously in the chains of reason, that the state of his affections had never been suspected by their object. However, it had long been sufficiently obvious to Miss Sandford; and she could not so far overcome her established prejudices as to prefer his simple manners

and unpretending good sense, to the elegance and genius of the high-born Englishman. With constrained politeness, therefore, she received him as he entered, according to his usual custom, just as the ladies had retired from the tea-table to the drawing-room. Governor Hutchinson was engaged in his library, and Mr. Osborne was too frequent a guest to disturb his arrangements. Somerville laid down the paper he was busily reading, and gave him a hearty welcome; and Lucretia, piqued at the silence and absent manner of her companion, received him with uncommon frankness and cordiality. He brought with him the spirited paper at that time edited by Edes and Gill; and smiled with much significance as he pointed out to Somerville the bold resolutions that had been passed in most of the Colonies.

"The spirit of New England may break, but you perceive that it will never bend," observed Osborne.

"I should despise them if it did, after having gone thus far," rejoined Somerville. "Indeed there is little danger of it as long as you have such writers as this," pointing to the signature of Hyperion.

"Whom do you suppose it to be?"

"No one can hesitate to decide," said Somerville. "Otis pours forth his eloquence like the streaming lava of Vesuvius, melting and scorching as it runs; Mayhew writes with the readiness of a scholar, and with a fiery and vehement zeal, strangely at variance with his mild, dispassionate character; but whose pages burn with a flame so strong, bright, and fervent as Quincy's? His

style is lucid as a waveless lake ; and it has the muscle of a Hercules."

"Perhaps you have altered your opinion that it is not worth while for England to search for talents in so poor a market as her Colonies," said Henry, smiling at his enthusiastic manner.

Lucretia gave an incredulous and significant look, as if she would say, "He does not always talk thus."

"That I have found more wealth, intellect, and refinement in America, than my English education taught me to expect, is certainly most true," replied Somerville ; "and whatsoever I believe, I frankly confess ; notwithstanding Miss Fitzherbert expresses by her looks that I am guilty of double-dealing."

"These are sad times," observed Miss Sandford. "The king condescends too much, for the sake of pleasing his refractory subjects. It is a pity the good old days of Richard the First could not be restored, when the castles of the boldest barons belonged to the monarch, from the corner-stone to the topmost turret."

"Nay, Madam Sandford, the world is too old for such leading-strings," replied Henry Osborne. "You yourself would hardly wish for the return of old times with all their appendages. I query whether the preaching of Doctor Byles would not be more acceptable to you, than Hugh Latimer, when he proclaimed to the female part of his audience, "Ye are underlings ! underlings, —and must be obedient."

"For the love of quiet," said Lucretia, "do not set that ball a rolling ; for do but name the words 'female

inferiority' before Aunt Sandford, and it will go like a bullet on an inclined plane, every step accelerating its motion."

"In my youth, children were not in the habit of dictating what should be said to their elders," rejoined Miss Sandford.

Lucretia whispered something that seemed to conciliate the offended maiden; and Somerville resumed the conversation by saying, "One must be difficult to please, if they are not satisfied with the preaching of Doctor Byles. His style unites the elegance of Addison with the fervent piety of Flavel."

"Of his warm and genuine devotion I have no doubt," replied Henry; "though most of his audience remember his jests better than they do his religious advice; but I must confess that his style is too florid to meet my ideas of pulpit eloquence. So rich an imagination is singular in a man of his years and deep learning. In his sermons it shows itself in language fanciful and brilliant; and in his conversation it bursts forth in the boldest and most eccentric comparisons. To this we owe the continual flashing of his wit; and though I know him to possess uncommon erudition, sincere piety, and the most unyielding integrity, I cannot but think this sparkling trait of character is too luxuriantly overgrown. I never see any one quality of the mind standing forth so prominently, without thinking of one of the finest passages in Bacon's philosophy: 'In forming the human character,' says he, 'we must not proceed as a statuary does in forming a statue, who works sometimes on the

face, sometimes on the limbs, sometimes on the folds of the drapery ; but we must proceed (and it is certainly in our power) as nature does in forming a flower, or any other of her productions ; she throws out, altogether, and at once, the whole system of being, and the rudiments of all the parts.' ”

“ It is a beautiful passage, indeed,” rejoined Somerville ; “ but a character formed on such a plan must be intolerably flat. In good truth, I dislike a character formed at all. Give me nature, bold, impetuous, and unrestrained. It is as much preferable to all your artificial modes, as the foaming cataracts and towering mountains of Switzerland are to the well-built dikes and the dead level of the Netherlands.”

“ If it were possible for nature to pursue an unbiassed course,” replied Osborne, “ to give her the reins would be a hazardous experiment, though in some instances it might prove a fortunate one ; but the fact is, we are so much the creatures of adventitious circumstance, that it is utterly impossible. She is always receiving impulses from surrounding objects ; and if the impetus is violent, it is two-fold ; for it gives the tendency to rebound to the other extreme. I admire an harmonious, well-adjusted character, be it formed as it may. He who gives himself up to the absorbing power of any one single passion, may draw the eyes of all mankind toward him ; but qualities of a milder and more consistent cast constitute the chief charm of domestic life.”

“ I repeat that I dislike every thing like made-up goodness,” said Somerville. “ It is apt to be like brass

plated with silver—in the long run it will show its materials.”

“You are very right, Captain Somerville,” answered Miss Sandford. “Your over-righteous ones generally prove to be the most consummate hypocrites.”

“Perhaps hypocrisy is the real name of what the world generally calls virtue,” rejoined the young sceptic.

“It is too much the case in these days, to be sure,” answered the maiden.

Henry was about to enter into a vindication of aspersed humanity ; but he well knew Lucretia’s disdain of all beaten tracks ; and he feared the effect of new and bold ideas elicited from the daring mind of Somerville.

“Doctor Franklin is a good example of the system I have supported,” said he. “Such a character, instead of plated brass, is solid silver taken from the mine, and skilfully fashioned into useful forms. Never was there a man who owed so much to self-exerted discipline as he does. I remember in the long conversation I had with him the night before he sailed to England, he minutely detailed the process by which he had attained so much self-control. He made a list of the thirteen virtues he thought most necessary, and to each one he paid particular and undivided attention for one week. Thus one week he would refrain from speaking evil of others ; another, he would abstain from every thing not absolutely necessary to life and comfort ; and so on. At the end of every quarter, the circle commenced anew. There was sound philosophy in this,—for as each virtue was successively impressed upon the mind at succeeding

intervals, no one had a chance to attain a giant growth at the expense of others.

"If I found any virtue peculiarly stunted, I would give it a double portion of cultivation. Those who are prone to do heedless things, would do well to appropriate two weeks in every quarter to the very necessary virtue called prudence."

"You look as if you wished that remark should be individually appropriated," said Lucretia; "and perhaps you would tell the same person to foster judgment as if it were a hot-house plant, and trust imagination to its own wild, spontaneous growth."

"Since you understand me so well," replied Osborne, smiling, "I will add, that whatever point of character we find the weakest, should be the most sedulously fortified; and for this purpose, the choice of friends and of books is equally important.

"Ah, well!" said Lucretia, in the careless gayety of her heart, "you must bear with me just as I am, a few years longer; and then I will promise to be so collected, so prudent — My feelings shall be just as calm as the river in summer's moonlight. I will choose my friends among the Quakers, and read nothing but 'The Saint's Rest,' or 'Universal Love Established on a Right Foundation.'"

With much emphasis, Mr. Osborne replied, "I should rather see particular love established on a right foundation."

Fearing he had trusted himself too far, he rose, and opening Thomson's Seasons, which lay on the work-

table of the ladies, he carelessly looked over its contents, and then observed he must return home to write a letter, before the evening was far advanced. Somerville immediately proposed to Miss Fitzherbert that they should both accompany him. Lucretia coldly declined, pretending she feared the effects of evening dampness; and the young men, having expressed their regret, took their hats, and bade good evening. None of us are to blame for having selfish and evil thoughts; for imperfections will cling to our fallen nature; but when we cherish them for a moment,—more especially when we give utterance to them,—we are guilty of giving form and permanence to what would otherwise be fleeting and shadowy.

Miss Sandford was too apt to do this; and scarcely had the door closed, before she exclaimed, "I do not like that Grace Osborne, with all the sweetness and modesty she chooses to put on."

Lucretia had unconsciously been tying knot after knot in her thread, little aware that her friend suspected all that was passing in her mind. The tears started to her eyes, as she replied, "I am sure, dear aunt, she is every thing that is amiable and lovely."

"Nevertheless, with all her pretty diffidence, I do not doubt she tries her best to get Somerville away from you."

"Away from me!" said Lucretia, with a look of extreme surprise.

"I mean," answered Miss Sandford, laying down the screen she had been working, and sweeping up the

hearth in a great flurry, "I mean that Somerville respects you very much, and would marry you, if those deuced Osbornes were out of the way."

Lucretia smiled at the good old lady's perturbation. "Captain Somerville's heart," said she, "is like the waves cut by a passing vessel—a moment after, you can find no traces of an impression. Grace Osborne can never be in my way. I have always loved her;—and if Somerville can win her heart, and she can keep his, I shall surely be rejoiced to see a man I value so much united to a being so pure and lovely."

"The whole family are over good, and very prodigal of their advice," rejoined the matron. "I wonder what right Henry has to direct the books you shall read, and the friends you shall choose."

"He did not mean to direct, dear madam; but I am so much with Grace, that he feels the same freedom in talking to me that he does to her. I am sure I thank him for his friendship and candour."

"It is more than I do," retorted the maiden, whose fretfulness was not to be speedily appeased. "Grace, with all her perfections, is the veriest little coquette. Don't look me in the face with as much wonder as if I had said you had not common sense! I know they are all your oracles; and I dare say you will finish the business by marrying the prosing young man, who has given you so sage a lecture to-night."

"There seems very little chance for it," replied Lucretia,—“since such a thought probably never entered the young gentleman's brain.”

"You need not tell me that. I have seen this thing coming on for more than three years: He would have made proposals before now, if he had known of the large fortune you are to have."

The attempt to vindicate her friends from such unfounded charges would have been, just at that time, entirely useless. Lucretia, who well understood the avenues to her heart, gave a more pleasant turn to the conversation, by acknowledging the old lady's experience in the affairs of the heart, and thus leading her to dwell, for the thousandth time, on the rejected addresses of her youth.

When Miss Fitzherbert retired to her chamber, she took with her the book which Mr. Osborne had opened, intending to search for a passage particularly admired by Somerville. The volume opened of itself, and displayed a note neatly folded, and directed to herself. She opened it, and read as follows :

"DEAR MADAM.

"I hardly know how to account for the diffidence I feel in addressing you. The usual exaggerated language of affection would, I well know, appear ridiculous to you; and coldness or reserve is but ill suited to the present state of my feelings. The declaration that I have been for years most sincerely and devotedly attached to you, may not perhaps be entirely unexpected; and I once hoped it would not be entirely disagreeable. You do not owe your influence over me to a sudden freak of fancy; it results from a long and intimate knowledge of your character. Yet I will not flat-

ter you, by saying I consider you faultless;—on the contrary, I think you have defects, which may prove very dangerous to yourself and friends, unless timely corrected. But I cannot imagine a character more elevated than might be formed from a mind so vigorous, and a heart so generous and candid as yours.

“How largely I think you would contribute to domestic happiness, is proved by the step I have now taken. Whether the lovely garland of hope, that my heart has so long been weaving, is to be scattered to the winds, depends on your answer. At all events, ever your affectionate friend, and obedient servant,

HENRY OSBORNE.”

“Umph,” said Lucretia, as she folded the letter,
“I say with Cowley,

‘I could not love, I ’m sure,
One, who in love were wise.’”

With a promptitude, for which she did not stop to account to her own heart, she thanked Mr. Osborne for the confidence he had placed in her, and expressed an affectionate interest in his welfare and happiness; but declared that it was utterly impossible for her ever to reciprocate his attachment.

CHAP. XIII.

He dies, and makes no sign!—O God, forgive him!
So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

Henry VI.

ON a damp and chilly evening, at the commencement of November, the peaceful family circle at Mr. Osborne's was disturbed by a loud and hasty knock at the outer door. It proved to be John Dudley, evidently agitated, and out of breath with exertion.

"You will excuse me, sir, for coming upon you in this way," said he, bowing to the elder Mr. Osborne;—"but where there is good to be done, I know you are always fond of going."

"Very true, John; and of what service can I be now?"

"Why, Miss Grace remembers that my good woman told her about Wilson's daughter, that was coming to board with us. Well, sure enough, she came with a young man, who, they say, is her new married husband; and as comely a couple they are as ever I looked on. She has a noble way with her, that makes her seem like a duchess; and he is as rosy and fresh as seventeen. Howsomever, that's neither here nor there.—They are as unhappy now as the oldest and the ugliest. Her father is dying,—and oh,—such a hard death. The doctor says he is *pisoned*; and my Rebecca looks hard at old Townsend."

To their brief inquiries, Dudley rapidly answered, that about half an hour before, Mr. Percival had come in as pale as ashes, and begged him and his wife to go to Mr. Townsend's; and that when they arrived there, they found Mr. Wilson in dreadful fits, crying out for a priest to whom he might confess. "And so," continued he, "I ran off for you, thinking you might speak a word of comfort to his poor soul."

Mrs. Dudley was right in her conjecture. The shaft of death had been winged by the hand of Townsend. Two or three unsuccessful expeditions to Castle William had given rise to a suspicion that Wilson had himself secreted the treasure supposed to be concealed there: this, together with a daily increasing fear of detection, induced the old man to remove his guilty associate by means of poison; but no sooner had the deadly potion commenced its work, than the poor wretch, rendered cowardly by wickedness, sought to drown the voice of conscience in a copious draught of laudanum.

When Mr. Osborne arrived, he was met at the door by Doctor Willard. "You have come to a terrible scene, my dear sir," said he. "Being at my father's, I was sent for, as the nearest physician; but I assure you, I would gladly have avoided the task."

It was indeed a melancholy sight to see two who had long been supposed companions in guilt, lying on miserable pallets in the same room of death.

The miser, gasping for breath, seemed insensible to all around him; yet his right hand clutched a bag of gold with all his remaining energy, as if he thought the

filthy lucre would assist him beyond the grave. His nephew stood rubbing his stiffened hand with a look of mingled distress and compassion.

The sufferings of Wilson were more severe than those of his murderer. He would shriek and struggle till his strength was quite exhausted, and then his weak limbs would quiver with the acuteness of bodily pain, and his features become convulsed with the violence of internal emotion. His daughter knelt by his bed-side in tears ; and pale and anxious as she was, Doctor Willard saw in her exceeding beauty an ample excuse for Percival's degrading marriage.

She had loosened the rosary from her neck, and she held the sacred emblem of salvation before the sufferer, as she said, "Try to pray, dear father." He gazed on her for a moment with a dreadful expression of remorse and terror, and then turned his face the other way without speaking a word.

Doctor Willard prepared an opiate, and as his child stooped down to arrange his pillows, and apply the laudanum to his throbbing temples,—with the frightful, hollow laugh of insanity, he exclaimed, "Where is your bloody gown, Gertrude. I have been told that heart's blood will not wash out in any earthly stream."

He looked up as he spoke—his expression suddenly changed ; and he shaded his face, as he murmured, "Oh, how much like Fitzherbert !"

"It's a lie," squeaked the old miser, in tones hardly audible, "I never touched Fitzherbert's money."

“Ha! are you there, old raven?” said his accomplice, trying to raise himself on his elbow.

The exertion was too much for him, and with a deep groan he fell backward. His spasms were, for a while, more violent than ever. Percival left the bed-side of his uncle, where he had long been pouring words of kindness and consolation into ears that regarded him not; and when his wretched father-in-law had an interval of comparative quiet, he took Mr. Osborne’s hand, as he said, “Here is a clergyman come to pray with you.”

“I know what to say to please him and all his tribe,” replied the hardened sinner; “but it would do no good. There is an accusing spirit with a bloody robe, that will undo all that he or I can do to save me.”

“But there is One who has the power and the will to save the penitent,” observed Mr. Osborne.

Mr. Wilson scowled deeply. “I have something to confess,” said he; “but he is not one of the confessing sort.”

“Is there no holy priest in Boston, who could give ease to my father’s parting spirit?” inquired Gertrude.

“There is no Catholic, God be praised,” replied Mr. Osborne, with a look that expressed his compassion for her deluded faith.

“I have much to say, and brief space to say it in,” rejoined Wilson; “but it touches the life of that old man. I meant to have reformed from my evil ways, if the Almighty had given me time—as it is, I must take my chance.”

A loud groan at that instant directed all eyes toward Mr. Townsend's couch. Percival instantly sprang forward,—for, unnoticed by any one, he had fallen into strong convulsions. Doctor Willard tried to open his hands; but with strength that seemed almost miraculous, he clasped the golden treasure, and in broken and indistinct accents, complained that they were taking away his last farthing.

“I won't, I won't,” said he, struggling with the physician, “I say I won't pay a farthing; for I never wronged her.”

Sinking back as he spoke, his muscles twitched,—his limbs drew up, and he expired.

The tears coursed each other down the cheeks of his nephew, as he gazed on the corpse of him who had lived unbeloved and died unlamented.

It is always melancholy to see a desolate mortal venturing into the fathomless abyss of eternity, without one friendly voice on shore to bid him God-speed; and perhaps the mixture of regret and self-reproach, which we feel when standing by the death-bed of those whom we ought to love, yet cannot, has more of anguish in it than belongs to any other species of sorrow.

Wilson, himself tottering on the verge of the precipice from which his companion had just dropped, seemed to be the only one unmoved.

“So he has gone to hell before me, and my story can do him no harm,” said he:

With a look of unutterable agony Gertrude fell on her husband's neck, and sobbed out, “Oh, I cannot hear him talk thus.”

The action seemed to soften the heart of her father ; and, seizing the favourable moment, Mr. Osborne said, "You are a dying man, Mr. Wilson ; and something seems to weigh heavily on your conscience. Remember there is One to whom it is never too late to kneel for pardoning mercy."

Wilson waved his hand impatiently. "I have something else to say now," answered he ;—"when I have done, I will listen to you. Mr. Townsend was executor to the Fitzherbert estate. He embezzled most of the property. I broke open the widow's house ; I intercepted her letters, and he paid me for it."

Before he could say more, his fits again came over him. He writhed and groaned,—and the sweat stood on his brow, in the intensity of his pain. With self-command wonderful in one so young, his daughter leaned over him, and assisted Doctor Willard in his attempts to restore him.

When he revived a little, Mr. Osborne, impelled by his anxiety for Lucretia, asked where the proofs of this transaction could be found.

"In a small iron box, at John Dudley's house," answered Wilson. "I got them from the miser by the help of false keys ; and I held the whip over his back forever after. There are two other things I would tell of,—perhaps it may help me through purgatory. There is a chest of gold buried in the ground, behind the store No. —, King-street. I meant to have left it to Gertrude," continued he, looking at her with earnest affection, "but she will have enough, if justice has all her due."

"Oh, tell the truth,—tell all the truth," said Gertrude; stooping to kiss his pale face.

Delighted approbation shone in the expressive countenance of Percival. "She is richer in her husband's love than gold or silver could make her," observed Doctor Willard. "May I ask if this chest of gold is the same Mr. Townsend dug up on the island last September?"

"The old fool never dug it up," said Wilson, with a hideous laugh. "Did he think I'd know where treasure was, and not get it myself?—I kept it as a sort of lure for him; but it was dug up in August, and a smooth stone placed in its stead.

"And what," inquired Doctor Willard, "was the meaning of the noise, and of that struggling in the sand?"

A slight smile of contempt curled the lips of the dying man, as he asked, "Had you not a favourite dog?"

"I had."

"And did you ever see him after you left Castle William?"

"I never did;—though I have offered large rewards for him."

"How superstition blinds itself," replied Wilson. "The men were startled by the voice of Doctor Byles; they suffered the stone to slip, and your dog was crushed beneath it."

"To whom does this gold belong?" asked Percival.

"Some accursed fatality has always joined my fortunes with Fitzherbert's," said he. "The box was his.

There is that within it will explain all. There is one thing more. In Mr. Townsend's third drawer, you will find a book of bank notes belonging to Governor Hutchinson."

"Why did you not tell all this before?" inquired Percival. "I could have persuaded my poor uncle to restore all to the rightful owners."

"No such easy matter that," replied Wilson. "Beside, to tell the truth, I could not bear that Gertrude should lose a penny, until death began to stare me in the face. I knew your romantic generosity would betray all. I respect you for it; and in a moment of weakness I once trusted a fearful secret to it—a secret which you alone of all the world are privy to."

"Is he?" cried a voice, startling in its shrillness.

The eyes of all present were directed to the quarter whence the sound proceeded. A tall, gaunt figure, in a bright red cardinal, stood near the door. A wrinkled, smoke-coloured arm was thrust forth from the cloak, and her hand rested on a cane covered with snake-skin. A rusty black bonnet had fallen back on her shoulders, and gave a full view of her countenance, gleaming with expression perfectly satanic. "Where should your crime be so faithfully recorded as on the heart you have crushed?" said she. "I told you a violent death was not far distant. You call me Molly Bradstreet,—but I am the mother of the murdered Gertrude May!"

A piercing shriek came from Wilson's inmost soul.

Her eyes seemed to flash with infernal fire, as she exclaimed,—“You did kill her, then? Own it, wretch! —own it!”

"I did stab her," said Wilson; "but you do not know the cause."

The frenzied mother threw her cane upon the floor, and springing to the bed, shook the dying man with the strength and fury of an Amazon.

"Take her away from him—take her away," cried Gertrude, in a voice suffocated with emotion.

Her husband and Doctor Willard forced her from the apartment; but as they retreated, she fixed her withering gaze upon Wilson, and shook her bony fist in impotent rage, as she exclaimed, "A mother's curse go with you; and the torments of the damned be your portion, —murderer as you are."

* * * * *

"The pains of death are coming over me, thanks to the hand that hurried them," said Mr. Wilson. "Stoop down and kiss me, while I have my senses; for bad as I am, I love you, my child."

"Oh, my father,—my poor father,—would I had never known all this," said Gertrude; and as she covered her face with her trembling hands, the scalding tears forced their way between her slender fingers.

The dying parent gave her one fervent kiss,—and would have clasped her to his aching heart, but the paroxysms came on more violently than ever. In the terrible contest, reason was forever hurled from her throne. He seemed to wrestle with some imaginary being, and screamed and struggled, as he said, "Let me go! let me go! She is standing there to heap red hot coals upon my head. Oh, save me! save me!" This dread-

ful conflict could not last long. Life yielded to the torturing fiend ; and he expired amid shrieks and agony. The distressing scene came upon the innocent heart of Gertrude with double power ; for till now she had been ignorant that a shadow of crime could be imputed to her father ; and she was carried from the room in a state of insensibility.

Delicacy prevented any one from alluding to the shocking causes of the deaths they had just witnessed ; though none doubted the distressing truth.

"I sincerely thank you for your kind exertions, though they have been so fruitless," said Percival to the worthy clergyman. "It is but lately that my father-in-law made a firm resolution that a virtuous old age should atone, as far as possible, for his early sins ; but late reformations are always dangerous."

"The stains of evil are indeed washed out with difficulty when they have long been drying and deepening beneath the scorching heat of the passions," replied Mr. Osborne. "Such instances should teach us all an impressive lesson. They serve too well to confirm the awful truth, that the threshold of hell is paved with good resolutions."

"I trust the fearful warning will not be lost upon us," rejoined the young man. "A priest of our own persuasion would be more pleasant to myself and Mrs. Percival ; but as this is not altogether practicable at this time, will you, my good sir, attend these funerals the day after to-morrow ?"

Mr. Osborne readily assented ; and after Doctor Wil-

lard had generously offered. his services in any way they might be required, the young husband retired to console Gertrude with all the arguments that good sense or tenderness could suggest.

Grace and Lucretia spent the ensuing day in the house of mourning ; and their ready kindness and unaffected sensibility rapidly made their way to the heart of the fair mourner,—while the guileless simplicity of her ideas, aided by the witchery of foreign accent, made a claim on their affections equally powerful.

They were all at that happy age, when the heart, elastic and pliable, bounds forward to receive an impression, and gives back its image in lines broad, deep, and distinct.

When they parted, Percival smiled, as he said, “ You have taken the heart of my Gertrude by a *coup de main* ; had you been nine years in the St. Vallier’s convent, I think you could hardly have been greater friends.”

In no point of view could the death of the two unhappy men be considered a misfortune ;—yet the funeral was a crowded one.

The novel and exciting circumstances attending their decease, the handsome Canadian stranger, and the desire to explore a house which they had never been allowed to visit during the life time of its owner, led the populace thither in throngs.

When every thing was arranged for the procession, the sexton, according to custom, announced that any one had liberty to view the bodies. The crowd rushed

in with eagerness. Every one that looked on their convulsed and blaekened features, turned away with an expression of horror ; and others, with redoubled eagerness, pressed forward to ascertain the cause of such obvious emotion. He must have indeed been ingenious in torture who first devised this cruel custom, still common in the interior of our country. Oh, how the mother is thrilled with anguish, when the blessed little face, that has so often nestled to her heart in cherub playfulness, is exposed to the view of the rude and unfeeling ; and how the husband's heart swells almost to bursting, when the loved countenance, once all radiant with affection, is given in its cold and lifeless beauty, to the heartless gaze of a multitude.

There were no such feelings to be aroused on this occasion ; but Gertrude was oppressed with a deep and distressing sense of shame, that the violent death of her father should thus needlessly be made public. Her husband sympathized with her feelings, and beckoned to Doetor Willard, who in a low voice requested the sexton to screw down the lids of the coffins, and dispense with further ceremony.

‘ Not till I have looked my last,’ said a discordant voice. The crowd made way for some one, and presently the grandmother of Gertrude stood by the coffin, eyeing the lifeless remains of her son-in-law with the malignant triumph of a vindictive fiend. “ I told him it would end thus ; but he little thought how much more I could have told him,” murmured she, as she seated herself among the mourners.

“Who is she? who is she?” was whispered among the crowd; but those who were able to give the information did not choose to impart it, and no further notice was taken of the interruption.

In a long and fervent prayer, Mr. Osborne alluded to the insufficiency of wealth, and dwelt much on the never failing mercies of the Saviour. What he said was so exactly appropriate, and what he forbore to say, evinced so much delicacy and tenderness, that Gertrude half forgot her Catholic prejudices; though she internally resolved that mass for her father’s soul should be said for three months in the convent of St. Vallier.

When the procession formed, Mr. and Mrs. Percival rose and led the way. With a sudden and rapid stride the grandmother approached Lucretia, and seizing her arm attempted to follow. Lucretia shrank from the contact with loathing and terror; but the singular woman held her in a strong grasp, as she said, “Thus, thus it should be. I am no mourner,—neither are you; nevertheless our place is here.”

Fearing her violence would create confusion, Lucretia passively yielded to her guidance,—though partly from fear, and partly from the inequality of their stature, she found it nearly impossible to keep pace with her. Nothing was said till they arrived at the burial ground. The harsh, grating cords lowered the coffins into the earth; the heavy clods were heaped upon them, and slowly and with measured tread the mourners left the melancholy spot. “Lucretia Fitzherbert,” said the old woman, stepping aside from her companions, and warn-

ly clasping her hand, "You'll may-be never see me again; or if ye do, I'll may-be bring you unwelcome tidings. I am sometimes strongly moved to make reparation for all I have done; but it will not come out. A good name will do much for you; but when you come to your rich relations, and your heaps of silver, do not forget a poor, half-crazed creature, that has watched for ye, wept for ye, and kept an eye on ye,—but never for evil. You are the only one left to pray for her now."

Her chin quivered, her lips moved convulsively, and the pressure of her hand was painful in its desperate fervour.

With mingled surprise and pity, Miss Fitzherbert answered, "If there is any thing I can do for you, poor woman—"

"Your love and your prayers," interrupted she;—"oh, if I had them, I could tread my wearisome pilgrimage in peace."

"My grandmother," said Gertrude, who had often looked back, and now timidly approached them, "is there nothing you will allow us to do for you before we go back to Canada?"

"You! you!" replied she, with a vacant laugh. "You owe me nothing; but your painted outside has done well for you."

Without waiting for an answer, she suddenly struck into a little winding path, and was soon seen towering among the distant bushes.

"It is very strange," said Gertrude; "we invited her to this funeral, and offered her a suit of mourning; but

she refused to come. My husband voluntarily promised her a house and a pension for life, but she treated it all with the bitterest scorn."

On their way homeward, it was agreed that her grandchildren, accompanied by Lucretia, should seek her dwelling the ensuing day. They did so accordingly; but no traces of the unhappy creature could be found. An old woman who lived a few rods from her wretched hut, said that, "Molly had gone off the day before, bag and baggage; and that it was borne in upon her mind, that she meant to lay violent hands on herself; but then there was no telling,—for she always had a rambling way with her."

There were but few affairs left for Mr. Percival to arrange before he left New England. Four thousand pounds, the amount proved to have been sequestered from the Fitzherbert estate, was paid into the hands of Governor Hutchinson. The chest of gold was found where Wilson had directed, and its contents were precisely what he stated in his conversation with Mr. Townsend. At the bottom of the silver was a letter, worn and blackened by the metal, but still enough of it legible to make out, with slight assistance from imagination,

"I was induced to collect my property, lest the settlement should trouble you in case of my death.

Ever your loving husband,

EDMUND FITZHERBERT."

Lucretia kissed the precious document, and steeped it in her tears. "How well it is," said she, "that we never know the event of what we undertake. Could

my poor father have foreseen that his dear wife would have died of a broken heart, without ever being aware of the kind provision he had made for her comfort, how wretched he would have been."

The identical handwriting of Captain Fitzherbert was immediately sent to England, together with an account of Wilson's confession ; and Mr. and Mrs. Percival returned home, blessed by the numerous friends whom their integrity and kindness had procured for them.

A few days after their departure, Doctor Byles entered the breakfast parlour before Governor Hutchinson had arisen from the table.

"I have made you an early call," said he ; "for since there are no moles stirring, and since the talk about Wilson and Townsend begins to die away, I think you must be in need of excitement."

"That was a gloomy business," replied the Governor. "Those who were witnesses of it will not speedily forget it. With all Mr. Osborne's abhorrence of Wilson's superstitious creed, he said it made him feel melancholy to see a poor, dying sinner, craving the only spiritual consolation in which he had the least faith, and yet unable to procure it."

"It is a pity that brother Osborne had not as much political charity as he has religious," answered the Doctor. "That these two wicked mortals went to the bar of an offended God with all their unrepented sins upon their heads, is melancholy enough ; but as to the Catholic priest, I am much of the opinion of 'the ever memorable Hales.' 'Pliny somewhere tells you,' says this

bold and witty writer, 'that he that is stricken by a scorpion, if he go immediately and whisper it in the ear of an ass, shall find himself immediately eased. That sin is a scorpion, and bites deadly, I have always believed; but that to cure the bite of it, it was a sovereign remedy to whisper it into the ear of a—priest, I do as well believe, as I do that of Pliny.' ”

“Probably Mr. Osborne's faith is about tantamount to yours and 'the ever memorable Hales',” said Lucretia; “but it is not surprising his feelings were touched. What news do you bring to excite us?”

“What would you give to know?” said Doctor Byles, drawing a package from his pocket with the most tantalizing moderation.

“Only tell me one thing,—is it from England?” inquired Lucretia.

“It is.”

“Nay, then, you must not keep us one moment in suspense,” said Governor Hutchinson.

“Oh, if a letter from Mr. Fitzherbert has arrived!” exclaimed Miss Sandford.

With a most provoking air, the clergyman replaced the letters in his pocket, as he observed, “Self-denial is a very necessary virtue, madam Sandford. Women in particular should learn it well.”

“Small danger of their lacking lessons, as long as society affords such lordly and tyrannic beings as yourself,” she replied.

“This is too bad,” said the Governor, half angry and half amused at his friend's childishness. “In the name

of his most christian majesty, George the Third, Defender of the Faith, and by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the American Colonies, I command you to deliver up the sealed parcel wherewith you have been entrusted."

"Prove your credentials, and I yield to royal authority," answered Doctor Byles.

"Might makes right," replied his antagonist, and making a sudden plunge, he snatched the package from its hiding-place.

"Since you have it," observed the Doctor, "I will give an account how I came by it. I walked unusually early this morning, and perceiving the Queen Caroline at the wharf, I went on board to search for letters; and finding two parcels, one for yourself, and one for me, I took charge of both."

Two epistles, in the well known hands of the Lords Hillsborough and North, were laid aside to be read at leisure. The third, though directed to his Excellency Governor Hutchinson, began :

"Dear Niece,

"I have only time before this vessel sails, to tell you, that the important papers,—certificate of marriage, birth, &c., came duly to hand. Evidence is ample and satisfactory. There is no doubt that your father was my dear, but very headstrong nephew,—though your miniature shows not a shadow of family likeness. I rejoice to see by your letter, that you have been educated as a Fit herbert should be. As a trifling acknowledgement of this kindness, present the articles that accompany

this, to Governor Hutchinson and his sister. A voyage at this season would be cold and dangerous, but as soon as the spring opens, you must make for England.

Your loving uncle,

FITZHERBERT."

Grosvenor-Square, London,

Sept. 28th. 1765.

This laconic letter was in a fair Italian hand ; and the upright, heavy signature, was evidently the only part written by the rich old bachelor. A few hours after, a small box, directed to Lucretia, was brought from the newly arrived vessel.

It contained a superb work-box mounted on golden claws, and ornamented with a lion couchant, of the same precious material, designed for Madam Sandford ; a gold repeater, of splendid workmanship, bore the family arms of Hutchinson, marked with the initials, T. H. A miniature, richly studded with rubies and pearl, gave to Lucretia's view the bluff, sun-burnt features of her wealthy uncle ; and last of all, appeared a draft on the bank of England, to the amount of one thousand pounds.

Again and again was the transaction talked over, and the munificent presents were examined and re-examined. In the course of the day, the Osbornes called to congratulate their young friend on her good fortune, of the prospect of which they had, till within a week, been entirely ignorant.

"Joy, joy !" cried Miss Sandford ; "Lucretia goes to England early in the spring, and she can have the retinue of a duchess, if she chooses."

Grace said but little, but her eloquent looks spoke satisfaction without the slightest tinge of envy.

Mr. Osborne folded his hands over her in paternal benediction, as he said, "Your brain must be steady, indeed, if you can stand on this dizzy height unmoved. Pray that you may be strengthened for the trial, my child."

Henry gave her hand a lingering pressure, as he whispered, "I rejoice that I was kept in ignorance of all this. Wherever Miss Fitzherbert goes, and whatever may be her fortune, she will at least remember that Henry Osborne was a friend, sincere and disinterested."

CHAP. XIV.

Men such as these, could brave a monarch's frown,
Could pluck the diamonds from a tyrant's crown,
And when th' oppressiun ceas'd, such men could show
A god-like greatness, and forgive a foe.

Pierpont.

THE winter passed away without any domestic occurrences worthy of repetition ; though trifles, seen through the illusive medium of young affection, were abundantly magnified by the individuals concerned.

In public, there were angry messages from Governor Bernard, and high-toned answers from the intrepid legislature. Offices were closed, public business suspended, and the creditor left at the mercy of his debtor, because the untamed spirit of our fathers would not cower to take the yoke that an impolitic government had prepared. Nor did Massachusetts tread her proud and daring course alone. All the neighbouring colonies joined her ranks, with union as voluntary as it was energetic. The lakes gave back the signal of resistance, and the thundering sound reverberated along the Atlantic coast, until it was lost among the uninhabited prairies of the south. The first loud burst of indignation was indeed hushed for a time, and some superficial politicians mistook the calmness of fixed resolution for the tameness of submission ; it was, however, but suppressed resentment, "still as the hours that watch the earthquake's birth."

The very first men who dared attempt to enforce the odious law, found that the giant had but paused to place his lance in rest, and to rein in his steed for the combat. Britain discovered the strength of her antagonist, and though too proud to quit the lists hastily, she slowly and cautiously retreated before her youthful foe.

In March, 1766, a repeal of the stamp act arrived in Boston ;—and notwithstanding it purported to be a mere act of condescension, and haughtily maintained the right of England to tax her colonies, it was received with every demonstration of joy.

Muffled drums, and flags half-mast high had announced the unpopular duty,—and scarcely had the news of its revocation spread through the town, before standards were seen fluttering high in the air, and “ God save the king,” rung from the bells in many a loud and merry peal. “ Liberty ” was blazoned on hat-bands and shoulder-belts, and the drum rolled its deep response to “ the spirit-stirring fife,” until the going down of the sun. In the evening, the streets were brilliantly illuminated. “ Liberty,” “ No Stamps,” “ The Repeal,” were every where traced in characters of light.

Somerville and the young ladies, the two Osbornes, and Doctor Willard, walked out together, to enjoy the animation and excitement of the scene. Opposite the Province House, they all paused to examine the fanciful devices that had been hastily prepared in the eagerness of gratitude and joy. A full length picture of Liberty, hurling a broken chain to the winds, particularly attracted their attention,—and while they were wondering how

the appropriate emblem had been so suddenly made ready, John Dudley, with his group of boys, hustled up to them. Grasping Doctor Willard's hand, he exclaimed, "Indeed, I am almost for going to England to thank the king myself; but then I'm thinking it is not wise to thank folks for what they would help if they could."

"Strong hands and fearless hearts will not be wanted so soon as we feared," replied Henry Osborne. "Little Hancock need not hasten to grow large enough for a soldier now."

The honest farmer gazed on his children as they clustered round him, and passed the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, as he said, "I have looked on them hearty boys by the hour together, and thought I could see them all fall in the cause of liberty, and not shed one tear over their graves. But I am glad the trial was spared me; I had rather they would be left to help me plough the fields."

The distant roar of cannon from Castle William, mingled with a deafening clang from the Old South steeple, here interrupted their conversation, and Dudley joined a crowd that was then passing, rending the air with stunning hurras.

No one refused to unite in this national jubilee; but there were many who thought the gratitude of the people excessive and premature. Mr. Osborne was among the number. He heartily rejoiced at any overtures towards reconciliation; but his penetrating eye could not but observe that the repeal so reluctantly given, still claimed the right against which America had so strenu-

ously contended. "We have no security against oppression," said he, "until this tyrannic principle is renounced."

"I coincide with you in doubting the permanence of all this," rejoined Henry. "Our joy may be suddenly turned into mourning."

"Oh, never be peeping into the shade, when the sunny side is next you," observed Doctor Willard. "Franklin's energetic answers in the House of Commons have taught them to respect us. The young and animated Burke, and Chatham, with all the assistance that age and decaying health can give his powerful eloquence, will work wonders in our favour."

"If Americans are satisfied, I strongly suspect the English will not be," said Somerville; "for the principles of neither party are recognised in this repeal. The friends of Mr. Pitt will be angry that the bill is accompanied by any declarations of parliamentary power; and Mr. Grenville will be indignant that the factious spirit of the colonies is conciliated, rather than conquered."

"To keep the medium between dangerous extremes has been the wise policy of Lord Rockingham's administration," answered Mr. Osborne. "In the present state of political division, it is perhaps the best system that can be pursued for the general interests of that great country. However, this plan of tacking and veering will not always last. We must have liberty on a foundation as broad, sure, and permanent, as any other British subjects, before we shall be satisfied."

“ England will never relinquish a right she has once asserted,” replied Somerville, somewhat proudly. “ The effect of this unaccountable obstinacy must eventually be a desperate struggle, in which America will surely be overcome.”

“ Our spirit may never be put to the proof,” rejoined Doctor Willard, “ if government are contented with keeping the power without ever daring to exert it. But if on any pretence, or under any modifications, it is again resumed, we must indeed either conquer, or fall in the contest; and the eloquent Chatham has said, ‘ If America falls, she will fall like a strong man. She will embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her.’ ”

“ Much wild matter has been poured forth by that lover of ultra freedom,” answered Somerville.

Lucretia smiled as she looked back and said to Grace, “ Captain Somerville’s English prejudices and tory predilections seem to have returned with full power.”

As she spoke, Somerville pointed down a court they were just passing, at the extremity of which was a beautiful collection of shrubbery, very tastefully illuminated. “ This is an unusual sight in Boston,” said he; “ do let us examine it more closely.” The rest of the party went on without noticing what had attracted their attention, and were nearly out of hearing, when they entered the alcove, where the flowers were smiling in their sheltered beauty.

“ Are any of these for sale ? ” inquired Somerville.

“ I should not like to disturb them to-night,” replied

the owner ; " but to-morrow they will be at the service of any who wish to purchase."

" Will you, dear Grace, select the one you think most beautiful ?" said Somerville.

The tender monosyllable had unguardedly escaped his lips, and the emphatic accent with which it was spoken, thrilled her to the heart. Without suspecting his purpose, she timidly pointed to a full blown rose, as delicate and shadowy in its tint as the maiden suffusion from which it takes its name.

" Send it to Governor Hutchinson's at ten to-morrow," said Somerville,—and drawing the arm of Grace closer within his own, he left the court.

" You would forgive the political bitterness with which I have spoken to-night, Miss Osborne, if you knew how much reason I have to hate this repeal. When the vessel which brought the tidings returns to England, I must depart with important despatches to the Court of St. James."

The painful, suffocating sensation of impeded utterance for a moment prevented any reply. " Shall you never return to America ?" she at length said, in a voice low and tremulous.

" If your life and mine are spared two years, I shall most certainly see America again before I die," he replied. " My heart will never leave it."

This was the first time that Somerville had given utterance to his feelings, even by the most distant allusion ; yet they had long perfectly understood each other. The powerful artillery of the eye, and the thousand nameless

signs in love's freemasonry, express more than language can possibly speak with her utmost unassisted power; and if Grace with intuitive readiness had construed their meaning, Somerville on his part had argued much from the transient gleams of tenderness that now and then shone through her habitual reserve.

However, that the declaration had been long expected, did not prevent it from being anticipated with the most tumultuous agitation, and the most embarrassed silence.

To the great vexation of Somerville, this was disturbed by the elder Mr. Osborne and Lucretia, who had returned to meet them.

The purchase of the rose was briefly explained in excuse for their absence, and the conversation took a general turn, until they parted at the threshold of Mr. Osborne's dwelling.

The next day the flourishing rose-bush, removed into an elegant vase of transparent china, was left at the door by one of the Lieutenant Governor's servants, who at the same time delivered a note for Miss Osborne.

Grace hastily withdrew to her chamber, and read as follows :

“ Dear Grace,

“ This flower, pure and beautiful as yourself, was purchased for you. Will you accept it from your faithful lover? Will you cherish it for his sake, during the tedious absence to which he is doomed?

“ Your beauty and fascinating gracefulness, will attract others as powerfully as they have me; and amid

the attentions of some more favoured lover, I may perchance be forgotten.

“ Were I sure that my memory would be fostered in the recesses of your heart,—that my image alone would be enshrined there, I should have no other boon to ask of indulgent Heaven.

“ If the ring which accompanies this is permitted to encircle your snowy finger, I shall consider it as a tacit promise of all I have dared to hope. If not, the world has nothing to offer, for which I care to live.

Ever most ardently and devotedly yours,

FREDERICK SOMERVILLE.”

Had Grace been entirely uninterested in the writer, she would have thought the flattery and inflated language of this epistle absolutely disgusting; but we are all apt to excuse the folly which we imagine proceeds from excessive affection for ourselves. The billet-doux was locked in a secret drawer, with feelings that certainly widely differed from disapprobation; and the ring, ornamented by a single sapphire, surrounded with pearl, was placed upon her finger.

I shall not repeat the wise speeches and expressive looks to which this circumstance gave rise. Those who cannot imagine them, must forever remain in their ignorance.

During the winter, letters had again been received from Mr. Edmund Fitzherbert, expressing great anxiety to see Lucretia, and urging her to come to him as soon as the season would possibly admit.

The whole of these epistles had been written by an amanuensis ; for a severe stroke of the palsy had rendered the old gentleman unable to add his trembling signature.

All these circumstances considered, Governor Hutchinson thought it expedient that Lucretia should accompany his nephew to England.

Perhaps the money-loving magistrate had a more powerful motive than that of securing a pleasant companion and protector for Miss Fitzherbert's voyage. He was well aware that daily intercourse is a powerful aid to matrimonial schemes ; and he thought the immense wealth of the young heiress a prize well worth his nephew's attention. Had he been injudicious enough to hint such an idea, Somerville would have spurned at it with indignation, and would have been strongly tempted to refuse his attendance. Governor Hutchinson, however, was sufficiently wise to leave all to the effect of time and chance.

Whatever might be the workings of Lucretia's mind, they were concealed by pride ; and she herself firmly believed that she thought of Somerville only as an agreeable companion, whose gayety and eloquence would serve to enliven a wearisome voyage.

The event had been too long expected, to bring with it any hurried preparations. True, Miss Sandford had been in a continual bustle from the moment she heard of the arrangement.

Jewels, lace, gauze, and ribbons were purchased ; and blue, white, and rose-coloured damask packed and re-packed, from morning till night.

“Do you be sure and wear your pink silk, with the set of rubies, when you are introduced to your uncle,” said she. “That colour becomes your complexion best, and I would wear it a good deal, if I were you. Besides Captain Somerville admires it very much. You need not blush so. You are going to take a long voyage together ; and, let me tell you, my dear, propinquity is a great thing.”

Lucretia was about to speak of the certainty of his attachment for Grace Osborne, but she knew it was a topic on which the good lady was peculiarly irascible. Besides, from complicated causes, both the young ladies carefully avoided any allusion to the state of his affections ; and though, in every other respect, they treated each other with the most girlish unreserve, Lucretia was left in a state of painful uncertainty with regard to this delicate subject.

During the brief space that intervened before her departure, the young friends seemed to feel a feverish anxiety to meet,—yet when they met, they were disconsolate and silent.

When absent from each other, a thousand kind things to be said would rush into the mind ; but when present, every thing gave way to a painful sense of approaching separation.

At length the dreaded day arrived ; and Governor Hutchinson and his sister, Mr. Osborne and his children, Doctor Byles and Doctor Willard, assembled to bid farewell to the travellers.

Doctor Byles grasped Lucretia's hand with affectionate fervour, as he said, "God bless you, Miss Fitzherbert, and make you as happy as you deserve to be." It was a moment of unfeigned regret, yet he could not entirely dispossess himself of the spirit of raillery. With a laughing glance, he added, "And that is not saying much for you, my young friend."

Doctor Willard expressed his good wishes with his usual warmth and frankness. Governor Hutchinson, always courtier-like in his manners, gave his parting kiss with saddened and affectionate politeness.

Miss Sandford again and again strained her beloved *protégée* to her heart. "You have been a good child to me," she said, "and if I have not always guided you as I should, you must take the will for the deed." She tried to say something more, but unable to keep back the crowding tears, the kind-hearted lady left the apartment.

Mr. Osborne's benignant countenance seemed to express anxiety as well as love ; and Henry's voice lost a little of its firmness as he pronounced, "God bless you, Lucretia."

As for Grace, her heart was too full for utterance. Her breathing was quick and agitated ; and she grasped Lucretia's hand with a strength of which her tiny palm seemed totally incapable. Her friend returned the pressure in a manner equally earnest and protracted ; and as their hands parted, Somerville's ring burst asunder, and fell at Miss Fitzherbert's feet. As he returned it to Grace, she gave him a most eager and expressive

look. Its meaning he could not then inquire into, for the carriage was at the door, and their farewell must be brief and hasty.

The accident was unquestionably owing to defective workmanship; nevertheless superstition painfully mingled with Miss Osborne's grief, as she laid the broken relic in her casket;—and as the carriage rolled the young Englishman toward the wharf, he could think of nothing but that trifling circumstance, and the look that accompanied it.

CHAP. XV.

'Mid foreign scenes, to fancy dear,
Remember still thy *home* is here.

SINCE the various personages in our history are removed to such a distance from each other, we must take the liberty to inspect some of the letters that passed between them. During the last week in July, sooner than her anxious friends had ventured to expect them, letters arrived from Lucretia Fitzherbert. One of them was as follows :

TO MISS GRACE OSBORNE.

“ Dear Grace,

“ Here I am, in the favoured land of the brave, the intelligent, and the free. Yet even while I now repeat it, I scarcely credit it. I feel as if I were walking in my sleep; and it is only when I look out upon the princely buildings around me, that I can realize I am indeed in London. Our voyage was very pleasant, with the exception of sea-sickness. That, however, is a tax we must all pay to old Neptune for rocking us in his cradle somewhat too roughly. (Pardon me. I forget that the odious word *tax* is banished from the American vocabulary.)

“ It was not until we came within sight of this ancient city, that I felt the desolate sensations of an exile from my native land. We cast anchor in the evening, among

a forest of tall black masts. The bowsprits threw their grim shadows on the water, and seemed like so many ugly sea-monsters, grinning defiance at each other. The very stars looked terrific in their sublime beauty. —I gazed on them till I could almost imagine the Great Bear shook his shaggy head above me, and that the various fantastic shapes with which Chaldean imagination has peopled the zodiac, were frowning upon me in their wrath.

“Far off in the distance twinkled the many hundred lights of London ; and among all the busy haunts they illuminated, poor Lucretia had not a single friend. It was a sad, sickening thought, dearest Grace,—and my heart yearned for beloved America. I fancied you seated at your work-table, listening to Henry as he read some newly arrived volume, and the tears started to my eyes.

“Captain Somerville saw that I was melancholy, and he did all he could to cheer me. We sat leaning over the stern of the vessel, until a late hour, talking of you, and watching the motion of the little boat as it rose and fell with the rippling tide. The shore on either side was noiseless as death ; and the creaking of the rigging, and the loud, protracted “Ho! up! Ho!” of the distant sailors alone reminded us that they were from New England.

“Very early in the morning, a message was sent to uncle Fitzherbert,—and according to aunt Sandford’s directions, I dressed myself as splendidly as possible ; for I must acknowledge, I felt exceedingly anxious concern-

ing my reception. At our usual breakfasting hour, Captain Somerville came to my cabin, and told me that a carriage and four, with servants in the Fitzherbert livery, were on the bank of the river. A boat was immediately sent from the vessel, and a footman returned in it, bringing an invitation to Captain Somerville and myself to breakfast at Tudor Lodge. Had you seen my equipage, you would not wonder that my eyes were a little dazzled. Phaeton himself might have been proud of the horses; the servants were in rich liveries of grey and silver; the polished harness glittered in the morning sun; the Fitzherbert arms were gorgeously blazoned on the pannels of the carriage; and the carriage itself was much more superb than any thing I had ever seen in New England.

“We were whirled along by villas, hospitals, and hotels,—any one of which seemed to me sufficiently magnificent for a royal palace.

“The coachman stopped before a large, noble-looking building of Portland stone, with a piazza in front, supported by a range of Corinthian pillars. In a state of dizzy incredulity I was handed up the steps, and paused in the drawing-room until my arrival was announced.

“After considerable delay, during which my heart throbbed high with expectation and anxiety, I was ushered into the presence of my uncle. He received me with great pomp and etiquette, seated in his crimson velvet chair, in a morning robe of the same materials. For the moment, I only remembered that he was the first of my kindred I had ever seen, and I would have

rushed into his arms and wept. However, I immediately discovered that an oriental *salam* would be much more acceptable to him. Indeed it was too evident that my personal appearance disappointed him ; but when Captain Somerville introduced me, he took my hand with stately courtesy, and bade me welcome to England.

“ Mrs. Edgerton, a distant relation, of middle age, whose polished manners indicate habitual intercourse with the fashionable world, superintends his establishment. She seems intelligent and cultivated ; but she too is cold, dignified, and reserved.

“ The papers are full of the arrival of Miss Lucretia Fitzherbert, the newly discovered American heiress, niece of the Honourable Edmund Fitzherbert of Tudor Lodge.

“ What would the world say, if they knew that, with ‘ all my blushing honours thick upon me,’ I often retire to my chamber, to think of Boston, and give vent to my tears as they start up from their fountain of bitterness. Wealth is a glittering and much coveted bauble ; but the heart cannot nestle in it, and cling to it, in its hour of loneliness. What do I care for Turkey carpets, Parisian mirrors, and Chinese vases, when every being around me is as chilling as the tessellated marble of our grand saloon ? Splendour may please the unsated eye, but it cannot relieve a heart bursting with the full tide of unemployed tenderness. Do not think by this that I am unhappy. It only means that I am not yet used to stiffened elegance and magnificent formality.

“ You cannot imagine with how much delight I have accompanied my uncle around London and its environs. The city itself, so varied in its beauty—so crowded in its grandeur. Then there is such life—such energy—such never-ceasing bustle. It is well called the heart of Britain; for it seems heaving and bounding with the vitality of a whole empire. Of the suburbs, I am almost tempted to say nothing; for I despair of giving you an idea how lovely are the scenes among which the Thames has spread the silver drapery of his couch. Turrets and steeples peer above the foliage, as if on tiptoe to view the dimpled course of this majestic river; clusters of ancient elms dance gracefully to the wayward music of the winds; venerable oaks stand like a firm phalanx in their towering strength; the fragile willows bend over their watery mirror, sad and drooping, as if passion-stricken with their own shadows; and the blossoms are so abundant in their luxuriant beauty, that one would think Flora, enamoured of the spot, had flung all her garlands there in frolic. The goddess, however, is not so partial in the distribution of her favours. Your American pastures are doubtless covered with wild flowers. The Violet lifts up its timid blue eye in supplication, as if loath to be crushed, even by your fairy foot; the Anemone is gradually changing its rose-tint to the purest white, like maidens outgrowing their youthful blushes; and the beautiful Trillium bows its starry head beneath its dark green leaves, like a scared and petted infant hiding its bashful face behind a mother’s sheltering arm.

“ Oh, when I think of all our pleasant rambles, our unreserved communications, and our playful disputes, it seems as if my heart would burst its tenement, and bound forward to meet you. I told Somerville so, this morning ; and I thought he sympathized in my impatience most warmly.

“ By the way, he called to take me to Westminster Abbey,—the first public place I have visited since my arrival.

“ If Henry had not told you about it again and again, I would inform you how I stood in the Poets’ Corner, and ‘ held high converse with the mighty dead ; ’ what exultation I felt when I saw that the sceptre had fallen from the powerless hand of Queen Elizabeth,—that self-same cruel hand that signed the death warrant of the beautiful Mary Stuart ; and how, amid all this ‘ pomp and circumstance ’ of morality, the figure of Mr. Nightingale, shielding his beloved wife from the impending dart of death, was the only thing that touched me with melancholy. I was indeed powerfully excited by the whole scene. Association seems to hold her court in this mansion of departed glory ; and as her magic fingers touch the octaves in the human soul, imagination runs rapidly over the intermediate notes. When I came from the long and gloomy labyrinths of this ancient abbey, I felt as if I had actually been in Elysium, talking with kings, heroes, statesmen, and poets. Why did not Henry tell us how his heart ached when he passed from that still, solemn sanctuary of the dead, into all the tumult of this noisy city ? But then he never speaks with

enthusiasm ; unless, indeed, you rouse him up about American taxation. Well ! perhaps the glowing embers, kept alive on the secret shrine of Apollo, burned with more intense and consuming heat, than Cybele's torches, flaring on the midnight air.

“ I shall never have done, if I write all I wish to say ; for the thoughts rush into my mind so furiously that they push each other down in their course. Most sincere and respectful affection to your good father ; and to all my friends the kindest wishes they can desire from me. Write soon, and remember to speak of Gertrude Percival. Do not forget me, dearest Grace, nor suffer any one I love to forget me.

“ With heart-felt, soul-felt affection for you all, I am as ever,

“ LUCRETIA FITZHERBERT.

“ Grosvenor Square, June 10, 1766.”

Letters of similar import arrived for Governor Hutchinson and Miss Sandford ; but none other was sent to the Osborne family.

“ Has wealth and splendour so soon dazzled him ? ” thought Grace. “ Have a few brief months extinguished the love he said would be eternal ? If he can be so capricious, it is well for me that I was not united to him. My father and brother never confided in his principles—why did I doubt their judgment ? Well, it is but a painful struggle with myself at the most ; and I can make it the more cheerfully since they are ignorant of it.”

Whether to hear of a lover so gay, gallant, and attentive to another, without receiving one line from him to indicate his kind remembrance, would not have awakened similar suspicions in any mind, we know not. Certain it is that every allusion Lucretia had made to Captain Somerville, was exceedingly painful to Miss Osborne, excepting where she wrote, "We talked of you till a late hour." She thought upon the subject until her fears ripened into conviction; and though she resolved to rejoice in the prospects of her friend, she could not read her letter without weeping in the bitterness of her heart. To these feelings may be partly attributed the sadness that pervades the following epistle.

TO MISS LUCRETIA FITZHERBERT.

"Dear Lucretia,

"We last week received your long and affectionate letter. I was delighted, but not dazzled, with your picture of London. I love my own quiet chamber better than I should marble saloons or Corinthian piazzas. Yet our humble mansion has been sad enough since you left us. My father's health fails daily; and long, long before you return to us, Lucretia, I fear the dear venerable old man will have gone to his last home. It grieves me to think of it. Yet why should they whose lives have been stainless, and their purposes all holy, shrink from the hand that enrobes them with immortality. Young as I am, there are times when I would lay down my weary, aching head, and sleep, never more to wake in this cold world, as cheerfully as the tired infant presses the soft pillow of its cradle.

“I know this is not the right spirit. Those who would take up the cross and follow their Divine Master, must be resigned to live as well as to die. Yet how hard it is to endure life, when those we have loved are dropping around us like the leaves of autumn ;—when the smiles that have been as sunshine to the soul, have left it all dark and lonely ; and tones that have been dear, yea, very dear to us, are heard no longer. I am foolishly melancholy just this moment ; and I am childish enough to dip my pen in my heart.

“My father’s sickness and uncommon depression of spirits casts a shadow over every thing. Not only has it rendered our dwelling dismal,—but the sky does not seem so blue, nor the grass so green, as it did last summer. You, I dare say would make some sparkling metaphor concerning such a state of things ; but I have not the gift. Henry smiled when I showed him your letter, and said it did one as much good to read any thing of yours, as it did to see a bed of tulips blown about by the wind. You see that he has imagination, my dear friend. He has enthusiasm, too,—though few discover it. Ought I to tell you, or ought I not, that when he returned your letter, I found what you had written of him cut out ? He seems in excellent spirits,—always doing something to make us happy and cheerful ; but there are things the heart never forgets, you know, how calmly soever it may remember them. I have not seen him roused on the subject of taxation lately. Indeed the times are now so peaceful and quiet, that it is seldom mentioned even when Doctor Willard is here. By

the way, I read a part of your letter to him ; and I assure you, his expressive black eyes grew brighter and brighter at every line. I wonder he was not captivated with you, Lucretia,—you are so very much like each other. You cannot tell how solicitous he is concerning our good father,—how anxious about every symptom,—how enlivening in his conversation whenever the invalid can bear it,—and how still, kind, and careful, when his spirits are exhausted. It is very painful not to repay the love of a heart so generous and tender ; and when day after day I meet the same affectionate glance, and hear the same mild, insinuating tones, it seems such a deep and stinging reproach to my ingratitude, that I half believe it possible ;—but the affections are stubborn things and are not easily bent according to our wishes.

“ I have received two letters from Gertrude since you left. They reside at a beautiful country-seat, not far from Montreal ; and they have both sent the most urgent invitations for us to visit them this summer. She has improved wonderfully in her hand-writing. ‘ Who,’ she asks, ‘ can do otherwise, when Edward Percival is the instructor ? ’ Still her letters are as stiff, straight, and precise as Madam Sandford. Will you pardon the comparison ? With regard to Canada, even if my father were well enough, I should not have spirit sufficient to make the exertion. Long may they live to enjoy their romantic attachment. Mr. Percival has sent me a very neat and handsome set of jewels. I thanked him because I knew he meant it kindly ; but I shall never wear

them. If you had not a variety much more elegant, I would send them to you. Do you know Henry has at length persuaded me to have my portrait taken? Yes, there I am in our little breakfast parlour, smiling as graciously as if I looked on absent friends. My brother says, 'Tell Lucretia I am the same sincere well-wisher;' and my father adds, 'You must leave a corner of your paper, that I may try to hold a pen long enough to give her my blessing.' In order to comply with his request, I must close by saying,

I am your very affectionate

GRACE OSBORNE."

After this letter had been twice read it occurred to Miss Osborne that Captain Somerville might have possibly sent a letter, and that the precious document might have been detained by accident or misfortune. With a trembling hand she wrote,

"P. S. I forgot to tell you that we have inquired after Molly Bradstreet to no purpose. I regret it; for our curiosity was as much excited as yours. Should Captain Somerville ever ask about the rose, he left with me, you may tell him it is carefully nurtured, and blossoms finely."

On the last page were a few sentences written in a weak, irregular hand. They were as follows:

"My dear Child,

"Never was 'news from a far country' more welcome than your letter. None of us knew how dear you were, till you were gone from us. Poor Grace goes

from room to room, and looks at every memento of you with such utter sadness, that one would think you were actually in your grave; and when she hears a knock, she will sometimes start,—and then check herself, as she says, ‘I was thinking Lucretia was at the door.’ Alas! how apt we all are to give the freshness and vigour of our affections to earthly objects, and thus have nothing to offer our Heavenly Father, but ‘the lame, the halt, and the blind.’ The heathen offered the fairest flowers and the choicest fruits to their gods, and shall we, on whom the gospel has shone, do less than they? While the cup of life is sparkling at your eager lips, do not forget the kind hand which offered it. Remember, my dear, there is a friend on whom to rely when all others fail us. There is no public news of importance. It has pleased the Lord to give us peace, if not security. One ‘burning and shining light’ has been removed from us. I mean the much lamented Doctor Mayhew. I need not talk of his talents to one who heard his eloquent sermon on the repeal of the Stamp Act; but of his piety, his integrity, his industry, and zeal, I would, had I strength, write for hours. During his short life, he did much in the cause of civil and religious liberty. I do not believe there ever was mortal man that more faithfully served his country and his God. Alas! that he left not his mantle behind him.

“I have written this at many different times, and with great pain, my dear girl. My heart says more; but my trembling hand will not convey it. Yet a little while longer, and the soul will drop its burden of clay. I can

only add, God bless you,—even with the greatest of all blessings,—a disposition to do his will.

Your affectionate father,

JAMES OSBORNE."

Queen st. August 1st, 1766.

Some readers may have the curiosity to break the seal of Somerville's letter to Governor Hutchinson ; though perhaps when they find it so deeply tinged with the politics of the day, they may think they pay somewhat dearly for their whistle.

TO HIS HONOUR THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

" Dear Uncle,

"I delivered your letters according to their directions ; and I do not hesitate to say that the general opinion here is entirely in favour of your views. It is, however, very difficult to ascertain what course will be taken, for never was there such a heterogeneous, unintelligible mass as the present ministry. They are made up of the shreds and patches of all political opinions,—a confused jumble of every shade and hue of whiggism.

"The Marquis of Rockingham did indeed come into the government at a peculiarly difficult crisis. The Regency Bill of course made an enemy of Lord Bute, —because the public chose to implicate him in its odium ; the Duke of Grafton has forsaken their standard, because he is offended at their treatment of Wilkes ; Chatham is as wavering and inconsistent as ever, and his powerful friend, the excellent Duke of Cumberland, died soon after his administration began. On the whole,

it is evident that another transformation will soon take place. Pitt seems to have the power to lord it over king and parliament; how he will exert his influence nobody knows—unless he has some conjecture himself, which his undecided character renders very doubtful. That confoundedly clever lawyer, young Burke, gashes him deeply in the public papers. The articles in question possess abundance of good sense as well as cutting irony. The resolution against general warrants, passed in the House of Commons, has brought Wilkes back to London. He is here threatening to annoy the government, or make his fortune out of its fears. The plan of American taxation is by no means given up. Charles Townsend is as eager for it, as he is for office. He thinks to make it go down, by giving it a different name. He has not, like me, seen an American mob, heard Otis speak, and Doctor Willard talk. You will judge what views he and others entertain by the letters and documents that accompany this.

“Mr. Fitzherbert talks much of what you have done for his niece; and seems to think he cannot load me with favours enough to evince his gratitude. He is a formal, and somewhat fastidious old man; but when the crust is once broken, he proves to have a warm heart. He is a professed connoisseur in female beauty,—and he was of course disappointed in Miss Fitzherbert. He is unbounded in his hospitality, and his servants’ hall shows much of the prodigality of feudal times. I shall, if possible, induce him to keep open doors for the choice literary spirits that are now clustering together in this

metropolis. This will bring Lucretia forward to the best advantage ; and perhaps we all love our friends better when we have reason to be proud of them. I can see that her vivacity and good sense gain upon his affections daily. She is indeed a fine girl. No one can know her without admiring her.

The mystery concerning the report of Mr. Fitzherbert's death is all explained. When you sent to England in 1760, to inquire concerning Lucretia's connexions, he was very sick at Manilla, and a profligate relation of his palmed the story upon his creditors, in order to relieve himself from temporary embarrassment. Mr. Fitzherbert is so indignant at this unfeeling deception, that he will not consent to see him.

"There is a great intimacy between Mr. Fitzherbert and the Marquis of Rockingham. He procured Burke the situation of private secretary to his lordship.

"I send you an elegant edition of Swift, lately published,—which please to accept.

"Respects to Madam Sandford,—and kind remembrance to Doctor Byles and the Osbornes.

I am your humble and obedient servant.

FREDERIC SOMERVILLE".

Piccadilly, June 12th, 1766.

CHAP. XVI.

There are feelings that no human agency can limit ; and mental wounds too deep for the art of man to heal.

The Spy.

MR. OSBORNE'S prediction with regard to the repeal of the Stamp Act proved too true. The subject of American taxation was again discussed in the British parliament, and eventuated in the Revenue Act of '67 ; which consisted of sundry duties on tea, glass, paper, and painters' colours. This law was palmed upon the Colonies under the name of an *external* tax for the regulation of commerce ; and the framers of it presumed it would not interfere with their established prejudices with regard to *internal* taxation.

However, Burke has well said that "to tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men." This fine-spun scheme of policy was received with even more indignation than had yet been expressed.

Mr. Osborne, weakened by lingering illness, traced the consequences of this second attack on the liberties of his country, with such intense anxiety, that the faculties of the venerable patriot were completely deranged ; and America was thus deprived of his counsels at a time when she most needed the wisdom of all her sons.

His insanity seemed to take its colouring from the mildness and humility of his character. It never assumed a wild and boisterous appearance ; but there

were times when he would refrain from food for days in succession,—and pray with the earnest pleadings of indulged infancy, that the eyes of the king might be opened, before they awoke on the blood and ruin of his fairest territories.

The heart of Henry would ache almost to bursting, when he watched him in these wayward moods. “Oh, England!” he would say, as he pressed his hand to his forehead,—“Oh, England! what a wreck has thou made.”

“Did you speak of England?” cried the unfortunate father, starting from his trance,—“I tell you, young man, that the sceptre shall depart from her; and the lawgiver from between her feet. The time will come when she will rend her purple robe, and mourn her folly in sackcloth and ashes. I saw it,” muttered he, looking upward with a vacant and frightened aspect,—“I saw it in the clouds. Blood and destruction were in its train.”

“My dear father,” said Henry, “think of the God in whom you have always trusted.”

“I do, my son, I do. I have prayed to Him; and verily He hath heard me in my affliction. But,” added he, lowering his voice to a most impressive whisper,—“Liberty is in her shroud! I saw her pass by in the robes of the tomb.” Then the habitual associations of the pulpit would come over him; and he would point to heaven as he exclaimed, “But there is a resurrection, my hearers—there is a resurrection.”

The imagination shrinks from decay of any kind; but what is so dreadful as the wreck of our proudest

prerogative? What so awful as the ruins of mind? To poor Grace, her father's situation seemed an almost insupportable burthen of distress; yet it was really salutary. One great absorbing affliction left no room for petty griefs; and the disappointed girl found in constant occupation and unwearied anxiety, the very best medicine for a heart sickening with hope deferred.

A beloved object is always encircled with a radiant halo, which brightens every thing around it; and notwithstanding its absence had rendered the sky less blue, and the grass less green, Miss Osborne, fortunately for herself, had not leisure to be always dwelling upon the change. Her father was now her daily care, and her nightly dream; but though his children often succeeded in their attempts to sooth and divert him, their kind attentions produced no permanent effects.

Doctor Willard had hopes that new scenes and change of air might restore him; and therefore recommended a journey to Canada. Accordingly, in midsummer, 1767, the whole family set out upon their northern expedition.

Mr. Osborne had been beyond Albany in 1753, when most of the country was in primeval wildness. But fourteen years had elapsed, yet the scenery had in many places great pretensions to rural beauty; and so rapid had been the growth of towns and villages, that it seemed as if the hand of magic had at once invested its grandeur with the robe of gracefulness.

In his intervals of rationality, the invalid noticed these changes, and would speak of them with rapture;—then

he would compare the past prosperity of his country with its future misery, and the light of reason would again glimmer, and sink in its socket.

His weak state of mind and body rendered it absolutely necessary to travel by short stages, and keep him free from all mental excitement; but the spirit of the country was so universally roused, that they found the latter exceedingly difficult. The rumour that a gentleman from Massachusetts, crazed in the cause of liberty, was travelling to the North, went before them; and not only did they every where meet with the most compassionate sympathy, but frequently, as their humble equipage drove from the inn, a few, less judicious in their kindness, would shout, "Hurra for New-England!" "Long life to the patriot!" At Albany, Grace watched by her father until she saw him in a quiet slumber, before she descended to the supper room. At the door she met the landlady, who, in a cautious whisper, asked if they had ordered tea. The mild and timid beauty answered in a tone of unusual decision, "No, madam, I am an American."

Henry, suspecting the nature of the question, added, "And no American woman ought for a moment to forget that she can do much for a cause in which husbands and sons, fathers and brothers, are alike suffering." The countenance of the hostess brightened—she courtesied, begged a thousand pardons,—said they were exactly of her way of thinking, and left the apartment.

"Our good father sleeps quietly, does he not?" inquired Henry. On being answered in the affirmative,

he observed, "I need not caution you, my dear girl, to be careful about giving such spirited answers when he is waking."

"I am not very apt to speak on politics," replied Grace; "for it is a subject on which I do not love to hear ladies talk; but in these times, it is fitting they should act. If John Dudley, and all the honest farmers in the country, can refrain from mutton, in order to raise wool enough to manufacture our own cloth, and vex the English merchants,—I surely can dispense with the petty luxury of tea."

"Well said, my patriotic sister," rejoined Henry, playfully kissing her forehead. "I really think you could proselyte the most inveterate tory to the good cause, if you were to set about it in earnest."

A shade of melancholy passed over her face. There was something in that word "tory" that called up a thousand recollections of "auld lang syne." Captain Somerville had written one letter to her brother, in a style strangely studied and formal. She herself had not received a single line; and Lucretia, ignorant how much she was wounding her friend, spoke of him as her almost constant companion.

Perhaps this unaccountable neglect had given additional fervour to political feelings, ever deeply imbedded in Miss Osborne's heart, though her bashful lips had seldom given them utterance. Certain it is, that our best and most disinterested motives will always, upon strict inquiry, be found more complex than we had imagined.

The place which their Canadian friends had chosen for a residence, seemed like an Eden, pure and lovely enough to drive away the disease and misery attendant on mortality. It was one of those numerous islands, which the St. Lawrence so well loves to encircle in his arms. The house was situated at the foot of a thickly wooded hill, then rich with the verdant foliage of summer. The trees threw their broad, deep shadows along the mighty river ; and the tasteful simplicity of the cottage, reflected on its majestic surface, seemed like the dove of contentment folding its soft wing over the waters.

The heart could not, in its most craving mood, require a more cordial welcome than our travellers received from Edward Percival and his young wife ; and Henry eagerly indulged the hope that their unpretending kindness, together with the tranquillity of their sequestered situation, would ultimately win back the scattered intellects of his venerable father.

However, it seemed, for a while, as if the very peacefulness of his retreat was converted into a source of uneasiness. With the waywardness of lunacy, he connected every thing around him with the painful subject that had unnerved his system. Even the melody of the woods was torture to him. " Here we are," said he, " listening to the singing of birds, when every soul should be up and active in the cause of freedom. Hark ! Do you hear the oar of the smuggler, as he sweeps round the cove ? He goes to offer to New England what she should never taste."

Sometimes the bright, still surface of the river, with luxuriance and beauty reposing on its bosom, awakened sensations of utter wretchedness; and he would lay his hand impressively on Henry's shoulder, and exclaim, "Young man, you will live to see that water stained with the blood of your brethren. I see it," continued he, covering his eyes,—“I see it gushing at every pore.”

At a later period, when the St. Lawrence foamed and dashed its angry answer to the autumnal storms, he would say, “Yes,—fret and roar in thy wrath,—the storm will come, and burst in fury over us all. The roar of the cannon, and the burden of the fleet will come upon you in an hour when you think not of it.”

Grace and her friend watched over him in these hours of desolation, with that soothing and judicious tenderness in which woman alone is skilled. Day after day, the sick man might be seen taking his slow and circumscribed walk, leaning on his daughter and Mrs. Percival. Those who have seen Peele's fine moral picture of the Court of Death, could readily imagine Grace, with her perfect symmetry of feature, and transparent fairness of complexion, personified in the figure of Virtue guiding the feeble step of Age; and had the expression of Pleasure been innocent rather than voluptuous, the dark-brown hair, brilliant eyes, and glowing cheek of Gertrude, might well have been mistaken for the living, breathing original of the painting.

A rational and placid smile would sometimes play around the old man's lips, as he looked on his youthful nurses; and his spirit, softened and bowed down within

him, would pour itself forth in prayers for their happiness.

The mind is a noble instrument.—Even the discord of its broken keys has something of music in its wildness ; and oftentimes, when it seems all disordered and defaced, there is one uninjured string that thrills responsive to the musician's touch.

The ideal forms of beauty still float, in all their correctness of outline before the painter's eye ; the ear of the minstrel is still tremblingly alive to every combination of sound ; and the heart that has been bewildered by sudden bereavement, needs but a glance or a tone like those of the beloved object, to recall in a connected series the whole detail of its pleasures and its pains. Thus it was with Mr. Osborne. The latent divinity, which had so long been shrouded in darkness, gleamed only in the avenues of piety ; and the frequency of prayer, mixed with the consolations of Scripture, by degrees scattered the clouds that obscured its brightness.

Business had recalled Henry at the end of a few weeks ; but Grace and her father, at the urgent entreaty of their friends, remained in Canada until the Spring of 1768.

Henry's letters during this time were once or twice accompanied by packages from England. In these epistles, Lucretia made no further complaints of " magnificent formality ;" on the contrary, her expressions were those of " a heart reeling with its fulness ;" and poor deserted Grace felt them enter into her soul, like

sharpened steel. These feelings were the harder to be borne, because no one sympathized with them ; for what timidity and a fear of disapprobation had at first concealed, pride would not now suffer her to reveal. Gertrude did indeed notice that too close attendance on a sick bed had sunk her cheek, and dimmed her eye ; and she affectionately remonstrated with her on the danger she was incurring. Mr. Percival, at the suggestion of his wife, made a slight allusion to her ill health in one of his letters to Henry, which immediately brought the affectionate brother to her side. Grace denied that she had been ill ; and so much was she enlivened by Henry's unexpected presence, that her assertion was not difficult to be believed.

Another pleasant disappointment awaited his arrival.

His father had enjoyed two months of uninterrupted rationality ; and now talked of England and taxation with calmness and consistency.

When his son congratulated him on his recovery, he replied, " I was too anxious to work out our deliverance by human wisdom—I did not place my trust in Him who holdeth the nations in the hollow of his hand. Let my chastisement teach us humility." " And now, as soon as the roads are sufficiently settled, I suppose you will be ready to go home and tell of the good effects of a Canadian winter ? " said Grace.

" Never speak of home," said Mrs. Percival ; " you have almost taught us to be unable to live without you."

" Yes, our hearts as well as our habitation are large enough for you all," added her husband. " Your

health is too slender to continue your pastoral duties, and young men like your son are needed in the Canadas."

"But more needed in New England," answered Mr. Osborne. "We must not suffer the prospect of wealth or ease to seduce us from the standard of truth and liberty. Besides, my friends, we are already under obligations which money can never repay, had I millions to offer you."

"We too have had our obligations," said Gertrude; and she sighed when she thought of the deathbed of her father;—"but to tell the truth, I crave still more from you. If Grace would but remain a year with me, it would add very much to my happiness."

"She may do as she pleases," said the father,—at the same time looking very sorrowful.

"I would do any thing to evince my gratitude to you, Mrs. Percival," said Grace; "but I cannot leave my only parent; and truly never did a home-sick child so long for a mother's smile, as I do to see Boston."

"Lucretia will be there soon, I suppose," observed Mrs. Percival; "and her claims are of course prior to mine."

"I forgot to tell you that I had a letter from Doctor Willard this morning," said Henry. "He mentions that two regiments of royal troops are about to sail for America; and that Captain Somerville is one of the commanders. He likewise wrote that it was rumoured he would be married before he sailed."

Grace looked deadly pale,—but dared not trust herself to ask a question. “To whom” inquired Mrs. Percival.

“To Miss Fitzherbert,” replied the younger Osborne. “Very probably, however, it is a mere report, founded on the circumstance of their going out to England together. But really, dear Grace, you cannot conceal from me that you are ill, very ill.”

His father gave him a look of much meaning. It said, as plainly as looks could say it, “That fatal delusion is strong as ever;” and Grace perceiving herself the object of distressed attention, kindly replied to their inquiries, and retired to her own chamber.

“Is it not very strange,” said Mr. Osborne, “that Captain Somerville has not fulfilled his promise of writing to you?”

“Not at all strange,” replied Henry. “Ambition is the only steady principle that guides his course. In all things else he is as volatile and changeable as the wind. My acquaintance was a pleasant recreation to him while in Boston, no doubt; but of what consequence is the friendship of a young lawyer, who has neither wealth nor patronage to offer him?”

“You judge more harshly than usual,” said Percival.

“I speak my cool, unbiassed opinion,” rejoined Henry. “I always admired his talents,—but I never respected his character; and I was always aware that our acquaintance was of that bright, meteor-like kind, that often happens between people of no real congeniality.”

“And what do you think of this rumour about royal troops?” inquired Percival.

"It is what I have long expected. And I think they will soon be recalled,—else few will live to carry back a description of New England."

"I believe you most heartily," rejoined Percival; and the God who has kindled such a flame in the breast of two millions of freemen, has surely ordained that the rebels shall be free."

"And we ought to be on the spot, my son," said Mr. Osborne. "Boston will soon need all the strength and wisdom of her children."

"Next week, if you please, sir," replied Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival warmly contended that it was too soon; that the roads were bad; that Grace was not strong enough to endure the fatigue; and that they could not yet part with them. Grace, however, exerted herself to appear in good health and spirits,—the Spring was unusually favourable for travelling,—and on the first week of May they departed for Boston,—where they soon after arrived in health and safety.

CHAP. XVII.

Alas! the tale is quickly told—
 His love hath felt the curse of gold!
 And he is bartering his heart
 For that in which it hath no part.
 There's many an ill that clings to love;
 But this is one all else above;—
 For love to bow before the name
 Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!

The Improvisatrice.

TO MISS GRACE OSBORNE.

“Dear Grace,

“How very seldom you write; and how wo-begone are your epistles. Do not think me heartless with regard to your father's sickness. Indeed, I have felt most keenly for you and for him; but I have not the least doubt that the fine, clear climate of Canada will restore him; and even if the event should be the worst that we can fear, you must not thus mourn away your young existence. When you wrote last, you were just on the point of starting for Montreal; and I assure you I envied you the excursion. I wish I could have visited Gertrude before I came to England. Not only because I loved her more than I ever loved any one in so short a time; but I am really ashamed when asked about Niagara and the Lakes, to say that I have never seen them. People here are not aware how very unusual it is for American ladies to go out of sight of their own chin-

nies ; and as for space, they do not seem to imagine there is such a thing on the other side of the Atlantic. They would ask a Vermontese about the Blue Ridge, or a Georgian about Niagara, as readily as I should question a Londoner about St. Paul's, or beg a description of Snowdon from a Welchman born and bred within sight of its cloud-kissing peak.

“ During the whole of last winter we had the finest collection of company in the world. Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, and Goldsmith, spent an evening with us, almost as regularly as they did at the Turk's Head, Gerrard-street, Soho. The mere contact of such great minds is enough to inspire one with genius. I have the good fortune to be a favourite with that famous cynic, Samuel Johnson ;—principally, I believe, because I treat him with the most profound reverence, and never contradict his opinions. To Sir Joshua, I could listen forever,—because he talks of what I understand and love. He has described half the fine paintings in Italy so vividly that I imagine I have seen them. Burke is becoming famous as a speaker ; and if he is half as delightful in parliament as he is in the drawing-room, I do not wonder at his fame. ‘ His talk,’ says Johnson, ‘ is the ebullition of his mind ; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full.’ It would amuse Henry to hear the political disputes between these two great men. Johnson sneers about ‘ whig dogs,’ speaks of America as an uncivilized land,—and says it would puzzle any one to tell what good the discovery of it has done the world. Burke

contends that our country will eventually be one of the greatest on the globe,—and says that if Britain ever loses her American Colonies, she will part with a jewel worth her whole regalia. It is curious to observe how sharp contention will call forth passions, which we little folks can hardly imagine to exist in such mighty minds. These great men remind me of Alfred's horse, cut in the side of a chalk-hill in Berkshire. At a distance, it looks like a fine warlike steed; but as you approach it, all its fine proportions are lost; and at last you begin to doubt whether it be really an animal, or merely a surface accidentally indented by wind and storm. Among all the geniuses to whom I have been introduced, Goldsmith is my favourite. He loves a broad laugh, but never a malicious one; and his constant flow of humour originates in fulness,—not in vacuity.

“We shall soon return to the city. I must say I regret to leave our country-seat; for thickly as this beautiful island is gemmed with mansions and parks, cottages and gardens, it can boast few spots so cultivated and so varied. The Thames sparkles before it, like a broad, bright line of silver on the green robe of Summer. In the distance are seen the verdant hills of Kent and Surry; around whose majestic brows the setting sun daily twines his topaz coronet of light. In every direction the foliage is delightfully interspersed with majestic domes, venerable turrets, and light, airy, graceful spires. Boats of all sizes and descriptions, from the eight-oared barge to the slender skiff, are gliding up and down the river, like a troop of wild swans on the Potomac, giving life and motion to its slumbering beauty.

“ Within doors, I can feast my eye on a fine gallery of paintings. Here are the pictures of Rembrandt, steeped in sunshine; the gods and goddesses of Guido, —more like the seraphs of a Christian heaven, than the deities of Olympus; and the sublime productions of Raphael, beaming with an expression of soul, which his pencil alone could give. But there is one picture here that seems to me like dreaming of a distant friend,—troubling while it pleases me. It is among the family portraits which decorate my bed-chamber; and was taken, I am told, for my grandmother Fitzherbert. It is Gertrude Percival to the life! The same high, intellectual forehead; the same Aurora freshness of complexion; the same majestic contour of neck and shoulders. I do not know how they would compare together; but I thought the likeness so striking, that I have employed Sir Joshua Reynolds to make me a copy to bring to America. What associations that name awakens! how much the very sound makes my heart leap toward you. Yet my affections cling to good old England. I love her country scenes embosomed in forests, and garlanded with flowers; I love the rapid pulsation of her mighty capital; I love to gaze on her far-stretching galaxy of genius; and, ‘last, not least,’ I love the bravery, frankness, and hospitality of her sons.

“ One other association knocks at my heart, dearer than all that taste or reason can furnish. It was here I first heard declarations of love from the only man I ever wished to please. There was a time when you indulged yourself in a little gentle raillery about my sliding

heart ;—and why, dear Grace, did you cease to be unreserved on the subject ? I once supposed that Captain Somerville had a powerful advocate in your own feelings. Was it so ? and did you reject him from the dictates of judgment ? Or are you still a stranger to that mysterious affinity which draws two young souls toward each other ? Perhaps timidity was the only enemy our patriotic young friend had to contend with ; and after all that is past and gone, Mrs. Willard may stand ready to greet Mrs. Somerville, on her return to America.—I forgot, when I said Mrs. Somerville,—for uncle will not consent to our marriage, unless the Captain will take my family name ; and he is now going through the necessary forms for that purpose. I wish you could have a share in the ceremony that gives me a hand invaluable to my heart, though it proved unacceptable to yours.

“ When you write again, I trust your father will be quite recovered. You do not know how grateful I am for the kind wishes he always sends me. Kiss his venerable forehead, and tell him that, to such a generous creditor, I shall never be a bankrupt in affection. I thought happiness had dried up the fountain of my tears ; but your last letter was so sad that I wept in spite of myself.

“ Ever yours with all the intense affection I am capable of feeling.

LUCRETIA FITZHERBERT.”

Fitzherbert Hall, Nov. 15, 1767.

TO MISS LUCRETIA FITZHERBERT.

“Dear Lucretia,

“I found your letter dated November 15th, waiting our arrival, when we returned from Canada. Gertrude and I wrote you a crowded epistle last autumn; I wonder you had not received it before you wrote. She is very happy. Indeed her affectionate heart deserves it. Had she been a sister in very truth, she could not have loved me more, or been more kindly attentive to my father.

“I have heard you speak of people in whom delicacy and refinement seemed like instinct. Mrs. Percival’s certainly is so. She perceived that images and pictures of the saints distressed my good father (his soul you know entereth not into their strange worship)—nothing was said;—but the morning after our arrival, I noticed they had all disappeared. I cannot tell such fine stories about my Canadian excursion, as you tell of England. I was ever seated at my father’s bed-side, or supporting his arm as he walked. You will think this was wearisome; but I assure you it is like cordial to the spirit to meet affection in the languid eye of sickness, and to see blessings and thanks quiver on lips that have not strength to utter them. Truly, I would not have exchanged my solitary task for all the treasures of Burke’s eloquence, or Goldsmith’s wit. Your speaking of pictures reminds me of a Magdalen which an Italian artist painted for Mrs. Percival. It would doubtless appear mean to your practised eye; but it found its way to my heart. The countenance is pale and melancholy—like one who has

loved and been forsaken—one who has early learned that the flowers of earth wither away; but there is devotion in the uplifted eye, which speaks of better hopes than this vain world can offer. So purely did it breathe of celestial joys, that my spirit fluttered like a captive bird,—and I would fain have gone away and slept the last, quiet sleep.

“My father is recovering fast. A gentle light beams from his eye, and his step is firm even as it was wont to be, when you and I and all of us were happy together.

“Long, long, Lucretia, may you enjoy the scenes you love so well, and the society you so well know how to adorn. I am often selfish enough to wish you were here. However, the luxuriance of the park and the green-house must be yours;—enough for me, the trembling little wild flower that breathes its fragrance at my feet. Blessings on its innocent beauty! It smiles through a delicious existence, and at the end of one brief season, droops its dying head on the bosom of the turf that nourished it. Why should we envy them? Are not mortals as fragile as they? I love flowers. They speak of nature, and they speak of God. I would rather have them cluster around my grave and moisten it with the dew-drop of morning and evening, than to repose beneath the cold, heavy monuments of Westminster Abbey.

“May you ever be happy, dear Lucretia;—particularly may you be fortunate in that important step—the only one, save death, which can never be retraced. Your allusion to Doctor Willard was very painful to me.

My heart is not cold and unfeeling—perhaps it has thought on domestic happiness too deeply,—too fondly ; but the day dream has vanished.

“ My kind remembrance to your intended husband.

“ The blessing of Israel’s God be with you.

Your affectionate

GRACE OSBORNE.”

Queen st., June 30th, 1768.

TO MISS SALLY SANDFORD.

“ Dear Aunt,

“ I last week received a package from Boston, containing letters from uncle Hutchinson, Grace Osborne, and yourself.

“ Many thanks for your bridal sash. I shall most certainly wear it at the important time for which it was designed.

“ Captain Somerville now writes his name Frederic Somerville Fitzherbert. I was sorry uncle’s family pride required this sacrifice. There seems to be something degrading in the bridegroom’s losing his name instead of the bride. However he seems resolved to repay this acquiescence by the most rapid promotion. He is now Colonel of his Majesty’s 14th regiment of dragoons. I have repeatedly told you, that uncle is one of the most formal, precise men in the world. You would have been amused with his reception of Captain Somerville, the day he came to make proposals in due form. It was at an hour when he did not usually receive visitors ; Mrs. Edgerton had just placed the bolster of the couch so that he could recline comfortably ; and I,

like a dutiful niece, stood ready to read the newspaper, which had just been brought in,—when the servant entered, and, making a low bow said, ‘Captain Somerville is in the library, wishing to speak with your honour.’

“ ‘Show him up, John.’

“ ‘He wishes to speak with you alone, if it pleases you.’

“I guessed his errand,—for I had heard some intimation of it in the picture gallery, the day before. My uncle seemed to suspect too; for he chucked me under the chin, as he rose, and said, ‘These nieces are dear creatures to an old, ease-loving man.’

“Captain Somerville afterwards told me that when he entered the library, he made one of his most stately bows, and inquired, ‘What is your business, sir?’

“ ‘I came to speak of your niece,—and to ask permission—’

“ ‘Tomorrow at four o’clock, post meridian, I will give you an audience, sir. You are aware this is not my hour of business;’—and with another haughty inclination of the head, he left him to his meditations.

“Captain Somerville, somewhat daunted by his repulsive manner, came at the appointed time. Without answering his salutation, or even requesting him to be seated, uncle said in a hurried, business tone, ‘Are you willing to take the name and arms of Fitzherbert?’

“After a moment’s hesitation, Somerville replied in the affirmative. ‘Follow me then,’ said he; and he led the way to the gallery, where I was seated, copying

a Flemish landscape. He threw the door open with an air of great importance, pointed to a vacant seat, and said, 'Whatever you value in this apartment is yours.'

"If my uncle had mistaken the real nature of his business, it would have been very embarrassing; as it was, however, there was no mistake about the matter.

"You would be surprised to see how much I have improved in my painting. Somerville is a great amateur, you know; and there is no exertion too great for a woman who loves. I have actually improved more within the last three months than I ever did in my whole life."

"Uncle Fitzherbert is evidently much pleased with my approaching marriage; and from uncle Hutchinson's letter, I should judge he was well nigh mad with joy.

"I do not exactly know why it is,—but I do wish the wedding could be deferred until I have visited America. My friends here will not consent to it, I know; especially as I should find it difficult to give them any very good reasons for it. If I must tell the truth, I have certain undefined apprehensions about Grace Osborne. She seldom mentions Captain Somerville in her letters—which is very strange, considering how much he was with us, in the winter of '65,—and how obviously she was a favourite. Once indeed, she requested me to tell him that the rose-bush he had given her was flourishing. When I mentioned it, one of those dreadful shadows passed over his face, and the blood seemed starting from his temples. 'Tell Miss Osborne,' said he, 'that no flower can be fairer than herself.' These circum-

stances brought to my recollection that when we parted, there were certain very expressive glances about a broken ring, which I had never seen before. As Captain Somerville had then treated me with nothing more than gallantry and politeness, I was confirmed in my supposition that they were betrothed to each other.

“After our engagement, I once ventured to say to him that I had thought him very much fascinated by a certain friend of mine in Boston. That darkening frown, always so terrible to me, again came over his face. ‘She is a most beautiful creature,’ said he; ‘and you will forgive me, Lucretia, if I did love her, since she did not consider my love worth her acceptance. I have long ceased to regret it; for I am convinced she has not mind enough to make me happy.’ I began to vindicate Grace,—but he interrupted me with an earnest, almost authoritative request, never to mention the subject to him again. This interdiction might originate in wounded pride. But why was the rose kept? From whence came the ring? During the winter he spent with us, my own heart taught me how to judge of another; and I would then have risked my life that Grace loved him with all the pure, deep tenderness of which she is capable. Her letters seem to come from a weary and broken spirit; and she dwells upon the peacefulness of the grave with a sort of sickening impatience very remarkable in one so contented and devotional. If my rank and wealth have purchased me his hand, while his affections are lingering in America, mine will indeed be splendid misery.

“ I loved Grace at that early age when the soul sends forth its waters in warm and gushing torrents. I have seen her the idol of every circle, while I, poor and homely, was neglected—I have seen Love pass by me, and shower his wreaths among her beautiful flaxen hair—but she never was the less dear to me ; and if I now supposed that her breaking heart was a steppingstone to Hymen’s altar, my own would burst, ere I trod upon it. In your last letter, you sneered at the possibility of her having refused such a match ;—but you do not know her, aunt Sanford. I never saw one who had such power to curb and to endure. If she doubted the firmness of a man’s principles, or feared her father’s disapprobation, she could tear an image from her heart, if every fibre bled at the parting.

“ However, in one fortnight I shall be a wedded wife ; and I ought not to indulge any doubtings and misgivings ; for I never had reason to doubt Colonel Fitzherbert’s integrity. (It is the first time I have thought to give him his new title.)

“ I have introduced all my acquaintance, in town and country to you, I believe,—unless Miss Anne Pitt be excepted,—whom I have not met till very recently. She is the sister of Lord Chatham, and almost as celebrated as he is. Mr. Burke told me he thought her the most perfectly eloquent person he ever saw. There is indeed a charm in every thing she says. Her ideas have great beauty ; and she mingles her syllables in a liquid cadence which gives to the English tongue the far-famed softness of the Tuscan.

“Last Sabbath, I went to Stepney old church, St. Dunstan,—a pile venerable for its extreme antiquity. An inscription on one of the corner-stones imports that it was brought from the ruins of Carthage. Colonel Fitzherbert laughed at me for paying court to St. Dunstan just at this time. You know he consecrated a fountain, which ever after had the blessed effect of making wives obedient. The servant has just come up to say that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Garrick are below. I may thank you and uncle Hutchinson that I am not a disgrace to the society in which fortune has placed me. Good night. August 14th—the anniversary of Oliver’s mob,—and of something far more important—viz. of the evening on which I was introduced to Captain Somerville.

August 24th, 1768.

“How mutable are all human prospects! My last lines were written on the 14th; and uncle Fitzherbert was then in fine health, and animated to a remarkable degree. On the night of the 15th, he was suddenly attacked by violent convulsions. The fits continued with increasing power until the third day,—when, with anguish that cannot be described, I saw the only relative I had on earth stretched on the bed of death. I have never before seen Mrs. Edgerton subdued by emotion; but now I am obliged to exert all my fortitude to support her. Alas! I shall never again be idolized as I was by that dear old gentleman. He seemed to consider me the prop of his house,—the stay and support of his age. Why did my heart ever accuse him of coldness and formality?

“Colonel Fitzherbert wrote all the particulars of his death to uncle Hutchinson, immediately after his decease ; but grief and the pressure of cares, to which I have been unaccustomed, have hitherto prevented my writing to you. Mrs. Edgerton has £5000 ; and all the servants have legacies. To every thing else I am sole heiress.

“All preparations for the wedding are, of course, delayed. It was the earnest request, indeed the command, of my dying uncle, that the marriage should be solemnized in three or four weeks at the utmost.

“I thought this arrangement very heartless and unfeeling. I therefore told Colonel Fitzherbert that I thought it best to go to America with several ladies of my acquaintance, who sail in September ; and added my resolution to be married at the house where we first met.

“At first, he urged me, with all possible eagerness, to comply with my uncle’s request ; then offered to throw up his commission, and remain in England, until the period of mourning had expired : and when he found that I continued firm in my purpose, he flew into the most violent rage, and said he should not consider the engagement binding, if I chose to display my obstinacy in this way. I answered, it was very well. He was left entirely to his own choice in that matter.

“He went away in great anger. The next day, however, he called to apologize, and to express his reluctant acquiescence. I had rather die than doubt him ; but all this powerful emotion does increase my suspicions,—and yet they do not amount to suspicions, either.

“ You will be displeased, I know ;—but I must, Aunt Sandford, I must have confidence in the man I marry. I merely wish to see Grace, and satisfy my doubts. Doubts, do I say ? I will not suffer myself to doubt the word of Colonel Fitzherbert ; and if, as I believe, no blame can be attached to him, I assure you I love him too well to require from him any romantic sacrifice. You have often wished to be present at my wedding ;—I trust you will not be angry if your wish is gratified.

“ Give my grateful, fervent affection to uncle Hutchinson. I have been collecting a library more splendid than the one destroyed by the mob ; which I intend to bring with me.

“ Most affectionately your dutiful niece,

LUCRETIA FITZHERBERT.”

Miss Sandford scarcely read the concluding line, before she dipped her pen in ink, and rapidly scribbled as follows :—

TO MISS LUCRETIA FITZHERBERT.

“ Silly Girl,

“ I am indeed angry with you. In my day, a child of six years old would have been whipped and sent to bed, for taking such foolish whims. Is a man of Colonel Fitzherbert’s rank and talents, and the nephew of your greatest benefactor, to be treated in this unbecoming manner, because a simpleton of eighteen chooses to talk about dying, as if it was a matter of pleasure or convenience ? I suppose brother Henry had scolded her,—or papa had frowned on the trembling little one.

As for the ring and the flower,—they weigh nothing at all in my mind. If girls of the present day will suffer a gentleman to see as plain as daylight that they are living and breathing only for him, what can you expect from human vanity? I dare say Colonel Fitzherbert made up the story about her rejection, wholly from motives of delicacy and generosity. I am not surprised that he was in a passion when he found you refused to obey your uncle's dying command.

“To say nothing about the foolish jealousy you indulge,—are you not ashamed to cross the seas with a regiment of soldiers? In the days of my youth, a single lady would have thought twice before she undertook any thing so grossly improper; but blushes are out of fashion now-a-days, I find.

“My indignation may have betrayed me into unlady-like expressions; and perhaps it may have made me seem very indecorous with regard to Mr. Fitzherbert's death. You no doubt feel his loss very severely,—and under any other circumstances, a year ought certainly to be given to his memory; but your destined husband loves the army too well to quit it; he is ordered to America; and you are anxious to accompany him. As for staying in England unmarried, at the head of such a large establishment, it would neither be pleasant nor proper. To be sure, you have no thoughts of the last scheme.—You must forsooth see Grace Osborne, and ask her if she is willing you should marry her old favourite. Such whims might pass in a girl of fifteen, who had never read any thing but romances; but for

one of your good sense, great advantages, and uncommon attainments, it is highly ridiculous ;—and let me tell you, that to set your judgment against your elders in this way, is paying a poor compliment to those who brought you up. Come to America as Mrs. Fitzherbert, and you will find all hearts open to receive you.

* * * * *

“ There is no chance to send this letter, for a week or more. I earnestly hope you will not have taken any rash step before you hear from me. I mentioned in my last, that your portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds had safely arrived ;—and who do you think came, a few days since, and craved permission to see it ? Assuredly no other than Molly Bradstreet, or Polly May, as she styles herself. She marched in with a very uncereemonious stride,—looked earnestly at the picture for a few moments, then threw herself into your uncle’s chair, and burst into tears, moving her right hand up and down all the while, as if beating time to some funeral dirge.

“ When she arose, I ventured to ask her what interest she took in that young person. She looked at me very keenly for a moment, and turned away as she answered, ‘ I knew her mother in Halifax ; and she did me many a kind turn, while she ’ (pointing to your picture) ‘ was a baby.’

“ She would neither eat nor drink in the house, and hurried out of it, as if afraid to trust herself to look back. Mr. Hutchinson seemed to think of nothing else for two or three days,—and he finally went off in search of this mysterious creature ; but she could not be found.

"A woman who lives near her has been here to get work, several times; and when I think it necessary, I employ her in the kitchen. She says, 'Some take Molly for a desput bad woman; howdsover I have gone into her house agin and agin, and found her on her knees at prayer. To be sure she comes and goes like sulky soap,—and she is a sort of witch, I believe. At any rate she has a kind of half-crazed way with her.'

"You would have laughed one of your heartiest laughs, if you had been here last week, when this poor washerwoman came to make her complaints against the whigs.

"'Don't you think, madam,' said she, drawing in her breath, with violent sobs, 'don't you think, they have torn the nice checked apron you gin me, all to pieces.' Then turning to the Lieutenant Governor, with a profound courtesy, she added, 'If there's justice in the land, it ought to reach such fellows, your honour.'

"We asked what provocation there was for such an injury, and who was guilty of it. 'Why, you see, I took a few pence of the money you gin me for my labour,' said she, 'and I went to Mr. Loveking's shop, and bought me a quarter of a pound of nice Bohea. There was an evil looking lad on the door-stone, when I went in; and I noticed he followed me, and kept his eye on me. The next day, I had jest made me a comfortable dish of tea, and set down to drink it, when the first thing I know'd an egg come hard against my temples. Before I could look up, another fell into my cup of tea, and spilled it all over the floor. Thinks I to myself,

some of the whig lads are playing their tricks ; so I caught up my canister of tea and put it up chimly, out of sight ; and I stept out of the way of the window, and chucked my black airthen teapot into my pocket. I'm a sizeable woman, you know, and they'd never mind what was in my pocket, so long as the pleets of my gownd kivered it. So I thought myself safe ; but to be sure, in comes one of the young dogs, and gives a thundering knock on the chimly, and down falls my canister. Jest as I stooped to pick it up, they throwed a stone at my pocket, and broke the tea-pot into a thousand bits ; —and they shook the tea all out of my canister, and shoveled the ashes over it,—and they played foot-ball with my tea-cups, till they broke 'em fine enough to scour knives with. You may be sure I was as mad as if a line of clothes had fell down jest as I got my washing out. I called 'em all the rascals in the country,—and they made a great clamour about the tea tax, and the rights of man. If it is the rights of man, I think, your honour, it is the wrongs of woman ; and if there is sich a thing as justice in the land, I ought to have it.'

"The story is good for nothing, even in her own words, unless you could have heard her whining and whimpering, and seen her visage of wrath.

"We gave her tea and money ; and pacified her with promises. But what can the magistrates do ? These things grow worse and worse, every day. We should have another house pulled down about our ears, if they knew your uncle had sent to request military assistance from the king. When the royal troops come, Governor Bernard will bear all the blame.

"Doctor Byles was gifted with the power to speak truth once in his life, when he said, 'He is a well-meaning gentleman. His heart is on the right side, as old Townsend, that is dead and gone, once said; but he is as clever a cat's-paw as ever took hot nuts out of the fire.'

"I should not dare to write thus, if I were not sure of putting my letter into the hands of a trust-worthy Englishman myself; for do you know your last letter to my brother-in-law was intercepted, and printed full length in the Boston Gazette? What you wrote about Charles Townsend and the taxation bill is every syllable that can interest the rebels; but they have placed it all before the public. However, it is all of a piece with that scandalous paper. I do not know what the world is coming to, when kings have not the power to stop such proceedings. Boston is like a house on fire over one's head. If they continue so outrageous, I think your uncle will conclude to reside altogether at his country seat in Milton.

"As for St. Dunstan,—if I had not known the legend about him, suffer me to remind you, that it is not respectful or decorous in you to attempt to teach your seniors.

"We talk much about our adopted niece. If you have any love or gratitude for us, give us a legal title to relationship, before you depart for America. I live upon the hope of seeing you and your husband soon.

Your loving aunt,

SALLY SANDFORD."

Boston, Oct. 6th, 1768.

Lucretia was on her way to New England, before this letter reached Grosvenor Square. The reader will readily imagine that Miss Sandford had her own reasons for urging a step, which she would otherwise have thought very improper. This union had always been the most cherished wish of her heart. She, as well as Lucretia, had long supposed Miss Osborne's affections fixed on Captain Somerville ; and in the few visits she had lately paid her, it was impossible not to notice her declining health. These circumstances, united to what Miss Fitzherbert had written, gave rise to uncomfortable fears.

The matron was not cruel at heart ; but she sometimes thought to herself, " Brother Hutchinson will break his heart to have Lucretia's large property go wholly out of the family. It does seem to be a pity for Lucretia to run the risk of losing her bright prospects, for the sake of a puny little girl, who will not live long to enjoy any thing, whether or no,—for she has had consumption handed down to her both from the father's and the mother's side, for ten generations."

As for Colonel Fitzherbert, he might well have envied Tantalus and Ixion their torments. Henry Osborne said truly, " ambition was his guiding star,—the shrine at which he sacrificed both affection and principle." Yet even in this, he was inconstant. His feelings, chameleon-like, took their colouring from surrounding objects ; and whatsoever was present with him, was, for the time, most important. If his heart had ever known genuine affection, Miss Osborne certainly had inspired it ; but

when he was aware of Lucretia's vast expectations,—when he witnessed the splendour and influence of her high-born uncle,—when he saw her admired in the first literary circles, and daily becoming more polished by intercourse with the fashionable world,—he regretted the tie that bound him to her humble friend. By degrees, Grace, in her pale and placid beauty, was forgotten ; or if memory sometimes presented her image, and with it “ many a proof of recollected love,”—he thought of her only as an obstacle in the way of his prosperity. But when the world supposed him at the very summit of good fortune, it may well be imagined his situation was any thing but enviable. He respected Lucretia,—and he had deceived her by the most direct falsehood. He loved Grace Osborne,—yet he must either lose the much coveted prize just within his grasp, or be married to another, in the immediate vicinity of her whom he had so shamefully wronged.

Could he have seen Grace, wasted as she was by lingering illness, and utterly cheerless in her faithful affection, his better nature would have prevailed ; and he would have besought forgiveness with the earnestness of a repentant sinner. But he had resolved to avoid her sight entirely. His mind was a chaos of fear and conjecture,—and only one hope floated distinctly on its surface ; viz. that the impression he had made might be as easily erased as the one he had received ; and that pride and delicacy would keep his secret.

CHAP. XVIII.

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like hope's gay glance from troubled ocean's foam?

The Corsair.

IN the October following, the regiments, with several ships of war, arrived in Boston harbour, and drew up as if to blockade the town. In a few days, the barracks at the Castle, the Town House, and Faneuil Hall were filled; and a long line of tents, here and there surmounted by the red cross standard, stretched across our beautiful Common. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on British uniforms;—wherever the bright sun glanced, it was reflected by British steel. There is no language that can describe how the souls of men were goaded and maddened in this hour of trial. The hum of business and of pleasure ceased; the wrath that had hitherto expended itself in flashes of wit, or hasty ebullitions of feeling, now retreated to garrison the heart,—and left men stern, silent, and reserved; the step of youth lost its buoyancy, and became firm, bold, and heavy,—like the platoon tread of battle; even the exuberant glee of boyhood was checked; and “the very air seemed like the suppressed breathing of a curse.”

A fortnight after the ships of war had drawn up around the entrance of the harbour, a merchant-vessel, bearing the national flag of England, passed through the

centre of their line on her way to Boston. Handkerchiefs were seen waving on the deck, and brief smiles were exchanged, as the brig rapidly cut her way through the waters. The two men-of-war occupied by Colonel Fitzherbert's troops, fired a heavy salute as she passed, for the betrothed wife of their commander was on board.

Lucretia had preferred accompanying a few friends in the London Packet, to an escort so warlike as that which attended her lover. A separation of eight or ten weeks had of course taken place; but the moment the brig was recognised by the national vessels, one of them lowered a boat,—the packet slackened sail, as it was swiftly rowed toward her, and ten minutes after, Colonel Fitzherbert was on board.

When Lucretia saw his tall, elegant figure, when she listened to the voice that had, for the last two months, been heard only in her dreams, all her doubts and cares were forgotten; and she received him with a warm and frank affection, which she made no attempt to conceal; but his brow was troubled,—he seemed absent and uneasy,—and though unbounded in his gallantry, it was too much like the heartless obsequiousness of habit.

"You have seen all our friends?" said Lucretia, her very plain face brightening with eagerness and joy as she spoke.

"I have, and every one is impatient for your arrival. I almost began to be jealous of your superior importance, when I found every welcome cut short by inquiries and lamentations for you."

Lucretia playfully threw her handkerchief to his face,

as she smiled, and said, "Aunt Sandford is just as precise, impatient, and good-hearted as ever, I suppose; and quite as learned with regard to the comparative value of Mecklin and Brussels?"

"I have heard no disputes of that nature," replied the Colonel; "but her arguments with Doctor Byles are as acid as ever. Last evening they had some altercation about grammar; at the close of which she told him she thoroughly disliked people that were always in the imperative mood. 'And I for my part,' rejoined the Doctor, 'have no patience with a person who is forever in the accusative case. It is a pity she has not an active verb for an husband.'"

"Has your good uncle altered any? and does he lose his temper with my insubordinate countrymen?" asked Miss Fitzherbert.

"Oh, you know uncle Hutchinson well enough," said he, in a confidential tone. "The more uproar the better sport for him, as long as the tea is consigned to his sons, and commissions given to his nephews. He does but act from the motives that stimulate us all, in every pursuit. All mankind are selfish; and the greater their hypocrisy, the more credit they get for benevolence and patriotism."

We will not develope the train of association in Miss Fitzherbert's mind, but her expression saddened, and her voice was hurried, as she asked, "Have you seen the Osbornes?"

"I met Henry in the street," rejoined he; "but the interviews between whigs and dragoons are not likely

to be the most cordial in the world ;” and when he had given this laconic answer, his lips compressed firmly, as if they were never more to open.

“Is it possible you have not called there ?” inquired Lucretia.

Colonel Fitzherbert’s face was even redder than his uniform ; and he angrily answered, “I have not called, madam. I have political as well as personal reasons ; and you know them both. It is a subject upon which I have desired you never to speak. Methinks you take it upon you somewhat early to regulate my motions.”

Miss Fitzherbert did not attempt to reply. The tears started to her eyes, and she turned away to conceal them.

“A plague on her jealousy,” thought the Colonel. “I shall lose her at this rate. Confound it ! that ever I should place myself in a dilemma, where I can neither take a decided stand, nor retreat with honour.”

“Pardon me, Miss Fitzherbert,” said he, aloud. “If you knew half the insults that have been heaped upon his majesty’s troops in this rebellious town, you would not wonder that I speak of Bostonians with some asperity. I assure you, dearest Lucretia, I did not mean to wound your feelings.”

“The offence that I cannot find it in my heart to forgive you, Frederic, must indeed be of a deep die,” she replied.

As she finished speaking, she joined a group of ladies on the quarter-deck, and the conversation became general, until the vessel drew up to the wharf. The Lieu-

tenant Governor was standing beside his carriage at the landing, waving his handkerchief in signal of welcome. Lucretia's heart rose painfully high, as scenes so well remembered and beloved came upon her view. It seemed to her as if the packet would never reach its destined point ; and scarcely had its motion ceased, ere she was on shore, enfolded in the arms of her uncle.

After the first congratulations were over, he observed, "Our telescope has been in great demand for several days. We desisted the packet before it passed the castle ; and hastened to receive you. The carriage has been in waiting an hour ; for Madam Sandford could not believe that winds and waves would be no more favourable to you than to other mortals."

Lucretia begged that they might be detained no longer than was necessary ; and Colonel Fitzherbert having promised soon to follow with the servants and baggage, they gave their parting salutations to the ladies on board, and ordered the coachman to drive on.

Our traveller felt a sort of bewildered and incredulous sensation, when she found herself whirled along in the self-same carriage, and through the self-same streets, which she had two years before traversed with such totally different feelings.

She had then formed many plans for the single life on which she thought herself firmly and forever resolved ; she had returned the affianced bride of the very man for whose sake she had made the resolution. She was then anxious and frightened at the weight of splendour she saw in prospect ; it now sat easily and grace-

fully upon her ; and so great was her improvement in mind and manners, that few would have recognised the American orphan, in the richly dressed and highly cultivated English heiress.

The changes that had taken place in Boston, seemed to Lucretia even greater than her own. The whole face of that thriving and happy population was indeed most sadly changed. The troops, in their gorgeous, flame-coloured uniform, were extended in long lines, or scattered in groups, throughout the town. Cannon were placed in front of Faneuil Hall, and sentinels with gleaming bayonets paced to and fro in front of the building. The citizens, in their plain, republican dress, eyed their gaudy oppressors with an angry scowl, and passing to the other side, shunned them as if they were a 'pestilence walking at noon-day.'

Lucretia had heard much of the increasing disorders in her native land ; but she was not prepared for a sight like this ; and her native generosity and high ideas of freedom, for a moment overcame the influences that surrounded her.

"The Spanish have insulted England," she said, "and the government have paused to deliberate, and condescended to reason with them ; but when Americans remonstrate, it seems they are answered in a voice of thunder. Methinks the revenue must be costly that is extorted at the point of so many bayonets."

"It is but for a short time," answered Hutchinson ; "and the army lack employment just now. We have

only to show these rebels what England can do, and they will then submit with as good a grace as possible."

Miss Fitzherbert had no attention to give to such discussions at that moment,—for the home of her youth was before her.

Jethro flourished his whip, and the horses gave a bound, as if they partook of her impatience.

To press her earliest friend again and again to her heart,—to ask a thousand questions,—to call the servants around her, and bid them welcome,—seemed but the work of a moment.

After the first joyful agitation was over, Miss Sandford followed her to her dressing-room. "Why, you are quite a different being," said she, taking her by the arm, and carefully examining her dress, from the ornamented India comb, to the embroidered hem of her travelling habit. "I declare how much good it does some folks to travel."

"My heart is not changed," replied Lucretia. "I hope it will never be chilled. Is Grace Osborne well?"

"That is just what I want to speak with you about," replied Miss Sandford. "You could not have received my answer to the letter you wrote me in August?"

"No, I did not, dear madam; but what of Grace?"

"I was going to scold at you for your silly conduct; but it seems you did not receive my letter; and we are really glad to have you married here;—only, taking one thing with another, I think it would have been far better to have had the wedding before you left Fitzherbert Hall."

"Well, dear aunt, I will talk of all this another time. What were you going to say of Grace?"

"Why, my child, I do not think it is proper for you to ask Colonel Fitzherbert questions about her. It only offends him."

"Heaven knows, I would sooner suffer myself, than give him pain at any time," replied Lucretia; "but why should that offend him, aunt Sandford?"

"Why, from all that I can gather, there was some foolish business at Mr. Osborne's; but then it was a frolic of youth,—nothing was ever meant by it. Grace told me last week that she would not marry Colonel Fitzherbert, even if he wished it. I do not believe a word of that; but then it shows plainly enough that she cares nothing about him. So if she does look a little paler than she did when you went away, don't imagine she is dying for love.—Consumption has run in her family for years."

"Oh, Aunt," exclaimed Lucretia, "why didn't you tell me she was ill before this?"

"She is not ill,—that is, not very ill; only a little thinner than she was two years ago. I dare say she will be well as ever before the winter is gone."

Lucretia gave her a most anxious and distressed look. She saw that her aunt wished to prepare her for something, which she had not the courage to reveal. All her native impetuosity rushed to her heart. "I must see her now—this very hour," said she. "Oh, how I shall wish I had never seen England;"—and without regarding the arguments, tears, and remonstrances of the matron, she

caught her bonnet,—flew down stairs, and with hurried step hastened to the well remembered dwelling of her friend.

A loud and rapid knock indicated her impatience.

“How do you do, Phœbe?” said she, as the servant opened the door. “Is Miss Grace at home? tell her Lucretia Fitzherbert is here.”

Miss Osborne’s writing-desk was open on the library table, and a book in which she had just been writing lay upon it.

The wind blew the leaves as Lucretia entered the room, and she noticed one page all blistered with tears. It was several minutes before Grace made her appearance. She was trying to compose herself for the dreaded, though much wished-for interview. Presently a light step was heard, and an instant after, she was sobbing upon the neck of her long absent friend.

Her form was attenuated almost to a shadow of her former self, and the bright red spot on her cheek proclaimed too well, that to her, the world had little more to offer.

Lucretia saw the dreadful truth at a single glance; and when she drew her closely to her heart, that heart ached almost to bursting.

Poor Grace had vainly endeavoured to nerve her gentle nature for the trying scene. Her early friendship—her bright and happy dream of love,—all—all were conjured up too vividly before her. Both wept, longer and more violently than joy ever weeps;—and when the first tumult of emotion had at last subsided, neither of

them dared trust her own voice to express feelings so deep and complicated.

After a very long silence, Lucretia brushed back her disordered hair, and making an effort to be cheerful, said, "Where is your father and Henry, dear Grace?"

"They have gone to Cambridge, to remain until night," she replied.

A thrill ran through Miss Fitzherbert's whole frame. That voice had still the spirit of melody within it—but, oh, how feeble, how hollow were its tones!

"Then I will stay with you all day, if you can send word to aunt Sandford."

"It is kind—very kind in you to remain with me, when so many other friends are wishing to see you," said Grace.

"I never was unkind," she replied, pressing her hand earnestly; and unable longer to crowd back the subject that was ever uppermost in her heart, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, dearest Grace, if you had but told me!"

Her friend looked up inquiringly. The idea that Lucretia suspected the truth, now, for the first time, flashed upon her mind; and without reply she buried her face in her handkerchief.

Another long pause was interrupted by Miss Fitzherbert, who in a frenzied tone, said, "Tell me, Grace, and tell me truly,—did Colonel Fitzherbert offer you marriage before he left America?"

"He never offered it," answered Miss Osborne.

"How then could he tell me you had rejected him?"

Grace tried to smile, as she answered, "How came you to doubt the word of your destined husband? It is a sad thing, Lucretia."

"If you think so," rejoined her friend, "speak but one word, to tell me those doubts are unfounded. Can you, ought you in conscience to conceal any thing from me, in a case where the whole happiness of my life is at stake?"

Grace gazed at her for a moment with intense expression, as if she would have gladly laid down her life to speak that one consoling word, could she have spoken it truly; then with a convulsed motion, she covered her face with both her hands, and wept aloud.

"I wish you both happy," said she, in a voice stifled with sobs; "and if you cannot be so otherwise, forget that such a creature as Grace Osborne ever lived."

"I, for one, cannot be happy on such conditions," replied Lucretia. In accents of exceeding tenderness, she added, "You are ill, dear Grace;—very ill and wretched."

"I am ill, but not wretched," answered Miss Osborne. "Consumption is handed down to our family through many generations; but 'the cup that my Heavenly Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?' Truly it is offered at an early age; but religion sweetens the draught."

"Colonel Fitzherbert still loves you," said Lucretia. "He has struggled with his affection, but he cannot conquer it; for he never hears you mentioned, without deep emotion. Were I to tell him all, he would return to

you ; I know he would,—for he is kind and generous, with all his faults. Could you forgive him, and live for his sake ? ”

The shrinking delicacy of Grace revolted at the idea ; and, forgetful of her caution, she exclaimed, “ Could you remind a lover of his broken vow ? When he had turned from you, could you pluck him by the sleeve, and entreat him for one kind glance ? ”

“ Oh, my God ! ” exclaimed Lucretia, springing on her feet, and pacing the room in the agony of her spirit, “ it is true ;—it is true.”

Grace pitied her from her inmost soul. She pressed her hand to her lips, twined her wasted arms round her neck, and tried every soothing endearment that friendship and compassion could suggest.

It was not long before Lucretia assumed her native firmness and energy. “ This subject is too distressing to us both,” said she. “ How well I have loved him, and what a wreck this is to all my hopes, mortal can never know. Neither of us is to blame. You did not tell me of this before I left America, because you well knew how much my own feelings were entangled. Had I known it earlier, I would sooner have died than have given such a stab to your peace ; and you, in your disinterested kindness, would willingly have gone to your grave, and left me in ignorance of it. I have only one question more to ask ; if Colonel Fitzherbert were again free, would you marry him ? ”

Grace was silent a moment ; and there seemed to be a slight conflict of feeling ; but in her pure and well

principled mind, it could not last long. With a steady voice, she answered, "No.—I could not respect a man whose principles had ever wavered. I could not entrust my happiness to one whose affection for me had once been shaken. It is a grievous disappointment to find duplicity where we had expected truth; but love cannot remain when confidence has fled. His attachment to you will no doubt continue; for your mind is capable of reflecting all the light of his."

"And you have truly expressed your decided sentiments?" said Lucretia.

"I have."

"Then we will never more speak of it, dear Grace."

With affected calmness, Miss Fitzherbert then asked some general questions about her work, her books, &c. but the conversation soon became languid. Lucretia leaned her head on her hand in silence, watching the various fantastic figures formed by the glowing embers; and as Grace looked steadily at the same object, the tear that would not drop, rested on her long, drooping eye-lash, like liquid pearl.

"You must excuse me, Lucretia, if I retire to my bed," said she. "I am weak, and a trifle wearies me."

She rose, and attempted to walk,—but again sunk into the chair from extreme debility.

Lucretia and Phœbe supported her to her couch. For an hour or more, her friend continued to walk softly about the chamber, now and then pausing to bathe her head, or whisper some word of kindness.

Phœbe prepared food ; but though Miss Fitzberbert had tasted very slight refreshment since her arrival, it was with difficulty she constrained herself to eat a few morsels, just to satisfy the kind-hearted servant.

“ You see I am restless, dear Grace,” said she. “ I cannot feel easy any where just now ; and you will be more calm if I leave you.”

“ You will come again, soon ? ” said Grace, warmly pressing her hand.

Lueretia stooped down and kissed her fading cheek ; “ To-morrow, and next day, and every day, my dear girl,” said she.

When she descended to the library, she walked the room slowly for several minutes, endeavouring to collect her scattered thoughts, and decide on the course of conduct she was to pursue.

Miss Osborne’s book still lay on the writing-desk, open at the blistered page. Curiosity was powerfully excited, and, without trusting herself to think of the impropriety of such an action, she eagerly read its contents. It appeared to have been dated on the same day that she had received Lueretia’s letter of November 15th ; and indicated a powerful struggle in the mind of the conscientious girl.

In one line she expressed a resolution to make her friend acquainted with Colonel Fitzherbert’s real character ;—in the next, she seemed to doubt whether this purpose had been formed from a sense of duty, or from pride, resentment, or some other lurking evil of her nature.

On the first page of the book was pinned the billet that had accompanied Somerville's rose. Grace, secure in the absence of all her family, had unguardedly left her desk open ; and her friend's unexpected visit had driven it entirely from her memory.

Lucretia was not, till now, aware how strongly she had hoped that her fears were all ungrounded ;—but here was confirmation strong. The sparkling cup of happiness was indeed broken at her feet.

Colonel Fitzherbert had spent the afternoon at Governor Hutchinson's, in a state of mind scarcely more enviable than that of Montezuma, when stretched on his bed of flaming coals. Apprehension, remorse, ambition, and avarice, were all struggling within him for victory. It was one of those eventful moments in life, when character and destiny seem to be entirely placed in the hand of circumstance. His affection for Grace sometimes returned upon his heart, like a bird of calm, not to be driven away by the lowering storm. He had been told that Lucretia's sudden visit was owing to her slight illness. Vanity, or something better, whispered that he might possibly be the cause ; and for a moment the fresh garland of youthful love seemed preferable to wealth's glittering chain. His conscience whispered to him that he was a knave ; and reason plainly told him he was a fool. His fault had no tinge of spirit in it. It was base and cowardly. He had sought to attain his wishes by means not only unjustifiable, but strangely impolitic ; and now, while unbending pride forbade him to take a single step to extricate him-

self, he saw his happiness and his worldly prosperity suspended by threads equally brittle.

However, he compelled himself to reject all thoughts except Lucretia's princely fortune. He was alone in the parlour when she entered ; and having studied his part, he performed it well.

Raising her hand to his lips, he complained that, after having been separated so long, she should leave him thus abruptly.

Whatever Lucretia's feelings were, her manner was polite, though melancholy, and fairly baffled all conjecture.

After talking upon subjects of general interest, the Colonel at length ventured to speak of their marriage.

With a constrained smile, Lucretia answered, "I leave that matter entirely to you and Aunt Sandford. I promise to conform to any arrangement you choose to make."

This was more than he had hoped. He had expected to hear doubts stated, if not to be loaded with reproaches ; and the ready acquiescence which lightened his heart of such a load of apprehension, utterly bewildered him. "It is then as I hoped," thought he ; "Grace no longer cares for me, and she has kindly and delicately concealed what she no doubt considers a mere boyish freak."

Once the thought crossed his mind, that Lucretia knew all, but could not persuade herself to relinquish him. If it was so, he certainly was not disposed to quarrel with such strength of affection, at that moment.

His vanity was flattered, and his feelings gratified by such exclusive preference. The admiration she had evinced during their first acquaintance, which he then thought somewhat too undisguised, was now remembered with pleasure ; and with no little exultation he recalled to his mind, how often a single remark from him had made her deaf to all the eloquence and flattery that surrounded her in England. He well knew that this was no stratagem,—no trick of policy. It was the natural movements of a glowing heart, unpractised in concealment ; and it did awaken gratitude that almost bordered on affection.

Madam Sandford was even more surprised, rejoiced, and puzzled ; Governor Hutchinson, ignorant of his nephew's ' hair-breadth 'scapes,' was warm and sincere in his congratulations ; and all, save the heart of Lucretia, ' went merry as a marriage bell.'

She passed a sleepless, miserable night. To love and doubt is torment enough ;—but to love, and yet know we are the victims of cold, selfish, deceitful policy, is ' anguish unmixed, and agony pure.'

CHAP. XIX.

My laddie's sae mickle in luv wi' the siller,
He canna hae luv to spare for me.

Burns.

WE pass over the very pathetic meeting between Lucretia and the elder Mr. Osborne, as well as her various interviews with Grace; and leaving sundry unimportant matters to the reader's imagination, we hasten on to the first of December,—the eventful day fixed upon for this most inauspicious wedding. The bride seemed to be the only one totally indifferent concerning the great preparations that were making for her marriage. Indeed, she kept herself almost entirely secluded, even from her own family. This conduct Madam Sandford attributed to a proper, maidenly reserve; and the Colonel considered the rents of her vast English estates much more worthy subjects of calculation, than her views and feelings possibly could be.

Thus the whole management devolved upon Madam Sandford; and truly it could not have fallen into more able hands.

Her arrangements were altogether splendid,—such as were well worthy of the sole descendant of the aristocratic house of Fitzherbert.

The rooms were tastefully festooned with evergreens and artificial roses; in front of two large lamps were placed the armorial bearings of Somerville and Fitz-

herbert, richly painted on glass ; a full band of music was stationed near the house ; and at a very early hour in the evening, the whole mansion was brilliantly illuminated. Such regal magnificence had never before been seen in the Colony ; and every avenue was crowded long before the rooms began to fill with company. The British officers, in full uniform, their plumes glancing beneath the rich flood of light that streamed from the chandeliers, added much to the general enchantment of the scene.

When Doctor Byles, in his canonical robes, followed by his wife and daughter entered, the throng respectfully made way for him to pass into the inner room. There was Governor Hutchinson in his richest garb, seated in a chair covered with blue velvet ; there was Miss Sandford smiling and courtesying to her visitors,—trying with all her might to be tranquil, but ever and anon moving about to see that the transparencies were rightly fitted to the lamps, or that the paper ornaments were safe from fire ; there too, in a few moments, appeared Lucretia Fitzherbert by the side of her bridegroom,—glittering in silks and jewels, yet pale, anxious, and agitated,—more like a victim decorated for sacrifice, than the joyful bride of the man she loved. A signal was given as they entered, and the band from without struck up one of their boldest and most exhilarating tunes.

Doctor Byles seemed in high spirits. “ I never before saw Mars in such close attendance upon Hymen,” said he. “ If the Englishman you spoke of, Miss Fitzherbert, could be present at this time, I think he would

never repeat his question, whether Massachusetts was on the *Pacific* coast."

"The music surely is not of a warlike character," said Colonel Fitzherbert, smiling.

"Why, not exactly to be sure ; but who ever heard of Cupid's sounding a trumpet ? For my own part, I wish there was a law passed against playing upon any wind instruments, except *words*."

"That exception would touch you nearly, to be sure," replied Hutchinson. But if the English parliament should interfere with the concords as well as the discords of these loyal provinces, they would be louder than ever in their complaint of grievances."

"I am sure," answered the clergyman, glancing round on the gaudy uniforms, "if Doctor Willard himself were here, he could not deny that New England grievances are *red-dressed*."

"That is a bad joke," rejoined Miss Sandford. "You make use of two D's."

"And who, I pray you, madam, has a better right to two D's than myself ? By the way, I believe it is time for me to act in my clerical character. Shall we proceed to the ceremony ?"

Governor Hutchinson looked toward the bride and bridegroom, and bowed assent.

Oh, what a moment that was for Lucretia ! Her colour went and came, as rapidly as the lightning flickers in an over-charged cloud. During the prayer which Doctor Byles uttered for the happiness and prosperity of those he was about to unite, the death-like paleness

of her cheek, and her lip, cold, damp, and quivering, betrayed emotion deep and agonizing. When he paused,—with a quick gasp, and a start, sudden as that which precedes a violent death, she said, “Stop, sir! I can never be the wife of Colonel Fitzherbert. That he sought me for my wealth only, deserved my silent contempt;—that his falsehood has broken a generous heart, justifies this public expression of scorn.” Her eyes were fixed with intense expression, her cheek glowed, and her stature seemed to rise with the loftiness of her feelings, as she left the apartment.

Every degree of surprise and curiosity which the human countenance is capable of expressing, was at that moment visible. The bridegroom listened to her unexpected declaration, and watched her retiring figure, with a look strangely complicated and embarrassed. All eyes were fixed upon him during this momentary confusion. But brief space, however, was given to the eager gaze of wonder and curiosity. His proud heart, stung to the very core with shame, and his naturally violent temper maddened into fury, Colonel Fitzherbert rushed out of the house, and was not again seen there that night.

The clergyman remained motionless with astonishment; the hum of voices grew loud and general; some of the ladies smiled, some sneered, and all were busy in conjecturing the causes of this singular catastrophe. Many of the officers reddened with anger; but not a few said, “Hang it, I like the girl’s spirit.—But if a man had offered this insult to our Colonel, he would have needed forty lives to answer for it.”

The company soon began to consider that under such circumstances, it was highly proper for them to depart; and one after another went away, until the mansion was entirely left in its solitary glare and unheeded splendour. There are few scenes so very desolate as a brilliantly lighted room in which the sound of mirth and music has ceased, and the echo of footsteps died away. It is like gems and garlands on the still, cold corpse; like vases and statues in the desert. A mysterious hand writes upon the wall "*soul has been here,*"—and we shudder at its meaning.

Governor Hutchinson and his sister were not present to hear the eager inquiries, the shrewd conjectures, and the malicious whispers of their departing guests; for they had both followed Lucretia, the instant she left the room. In her chamber they found the agitated girl with her face concealed in the pillow, sobbing, as if the rushing tide of feeling would burst the proud heart that had so long shut in its waters. Excitement may nerve us with artificial strength, but springs wound too tightly must either snap, or rebound with sudden, painful swiftness.

Miss Sandford began to sob out, "Oh, Lucretia!" but Governor Hutchinson interrupted her by saying, in a stern voice, "Lucretia Fitzherbert, what do you mean by this disgraceful conduct?"

His peremptory manner roused all the latent fire of one, who had, of late, been more accustomed to command than to obey.

She hastily brushed away the tears, and answered, with much dignity, "I meant, sir, to convince your nephew that my friends are not to be wronged, nor myself insulted, with impunity."

"What insults,—what wrongs?" inquired Hutchinson.

"He broke his plighted faith to Grace Osborne, sir; and then offered to my wealth the heart he would never have given to me."

The Lieutenant Governor looked toward his sister for an explanation.

"There was some silly business, I believe," said Miss Sandford. "He gave her a ring, or something like that."

"And for this, you are willing to have your name a by-word and a reproach among all the British officers?" said the angry uncle. "For this you have given up an alliance of which you had so much reason to be proud?"

"I know not, sir, what reason the house of Fitzherbert have to be proud of an union with the house of Somerville," replied Lucretia, somewhat haughtily. "Methinks their rent-roll is not as large, nor their ancestry as noble." The high colour subsided from her face, as she added, "But it was not things like these I thought of. I loved Somerville, because I knew he possessed exalted talents, and because I supposed that he possessed stern integrity, and a high sense of honour. I was deceived,—my friend was injured,—and I am now amply revenged."

Miss Sandford was seated during this speech, and kept her feet and head moving rapidly, to express her impatience and indignation. "I see it is nothing to you if my heart does break," said she ;—"and then to think of all this lost trouble and expense."

"I am sorry that you should have taken so much trouble, dear aunt," rejoined Lucretia ; "but as for the expense, there is gold enough in my desk to pay you for ten such weddings, and it is all your own."

"And this is your gratitude, is it, madam?" said Governor Hutchinson, eyeing her with excessive displeasure. "Lucretia Fitzherbert,—one of two things you must do,—either implore the Colonel's pardon, and marry him this night, or quit my house forever."

"You think more meanly of him than I do," answered Lucretia, her lip slightly curling with contempt. "I do not believe he would marry the daughter of Cræsus, after she had held his name up to public odium, as I have done. My pardon he may ask if he chooses ; but to him, I have no atonement to make. I will not, however, annoy his uncle with my presence. The heiress of Edmund Fitzherbert can be at no loss for a home."

She took her cloak, and made a motion to throw it over her shoulders.—She hesitated one moment,—and melting into tears, threw herself on her knees before them, as she said, "Yet I would not part in anger. You were both kind to me when I had no other friends ; and there are debts, money can never pay. Bless me, before I go."

"From henceforth we are strangers to each other," rejoined Governor Hutchinson ; and without deigning to bestow another word, he retired to his own room.

"But you will, aunt Sandford," said Lucretia, in a tone of entreaty. "You were ever kind to me ;" and as she spoke, she hid her head in the matron's lap, like an indulged and repentant child.

Miss Sandford, much affected, parted the ringlets, which had been most carefully prepared for this eventful evening. "Only say, dear Lucretia, that you will marry him," whispered she.

"Marry *him* !" exclaimed Lucretia, rising indignantly. "I would as soon marry my footman,—aye, sooner ; for he has some nobility of soul about him."

"Then I cannot, and I will not say, God bless you," replied the offended maiden.

Lucretia watched her as she stalked out of the apartment in high displeasure,—and her soul, ever rapid and vehement in its changes, sprung back elastic from the momentary touch of remorse.

"A Fitzherbert is not to be twice insulted," said she, and calling for her servants, she ordered one to pack a trunk of clothes, and another to ask Governor Hutchinson if the carriage might be ordered to Queen-street. Answer was returned that any thing which might facilitate Miss Fitzherbert's departure, was entirely at her service. Lucretia bit her lip at this instance of civil rudeness ; but she concealed her resentment, and merely said to the servant, "Bring the horses to the back door, Richard ; and avoid the main street."

The fear of meeting Colonel Fitzherbert in his present exasperated state, or of encountering the curious gaze of some lingering remnant of the wedding party, occasioned these orders.

Could the crowd have that night discovered the wonderful particulars with which all Boston rung for weeks after, Lucretia would unquestionably have found the popular excitement very troublesome during her short ride.

Many, who from the neighbouring streets had witnessed the commencement of this gala scene, had deeply and bitterly reproached the American girl who could find it in her heart to bestow an immense fortune on one of the hateful oppressors of her native country; and could they have known how ingeniously the haughty Briton had been humbled, they would have drawn her carriage in triumph.

As it was, however, every body had gone to their homes, lost in conjecture and amazement. The streets were almost entirely deserted; and as Lucretia and her servants passed along on their way to Mr. Osborne's, they scarcely noticed a human figure, save the sentinels, who, with shouldered arms, slowly paced their accustomed rounds.

Mr. Osborne and his son were the only ones waking in Queen-street, when Miss Fitzherbert arrived; and it may well be believed that their astonishment almost amounted to terror, when the exiled bride came into their presence so unexpectedly.

Lucretia in a tone of sportive authority told them, they must perforce, without asking any questions, grant a lodging to her and her train, for several days;—and then, whispering to the old gentleman, she promised, as soon as the servants were disposed of, to tell him all.

Upon this hint, Phoebe was called,—a cheerful fire kindled in the kitchen, and all necessary arrangements speedily made for her attendants. As soon as something like quiet was restored, Lucretia gave a brief outline of the events which had recently passed,—together with the causes that led to them.

The detail unfolded much that the father and brother had never known. “I was aware that Captain Somerville was much pleased with my sister’s beauty,” said Henry; “and I saw too plainly how fast his insinuating manners gained on her inexperienced heart, but I never supposed he made a serious declaration of attachment.”

“And from some indications we have noticed, we have both suspected the cause of her unusual depression,” continued Mr. Osborne; “and though we never knew that he directly sought her love, we could not but blame the vanity that had so thoughtlessly gratified itself at the expense of another’s peace. I have ever taught Grace to speak freely to me, and I cannot but wonder at her reserve on this subject.”

“I had cautioned her against Somerville’s influence,” replied Henry; “and she well knew that neither of us trusted in his religious principles. Of late, I could not seek her confidence,—the painful subject too evidently wounded the dear girl.”

When Lucretia gave a minute account of the letter, the ring, and the rose,—when she mentioned the falsehood that had been told to her at the commencement of her ill-fated engagement, and the uniform course of duplicity which Colonel Fitzherbert had afterward pursued, the good old man never uttered one word of reproach against the wretched being who had destroyed the health and happiness of his only daughter.—But when in animated terms, she told how keenly she felt the wrongs her friend had suffered, and how thoroughly she despised their author, Mr. Osborne gave her a look of speaking tenderness, and Henry, of most delighted admiration.

Miss Fitzherbert had resolved not to see Grace, until the ensuing morning; but before she retired to rest, Phœbe came with a message from her young lady, begging her to look in upon her, if she only gave time to say good night.

Lucretia could never deny any thing to the little beauty; but she kissed her affectionately, and said, “You must not talk to-night; indeed you must not, dear Grace.”

“I will not,” she replied. “Phœbe has told me the meaning of all this.” She paused a moment, and looked on the full, round moon, which, through an opening in the curtain, shed its holy light on her seraphic countenance;—then, pressing Lucretia’s hand most earnestly, she added, “It was alone for my sake, I know; but I do wish you could still have loved and respected him. It was but one fault, Lucretia; and the best of us need forgiveness.”

Her friend put her finger to her lip, in signal of prohibition,—and smiling on her with unutterable tenderness, bade her good night.

The next day, Doctor Willard called as usual,—and finding that Grace had passed a restless night, and was then sleeping, he was about to depart; but seeing Miss Fitzherbert on the stairs, he sprang forward with all the ready frankness that characterized his manner, and clasping her hand in both of his, exclaimed, “You are a fine, noble-spirited girl, Miss Fitzherbert. I like you for this transaction,—by my soul, I do.”

“The best of it all,” observed Mr. Osborne, stepping from his library, “is, that she has promised to remain constantly with Grace.”

The Doctor warmly congratulated his friend on so valuable an accession to his family, and entered into a very pleasant and animated conversation,—in the course of which he observed that Colonel Fitzherbert had thrown up his commission, that the resignation had been given in to General Gage that very morning; and lastly that Governor Hutchinson had had one short interview with his nephew, in which the latter had desired to have his property collected and sent on to the South, whither he had departed as secretly and expeditiously as possible. As this information came from Doctor Byles, there was every reason to suppose it true. That reverend gentleman, however, gave them no opportunity to make personal inquiries. He was highly indignant at what he styled Lucretia’s absurd conduct, and ever after treated her with extreme coldness.

For reasons sufficiently obvious, this subject was seldom alluded to in the domestic circle at Queen-street ; and Lucretia had now no intercourse whatever with Governor Hutchinson's family ; nevertheless, she heard once or twice in the course of the season, that Colonel Somerville (as he now chose to be called) remained at the South, plunged in every excess of dissipation.

CHAP. XX.

The girl was dying.—Youth, and beauty, all
Men love, or women boast of, was decaying;
And one by one, life's finest flowers did fall
Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,
As though he'd not the heart at once to call
The maiden to his home.

Barry Cornwall.

GRACE, agitated by these events, and her slight form daily becoming more shadowy, seemed like a celestial spirit, which having performed its mission on earth, melts into a misty wreath, then disappears forever.

Hers had always been the kind of beauty that is eloquence, though it speaks not. The love she inspired, was like that we feel for some fair infant which we would fain clasp to our hearts in its guileless beauty; and when it repays our fondness with a cherub smile, its angelic influence rouses all there is of heaven within the soul. Deep compassion was now added to these emotions; and wherever she moved, the eye of pity greeted her, as it would some wounded bird, nestling to the heart in its timid loveliness.

Every one who knew her, felt the influence of her exceeding purity and deep pathos of character; but very few had penetrated into its recesses, and discovered its hidden treasures. Melody was there, but it was too plaintive, too delicate in its combination, to be produced

by an unskilful hand. The coarsest minds felt its witching effect, though they could not define its origin ;—like the servant, mentioned by Addison, who drew the bow across every string of her master's violin, and then complained that she could not, for her life, find where the tune was secreted.

Souls of this fine mould keep the fountain of love sealed deep within its caverns ; and to one only is access ever granted. Miss Osborne's affection had been tranquil on the surface,—but it was as deep as it was pure. It was a pool which had granted its healing influence to one, but could never repeat the miracle, though an angel should trouble its waters.

Assuredly, he that could mix death in the cup of love, which he offered to one so young, so fair, and so true,—was guilty as the priest who administered poison in the holy eucharist.

Lucretia, now an inmate of the family, read to her, supported her across the chamber, and watched her brief, gentle slumbers, with an intense interest, painfully tinged with self-reproach. She was the cause of this premature decay,—innocent indeed, but still the cause. Under such circumstances, the conscience is morbid in its sensibility,—unreasonable in its acuteness ; and the smiles and forgiveness of those we have injured, tear and scorch it like burning pincers.

Yet there was one, who suffered even more than Lucretia,—though he was never conscious of giving one moment's pain to the object of his earliest affection. During the winter, every leisure moment which Doctor

Willard's numerous avocations allowed him, was spent in Miss Osborne's sick chamber ; and every tone,—every look of his, went to her heart with a thrilling expression, that seemed to say, "Would I could die for thee. Oh, would to God I could die for thee."

Thus pillowed on the arm of friendship, and watched over by the eye of love, Grace languidly awaited the returning spring ; and when May did arrive, wasted as she was, she seemed to enjoy its pure breath and sunny smile. Alas, that the month which dances around the flowery earth, with such mirthful step and beaming glance, should call so many victims of consumption to their last home.

Towards the close of this delightful season, the invalid, bolstered in her chair, and surrounded by her affectionate family, was seated at the window, watching the declining sun. There was deep silence for a long while ;—as if her friends feared that a breath might scare the flitting soul from its earthly habitation. Henry and Lucretia sat on either side, pressing her hands in mournful tenderness ; Doctor Willard leaned over her chair, and looked up to the unclouded sky, as if he reproached it for mocking him with brightness ; and her father watched the hectic flush upon her cheek, with the firmness of Abraham, when he offered his only son upon the altar. Oh, how would the heart of that aged sufferer have rejoiced within him, could he too have exchanged the victim !

She had asked Lucretia to place Somerville's rose on the window beside her. One solitary blossom was on

it; and she reached forth her weak hand to pluck it; but its leaves scattered beneath her trembling touch. She looked up to Lucretia, with an expression which her friend could never forget,—and one cold tear slowly glided down her pallid cheek. Gently as a mother kisses her sleeping babe, Doctor Willard brushed it away; and turning hastily, to conceal his quivering lip, he clasped Henry's hand with convulsive energy, as he whispered, "Oh, God of mercies, how willingly would I have wiped all tears from her eyes."

There is something peculiarly impressive in manly grief. The eye of woman overflows as readily as her heart; but when waters gush from the rock, we feel that they are extorted by no gentle blow.

The invalid looked at him with affectionate regret, as if she thought it a crime not to love such enduring kindness; and every one present made a powerful effort to suppress painful, suffocating emotion.

Lucretia had a bunch of purple violets fastened in her girdle,—and with a forced smile, she placed them in the hands of her dying friend.

She looked at them a moment with a sort of abstracted attention, and an expression strangely unearthly, as she said, "I have thought that wild flowers might be the alphabet of angels,—whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths, which it is not given our fallen nature to understand. What think you, dear father?"

"I think, my beloved child, that the truths we do comprehend, are enough to support us through all our trials."

The confidence of the christian was strong within him, when he spoke ; but he looked on his dying daughter, the only image of a wife dearly beloved,—and nature prevailed. He covered his eyes and shook his white hairs mournfully, as he added, “God in his mercy grant that we may find them sufficient in this dreadful struggle.”

All was again still,—still, in that chamber of death. The birds sung as sweetly as if there was no such thing as discord in the habitations of man ; and the blue sky was as bright as if earth were a stranger to ruin, and the human soul knew not of desolation. Twilight advanced, unmindful that weeping eyes watched her majestic and varied beauty. The silvery clouds that composed her train, were fast sinking into a gorgeous column of gold and purple. It seemed as if celestial spirits were hovering round their mighty pavilion of light, and pressing the verge of the horizon with their glittering sandals.

Amid the rich, variegated heaps of vapour, was one spot of clear, bright cerulean. The deeply coloured and heavy masses which surrounded it, gave it the effect of distance,—so that it seemed like a portion of the inner heaven. Grace fixed her earnest gaze upon it, as the weary traveller does upon an Oasis in the desert. That awful lustre which the soul beams forth at its parting, was in her eye, as she said, “I could almost fancy there are happy faces looking down to welcome me.”

"It is very beautiful," said Lucretia, in a subdued tone. "It is such a sky as you used to love to look upon, dear Grace."

"It is such a one as *we* loved," she answered. "There was a time when it would have made me very happy ; but—my thoughts are now beyond it."

Her voice grew faint, and there was a quick gasp,—as if the rush of memory was too powerful for her weak frame.

Doctor Willard hastily prepared a cordial, and offered it to her lips. Those lips were white and motionless ; her long, fair eye-lashes drooped, but trembled not.—He placed his hand on her side ;—the heart that had loved so well, and endured so much, had throbbed its last.

With a countenance as pale as the lifeless being beside him, Doctor Willard whispered, "Your daughter is dead !"

One deep, piercing groan burst from the bosom of the bereaved father,—and it was echoed by a faint shriek, as they all involuntarily knelt beside the corpse.

For many minutes, no sound was uttered by any one. The quick, convulsive motion of the foot, and the handkerchief, which rose and fell on the throbbing temples, alone betrayed the grief that was storming within their souls.

At length Mr. Osborne arose, and observed that it was necessary they should leave the room.

Father, brother, and lover kissed that pale brow as they passed. "Thus,—thus—dear, loved one, must

we part," said Doctor Willard ; and he rushed out of the house with the swiftness of one goaded on by the sting of anguish.

It was years before he could hear Grace talked of with composure. His footsteps were deeply marked around her grave ; and not even the terrible scenes in which his ardent soul was afterward actively engaged, could drive her from his memory. A miniature was copied from her portrait,—and when the body of the young patriot was afterward buried on the field of battle, this valued relic was found encrusted in his heart's blood.

In the ebony desk of the deceased, was discovered "The Rape of the Lock," which had been the gift of her faithless lover, during their earliest acquaintance ; the ring, which had broken at their parting ; and a letter to be delivered to him after her death. It was as follows :

"Dear Frederic,

"If the frank avowal that you are still very dear to my widowed heart, requires any apology, let approaching death be my excuse.

"Methinks that my turf pillow will be as down, if you know that my last prayer was breathed for you,—my last wishes for your happiness. The heart that you once thought too cold, dearest Frederic, has never reproached him that crushed it.

"I have pitied you,—wept for you,—and prayed for you ; but the ghost of our once plighted love, ever spoke to me like a voice from the tomb,—and it would not let me blame you.

“I do not think you were to me a hypocrite. I do believe you loved me. But it is not strange that I should have been forgotten in the midst of a busy, tempting world. The flower that we pluck, may be very fragrant; yet the remembrance of its sweetness passes away, even before the frail thing withers;—the bird’s wild note is music to human ears,—yet to-morrow it is as if it had never been;—and woman’s affectionate smile is even as they are, in the memory of man. But she may not thus forget her dream of love. Her heart distils the fragrance, and echoes the sounds that are gone; yea, even her very thoughts take root in affection. I love the books that you have read; and for your sake, their ideas have become my own. I cannot, if I would, escape from your image. It is seated by our fireside,—it is walking in our paths,—it is stamped on every page I open.

“When the grass grows above my grave, and the violet weeps and dies there,—shall you ever think of me? Yea,—I know you will think of me; and think of me too, as you did on the day we parted. Alas! how little either of us then thought it was forever.

“Should you come to look once more upon scenes, which our short acquaintance has rendered very dear to me,—you will find your rose blossoming in the window where you have so often been seated,—and the book in which you last read to me, placed by its side. These will speak for her who will then have no voice to welcome you; and when you ask the forgiveness of that dear, good old man, whose grey hairs are going down

to the grave in sorrow, he will say to you, 'As my Heavenly Father forgiveth me, even so do I forgive you.' You too will think of God; and thus will sorrow lose its sting. You will not weep such bitter, scalding tears as I did when I was first deserted; but you will think of me with a gentle sigh,—and my spirit will hover near, and whisper, 'We meet in Heaven.' Farewell.

GRACE OSBORNE."

We will not attempt to portray the sorrow that pervaded Mr. Osborne's desolate home. The painter, called upon to represent a father's grief, despaired of success, and wisely shrouded the convulsed features in a mantle.

Honest Dudley and his wife were the only ones who were loud and boisterous in their lamentations; but the peculiar circumstances of Miss Osborne's death excited universal interest; and the sternest nerves quivered when the lifeless remains of so much loveliness were lowered in the ground. The event no doubt produced much greater sensation on account of political fermentation. She whom they followed to the grave, was the only daughter of a man that had ever firmly vindicated the rights of America; and she had been cut down, in the full bloom of youth and beauty, by the cruelty of a haughty foreigner,—a pampered connexion of Hutchinson,—an insolent military oppressor. Some urged Mr. Osborne to seek redress for his wrongs; others talked loudly of revenge; but the soul of the old man was sick within him, and he would turn away from them with loathing, and in the privacy of his own closet he

would pour forth his sorrows to the God who heareth prayer.

Governor Hutchinson had great kindness of feeling, though it had been too much chilled by ambition and avarice. This sad catastrophe was sudden to him; and it affected him deeply. Madam Sandford, too, forgot all her disappointed schemes in unfeigned contrition for the prejudices she had indulged. The result of all this, was a long letter from Governor Hutchinson, thanking Lucretia for various munificent presents, conjuring her to return to them, and begging forgiveness for the hasty resentment which had separated them from one they loved so much.

When Miss Fitzherbert showed this epistle to Mr. Osborne, he drew her affectionately to his bosom, and said, "You shall do just as your heart dictates, my dear child. Yet for her sake, you are dear to me as a daughter; and who shall bathe the old man's throbbing head, or smooth his pillow, when you are away? Above all, who shall talk to me of her that is gone, and give relief to the troubled soul by sharing all its griefs?"

"You still have Henry left, my dear sir," replied Lucretia, with a tearful smile.

"True; and the blessing of heaven will rest on that dutiful son and affectionate brother; but the voice of woman soothes the mourner, and the cordial is more healing when prepared by her hand. Nevertheless, as you will, dear friend of my beloved daughter. Wherever you are, my affection and my blessing will rest upon you."

Lucretia kissed away a tear before it had time to fall, and immediately answered the benefactors of her youth, by saying, that her love and gratitude had never abated,—that she should think much of them, and visit them often, but that her heart was weary of splendour,—that she loved the quiet home of Mr. Osborne, and thought it her duty to remain with him during the remainder of his pilgrimage.

* * * * *

About three weeks after Grace's farewell letter was despatched to Somerville's supposed residence, a young man, wild and hurried in his manner, called upon the sexton, and requested the key of Mr. Osborne's tomb. With weak, irregular steps, he entered that house of death, and raised the lid of the coffin last placed there. Convulsed and shuddering, he started back! The imagination shrinks from mortal decay,—yet it conveys a moral which beauty should remember.

The stranger dared not trust himself with another look. He leaned on the coffin, for a few minutes, as if utterly unconscious of existence. Not a sigh, not a tear, relieved the bursting anguish of his heart. His eye accidentally rested on the inscription :

"Grace Osborne ; aged 19. Departed this life May 27th, 1769."

He sprung forward, as if an adder stung him,—and throwing himself on the ground, clasped the sod to his forehead, as if to cool its burning agony. It was here that the sexton found him, and after a tedious effort, he persuaded him to lean on his arm, and suffer himself to be led to a neighbouring hotel. The next day he was

gone. He had sought acquaintance with no one, and no one knew his name ; but he was always supposed to be Frederic Somerville Fitzherbert.

Four weeks after this mysterious visit, the Baltimore paper announced that a young man had died at the King's Head tavern, in a high fever, and very delirious. A postscript added, that letters were found among his papers, some directed to Captain Frederic Somerville, and others to Colonel Frederic S. Fitzherbert.

Governor Hutchinson immediately repaired thither. The nephew of whom he had once been so proud, had indeed fallen a victim to his own fluctuating principles and misguided feelings.

A will was found, in which his small property, consisting of about two thousand pounds, was left to Henry Osborne. In this document was inclosed the following fragment :

“ Much injured Friend,

“ Your sweet sister is dead ! Well, I shall not long survive her. No matter what I think of ;—I have horrible thoughts sometimes : but I shall not long survive her. What money I have, I will leave to you. It is the only atonement that I can now make for all my errors—all my cruelty. I have plunged into dissipation ; but the glance of beauty has made me writhe in agony. I have looked on where others were happy ; but at my approach, every bud of joy withered. I am the branded outcast of heaven. Every eye glances at me in hatred. I know not what I write. Sense, memory, every thing, lies buried in that cold, distant grave. I wish I

could pray,—but my stubborn knee will not bend, and my proud heart rises in defiance of Almighty power. From His eye I cannot flee,—and it frowns upon me in tremendous wrath. I carry my hell within me.” * *
* * * * *

Here this wild epistle broke suddenly off. Miss Osborne’s letter was found among his papers; but whether he had received it before this was written,—and whether it soothed or maddened him, seemed wholly uncertain. Those whom he had so deeply injured, wept when they heard of his death. If he had sinned, he had likewise suffered; and the grave covers all.

Among his papers was a journal, which in many places betrayed a willingness to return to the object of his first affection, and a thorough conviction that it would be entirely useless.

In one place he mentioned Lucretia,—said she had treated him as he deserved,—that he had ceased to breathe her name with curses, and that his respect and kind wishes would ever follow her.

It is not in the nature of man to stand at the grave even of an enemy, and hate the handful of dust that lies beneath him; and, oh, how bitterly do we remember any pain we may have given those we once loved, whatever was the provocation.

All the wrongs Lucretia had endured, were forgotten. She only remembered her youthful lover, splendid in his talents,—ardent and generous in his feelings.

“Were he but alive,” thought she, “I could welcome even insult from his lips,—nay, kneel to thank him for one look,—though that look were hatred.”

CHAP. XXI.

The time is coming now, and the weird's dree'd, and the wheel's turning.
Guy Munnering.

THE hatred that subsisted between the citizens of Boston, and the troops sent to compel them to submission, grew every day more rancorous. There seemed likely to be no end to insults, abuses, and petty stratagems of malice. At length, a soldier having received a blow from some one of the lower orders of people, implicated his companions in the quarrel. This led to new and repeated vexations; and on the fifth of March, 1770, the populace, exasperated beyond further endurance, armed themselves with clubs, and ran to King-street, shouting, "Drive out the rascals! they are not fit to breathe the air of a free country!"

The sentinel at the barracks called out the guard to his assistance; and had they not been restrained by their officers, they would have rushed on the citizens with furious slaughter.

"Stand back! and form a line!" said Captain Preston, waving his sword as he spoke; and obedient to military orders, they formed one long, firm phalanx, and stood as motionless as pieces of ancient armour.

Infuriated by the calm contempt, which this stillness indicated, the multitude rushed on to the very points of their bayonets.

"Fire, cowards! fire!" was the general shout.

"Aye, spill blood!" cried the shrill voice of Molly Bradstreet, who was at that moment towering along the side-walk. "Spill blood, red from the hearts of your brethren;—but do it at your peril. You 'll live to see it fearfully avenged."

"Hush, woman,—hush, for Heaven's sake," exclaimed John Dudley; "there will be horrid work here, before the sun goes down."

"The villains lack courage to fire on freemen," answered she, in her loudest, and most insulting tones.

"Yes; they dare not! they dare not!" was echoed by the crowd.

A deep, half-smothered sound of wrath ran along the troops; and an instant after the fatal words were spoken, a volley of musketry rent the air. The clashing of clubs and bayonets,—the loud rolling of drums,—the violent din of bells,—the screams—the imprecations—the curses, and the howlings of the multitude, were terrible beyond all description; yet even above them all, might be distinguished the piercing shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of those who grasped the earth in their last, mortal agony.

The witch, to whose mysterious conduct we have so often alluded, was among the number of the dying. There she lay, upon the cold, slippery earth,—looking upward with an intense expression of pain,—her bright red cardinal fluttering at her side, like the outspread banner of a fallen chieftain. In a most imploring voice, she called out, "Wherever Lucretia Fitzherbert is,

carry me there,—oh, carry me there.” Honest John Dudley heard the name she mentioned, and drew near to understand the nature of her request; but as he stooped to listen, a ball grazed his ear, and sunk deep into his shoulder. Staggering he fell back, and his head rested on the wounded side of the expiring woman.

The discordant uproar increased,—the clang of bells grew louder and louder,—the heavy tramp of horses mingled with the vociferations of the mob; and Hutchinson was heard expostulating with the soldiers at the very top of his voice.

“How dared you fire without orders?” said he.

“Because we would not brook the insolence of these low-born rebels,” was the reply.

The fierce altercation died away upon the ear of the two unfortunate beings we have mentioned. How long they remained insensible they knew not; but when they recovered, Doctor Willard was standing over them, binding up their wounds.

The first words the woman uttered were, “Fitzherbert! Fitzherbert! Will nobody carry me there.”

In compliance with her request, she was placed on one of the litters, which had been hastily prepared, and conveyed to Queen-street.

Henry Osborne had, on the first alarm, joined the vast multitude collected in King’s-street; but his father, at Lucretia’s earnest request had remained at home, listening to the distant tumult with the most intense anxiety. When he saw the litter stop before his door, he ran out, and eagerly inquired, “Is it Henry? Is it my only son? Has he gone too?”

"No, my dear sir," answered Doctor Willard; "it is a poor crazy woman, who has fallen a victim to this accursed soldiery."

"Oh, what a scene of horrors is this," rejoined Mr. Osborne. "I knew it must be so, but I little thought my old eyes would live to see it."

"Yes, the blow is struck," said Doctor Willard; "and the wound will fester long, before it heals. The rascals say we dare not fight.—By Heaven, I hope I shall die up to my knees in blood."

While this brief conversation took place between the gentlemen, the wounded woman was removed from the litter to a bed prepared for her reception. Doctor Willard, after careful examination, gave it as his opinion, that if the ball were speedily extracted, her life might possibly be saved.

"It is better otherwise," said the wretched woman, casting a searching glance around the apartment; "but will she not come to see me die?"

Lucretia entered just as she finished speaking, bringing with her some cordial she had been preparing. The sufferer raised her withered hands, and looked upward with an expression of fervent gratitude.

"Send them all away," whispered she, as Lucretia offered her the cup; "I have somewhat to say to you."

As soon as her wish was intimated, the physician and the servants withdrew; and even before the door had closed, she clasped Lucretia's hand in hers, pressed it to her lips, and kissed it again and again with frantic joy. "I had not hoped to die thus," she said. "I have

lived, sinned, and suffered alone ; and even thus did I think to depart."

Miss Fitzherbert would have taken this for the ravings of insanity,—but the remark she had heard her make on her way to Hollis-street church, the day Mr. Whitfield preached there; her conduct at Mr. Wilson's funeral; and her emotions when viewing the portrait, formed a strange and puzzling coincidence.

"Poor woman," said she, "what can occasion the interest you take in me?"

The invalid looked up as if imploring from her that compassion and tenderness which the rest of the world denied her. "Could you," said she, "endure the thought that you were related to such an outcast in creation as I am?"

"I could welcome any thing to my heart that was connected with a mother I have been taught to love and respect," replied Lucretia.

"Oh, Lucretia Fitzherbert," rejoined this mysterious being, "may the end of your pilgrimage be more cheerful than mine has been. It is a sore thing to the heart to live in this wide world, and know there is not a single soul cares when or how you leave it. To feel that those for whom you would sacrifice life and limb,—yea, heart and soul, would consider you as a blot upon their fair name,—a vile weight to sink them into the mire of poverty and shame. You will hate me,—you will hate me?"

"Had you no children?" inquired Lucretia, in a tone of heartfelt pity.

“I had.—Your mother was my child.”

“But,” said Lucretia, in a faltering voice, “my mother and Gertrude May were not sisters?”

“No, they were not. But you have not a drop of Fitzherbert blood in your veins.” She covered her eyes with both her hands, as she spoke, as if she feared to see the effect her tidings produced.

Lucretia was, for an instant, deadly pale; and she grasped her grandmother’s arm in a manner that expressed more plainly than words could have done, the intensity of her feelings,—the eagerness of her curiosity.

“I must,” said the old woman, attempting to rise, but writhing with pain, as she again fell back upon the pillow, “I must tell my crime while I have the strength. Time is precious now; for never will these old eyes witness the rising of another sun. Matilda Howe and my Gertrude were companions. She married Captain Fitzherbert, about the same time that Harry Wilson said he married Gertrude. I was not in Halifax at that period. I always had a wandering, restless spirit after my husband left me;—but I learned afterward that Wilson was jealous of the Captain; and—” she drew her breath hard as she spoke,—“there was some dreadful business.” * * * * *

“I took you from my dying daughter, when you were six weeks old, and went to pour forth my griefs to the kind-hearted Mrs. Fitzherbert. She was sick with a fever,—and the babe that is now Mrs. Percival, lay sleeping in her cradle. God forgive me for the wicked deed! Trouble had shattered my poor mind; but I was an am-

bitious woman to the last. The daughter of Captain Fitzherbert, I thought, would be rich and respectable,—but who could tell what would become of Harry Wilson's poor child. Satan tempted me,—and I yielded. You are Gertrude Wilson. Can you forgive me?"

She spoke in accents hurried and frantic,—occasionally interrupted by violent spasms. Lucretia could not look upon the poor wretch with any thing like resentment; but a consciousness of degradation, and shame for the gross imposture that had been practised, troubled and confused her mind,—and she wept in silence.

"I knew it would be so," said the old woman, bursting into tears. "I knew you could not forgive me for telling you the unwelcome tidings;—but, oh, my child, it was a heavy weight,—and I could not carry it down to my grave. No other mortal is privy to it; and the secret which pride has kept so long, death will keep forever. You need not be disgraced in the eye of the world."

"I do not mourn that you have told me now," replied Lucretia; "but that you had not told me years before. It is dreadful to think that I have wronged another,—and that all my honours and enjoyments have been the fruits of deception. But let that pass away. I will atone for it, and never remember it against you, my grandmother."

"Oh, that I should ever live to hear that blessed sound," said the aged woman. "Raise up my head, let me look at you, and die in your arms."

Lucretia did as she desired,—and in the depth of her pity, she even imprinted a kiss on the wrinkled forehead of one, whose guilt and sufferings had all been for her sake. “But my mother—was she murdered?” said she, in a shuddering tone.

“Your father confessed it on his death-bed; but Gertrude made me believe she died of an accidental wound. The heart of woman is a strange thing. It will live for years on the remembrance of kindness; and like a lamb, it will fondle upon the hand that stabs it.”

“And my father? Did you see him afterward, till the day he died?”

“Once he came to my old hut at the foot of Rattlesnake Hill, to have his fortune told. I learned the black art of a Scotch woman. I don’t know whether there was any thing in it, but things would sometimes come to pass as my books foretold. There was nobody in the world to love me, and so I had a mind they should fear me; and it was pleasant enough to see, how strong as well as weak were slaves to my power.

“Your father had been gone many a long year,—nobody knew where; and well I guessed for no good purpose. I knew him at first sight, for hatred has a memory like love. I knew by his actions that he was the murderer of my child. I said I would be revenged,—and I had it in my heart to kill him; but he was your father, and I could not go through with it.”

Here the invalid seemed exhausted with the extreme exertion she had made; and Lucretia, alarmed at the rapid changes in her countenance, hastened to call the

physician. "Say one thing before you go," exclaimed the old woman; "lest when you come back, I should not have ears to hear it. I have been a poor, wronged, half crazed, and furious creature; but I am calm now; and I shall soon be calmer still. I have staid away from you months and years, in my solitary pilgrimage,—because I would not come among your proud friends to disgrace you; but love was sometimes too strong for me, and I would plod many a weary mile but to look on you, and hear the sound of your voice. Can you forgive your old grandmother?"

"I do, I do," replied Lucretia. She was about to add that she hoped she would yet live many years, happy and respectable; but an unbidden feeling rose up to prevent her utterance; and surely in one whose pride of rank had been so peculiarly fostered by education and circumstances, this tinge of the world's vanity might be forgiven.

When Miss Fitzherbert descended to the parlour, she was startled to find the Doctor engaged in fastening a bandage around Henry's arm. "It is a mere trifle," said young Osborne, inwardly rejoicing at the injury which had procured him such a look of anxious affection. "Father has gone up to see honest Dudley, who has a far worse wound; but the Doctor says he will recover."

"Yes, he will do well enough," replied Willard; "and if all the country were made of such stubborn stuff as he is, we should soon gaze at the sterns of those infernal war-ships, and see the last blush of the red cross flag upon our waters."

"The time will come," said Henry. "The land is wide awake, and the good cause gains ground."

"True," rejoined the Doctor; "even Miss Lucretia Fitzherbert has become a proselyte; and surely she would not, without powerful *reasons*."

Lucretia blushed deeply. "I told you," said she, "that the poor woman above stairs is very weak. Indeed you must go to her. I will take care of Mr. Osborne's arm."

"You had better take good care of it,—for the right hand is on it, you know," said the Doctor, with a very sly glance, as he closed the door after him.

Though Henry had said his wound was so very slight, he now began to think it necessary for his kind nurse to examine it; and tighten the bandages,—then it was a long time before the handkerchief which supported it was rightly adjusted; and no doubt he would have resorted to a thousand other artifices to secure the presence and attentions of a beloved object, had not Lucretia very decidedly said she must return to the sick stranger, and leave Phœbe in attendance upon him.

She met Doctor Willard, just leaving the chamber. "It is all over with the poor old creature," said he. "I feared she would die as soon as the wound was opened."

The physician did not know how to account for the agitation which this news produced. It did indeed bring relief to Lucretia's mind to know that the unhappy being had gone beyond the reach of earthly suffering, and that the shame of such a connexion was spared her;

but this feeling was deeply mingled with self-reproach. Had she lived, no sympathy could possibly have existed between them ; yet it seemed very heartless to rejoice at the death of one to whom she was so nearly allied by nature. To feel that we ought to give our affections where it is utterly out of our power, is painful indeed ; and if we fail from the impossibility, it is long before our own hearts excuse it.

The day following these melancholy occurrences, the citizens met together, and after a short consultation, sent a message to the Lieutenant Governor, signifying that there was every thing to fear from the excited state of the populace,—and that the army must be removed from Boston without delay. Governor Hutchinson had had sufficient proof of the spirits he had to deal with ; accordingly, he gave orders that the troops should immediately embark for Castle William. Not satisfied with this atonement for the injuries they had suffered, the inhabitants resolved to express their indignation, sorrow, and compassion, by celebrating the obsequies of the slain in the most public and honourable manner. True, none of them were much superior to the miserable woman whose strange story had produced such an unexpected change in the prospects of Lucretia Fitzherbert ; but they were fellow-citizens, slaughtered by the hand of violence and oppression. On the morning of the 8th, business was universally suspended, many of the windows were hung with black, and all the bells of Boston, Charlestown, and Roxbury, joined in one funeral toll. Long files of carriages and horses, followed by

an immense train on foot, were seen winding their way toward King-street, where the multitude of human heads seemed like the waves of the ocean, making the brain dizzy with their numbers. Thus was the mother of Gertrude May conveyed to her last home.

When the fraud which had placed Lucretia in the possession of rank and fortune, was first disclosed to her, it seemed like some bewildered dream. The more she thought on the subject, the more the value of what she was about to lose increased in her estimation. It must be confessed, she was sorely tempted to conceal the disgraceful truth,—but none of Lucretia's faults had a tinge of meanness or hypocrisy; and she would have scorned to purchase a crown at the expense of generosity and candour. Accordingly she frankly disclosed all the circumstances to her astonished friends, a few days after her grandmother's death.

"There is no end to the wonders in your life, my dear girl," said Mr. Osborne. "Many a heroine of romance does not meet with half your reverses."

"And few living heroines," rejoined Henry, "have come forth so stainless from the midst of trials and temptations."

"It does indeed argue no weak virtue, my child," said Mr. Osborne, "to decide rightly, with so much promptitude, in a case like this. But let us hear your letter to Mrs. Percival."

Lucretia opened the paper, and read as follows :

“ My dear Mrs. Percival,

“ It is long since I have written to you,—longer than I once thought it ever would be ; but heart-trying scenes prevented it, after my return from England ; and when their bitterness had passed away, I was too much depressed to make any mental exertion.

“ I received your husband’s letter, thanking me for the picture which I sent him on account of its extreme resemblance to you.

“ That mystery is now solved. You, of course, recollect Polly May, generally called Molly Bradstreet,—who behaved in so singular a manner at the funeral in Roxbury. She was my grandmother—not yours. The papers will give you an account of the bloody affray between the soldiers and citizens in this oppressed town. She was passing through King-street at the time, and was mortally wounded. On her death-bed she confessed that she exchanged us, during our infancy. This explains the resemblance, which, I have been told, troubled my poor father in his dying moments. This accounts for the indifference my grandmother evinced toward you, and the eager interest she always took in every thing that concerned me. You may well believe that I am deeply ashamed as well as grieved, to think that I have visited England, and associated with the rich, the powerful, and the learned there, under the mask of an impostor :—but I was innocent in my ignorance,—and I have long since learned that conscious rectitude of purpose will enable us to go through the most fiery trials which this changing world can offer.

None of your vast capital has, of course, been expended. The large sums that have, for four years past, supported me in luxury, will, I trust, be returned to you at some future season ; though I confess I do not know where I am to procure the means. I will write immediately to my agent in England, whom I would recommend to you as a faithful and disinterested man. The sooner a legal transfer of property is made, the better. If you can gather any particulars concerning my grandmother, I wish you to write them. She appeared to me to have uncommon strength of mind, and ideas somewhat above her station.

I am very affectionately,

GERTRUDE WILSON."

Queen-street, March 10th, 1770.

A few weeks after, the following letter was received :

" Much respected Madam,

" We know not at which to admire most,—the sudden change that puts us in possession of such wealth,—or the noble integrity that could voluntarily relinquish it.

" Do not insult us by talking of what you have expended. If my beloved wife had always known herself as Lucretia Fitzherbert, she would have rejoiced to give genius like yours every opportunity to improve itself. Few could have travelled in England to so much advantage and very few have so richly deserved all the enjoyment that could be found there. Never mention the subject again, I beg of you ;—it seems as if you thought

we had not souls to appreciate your generous character. You write as if you supposed this transfer of property would leave you poor. My uncle Townsend's fortune was ample for New England ; though a mere trifle compared with what we all considered yours. Do you forget that his estates were all left to Gertrude Wilson, in case Edward Percival did not marry her ? And how, I pray you, can Edward Percival comply with any such requisition ? However, I shall soon be in Boston to attend to this business. We will then exchange our respective rights and titles ; and, be as disinterested as you will, you shall not go beyond me.

“I made many inquiries concerning Mrs. Polly May, when I returned to Canada, at the close of the year 1765, but I could never obtain much information. She was, as you say, a woman of uncommon strength of mind ; by means of which she obtained an almost unbounded influence over the vulgar and the superstitious. She was a favourite servant in a rich English family at Halifax, I have been told ; and received from them an education rather above the common stamp. A wild young Englishman, who visited this family, was captivated with her beauty, and married her privately. He left her ; and soon after he returned to his native country, he married the daughter of a Scottish nobleman. She went over in search of him,—was treated with great cruelty and scorn,—and returned a poor, passionate, insane creature. She never took much care of her child ; though in her intervals of reason, she treated her with distracted fondness. This daughter was very

beautiful ; and it is not strange that under such circumstances, she grew up vain, giddy, and headstrong. She was your mother ;—but you know her story, and I will not dwell upon its horrors.

“There are things to lament in the character of these people, most surely ; but their faults ought not to throw a shadow on their posterity. True majesty of soul, like yours, madam, can derive no additional lustre from the adventitious circumstances of wealth and station. Lucretia (when shall I learn to call her so) desires her sincerest love.

“I am with great respect and admiration,

EDWARD PERCIVAL.”

Montreal, April 9th, 1770.

Mr. Percival soon after came to New England, as he had proposed ; and all necessary arrangements were made with as much delicacy and generosity as possible. Lucretia assumed the name of Gertrude Wilson ; and again appeared in the newspapers far and wide as the heroine of a wonderful and romantic story.

CHAP. XXII.

"It was not with the bands of common love
Our hearts were knit together ; they had been
Silent companions in those griefs which move
And purify the soul ; and we had seen
Each other's strength and truth of mind, and hence
We loved with passion's holiest confidence."

DURING the first year after Colonel Fitzherbert's death, Lucretia (whom we must now call Gertrude Wilson) suffered much more acutely than Grace had ever done. But her superior strength of constitution and of character resisted the fierce attacks which for a while threatened to destroy them. The wounds in youthful hearts heal slowly,—but they will heal. Time had his usual soothing power ; and though Gertrude was never afterward the same gay, laughing creature, overflowing with life, and health, and genius, she gradually became cheerful, and even animated. Her mind was now like a fine old painting, the dazzling brilliancy of which had become delightfully mellowed by the touch of time.

Blessings are frequently wafted to us on the wings of disappointment ; and the hand from which we shrink, often has healing in its touch. Affliction had done for Gertrude what the music of Amphion did for Thebes, when the confused materials of grandeur which lay scattered about in magnificent profusion, arose at the voice of his lyre, and formed themselves into one beautiful and harmonious whole. In early life, she had bowed too devoutly at the shrine of talents, heedless wheth-

er, or not, it stood on the firm pedestal of virtue ; but experience had taught her that the greatest gifts might be most shamefully perverted. Genius is the electric fluid of the soul.—Alas ! that the mysterious and erratic power which purifies the intellectual air, should ever leave scathe and blackening on the heart.

Wealth, with all its imposing pageantry, and rank with its embroidered baldrick and blazing star, had been idols before which her imagination had bowed with scarcely inferior homage ; and she had proved their utter insufficiency to satisfy the soul in its hour of trial ; nay, she had been driven from their sunny paths, and found happiness in more shaded and sequestered walks. All these lessons, severely as they were taught, had produced a good effect. She now began to estimate men and things according to their real value—to appreciate qualities according to their usefulness, not according to their lustre.

No one was more pleased with these changes than Henry Osborne, for no one had watched her singular, and somewhat dangerous course, with such fearful, anxious affection. She too, acknowledged herself pleasantly disappointed in his character. Traits of mind which she had not supposed to exist, were found, upon intimate acquaintance, to be like the hues of the rainbow, so equally blended as to be inconspicuous, until the power of friendship drew them forth in separate and striking beauty.

It can readily be imagined what would be the result, when two young people, never disagreeable to each other, sympathized in the same griefs, shared the same du-

ties, read the same books, and frequented the same walks.

Mr. Osborne had resolved to keep the anniversary of Grace's death, during his life time. Her portrait was hung with evergreens,—little mementos of her were brought forward ; and they talked of her as they would of an absent friend. The twenty-seventh of May returned for the second time since the dear one had gone out from among them ; and no other change had taken place in that affectionate household. When Henry entered the library early in the morning, he found the ebony writing-desk open, and the work-box by its side, just as they were wont to be before his lovely sister had fallen a victim to her ill-judged, but too constant attachment.

His eye glanced from them to Gertrude, as if to thank her for the arrangement which had so noiselessly called up visions of the past.

“ I like your father's manner of celebrating this day,” said Gertrude. “ She who never gave any of us pain while living, ought not to have her memory cherished with sighs and tears.”

“ True,” replied Henry ; “ she is an angel in heaven ; and, if blessed spirits can know sorrow, it is fitter she should weep for us, than that we should mourn for her. Yet I can hardly think of her as in another world. When I look at that vacant chair, in which she used to sit, I almost fancy that I see her beautiful golden hair hanging over it. When I gaze on her portrait, it seems to smile

praises. What a host of recollections these trifles have called up. Here is a branch of cedar, which the dear girl gathered at Castle William, the night before the stamped paper had arrived there. Do you remember that sail, Gertrude ? ”

“ I do indeed,” replied she ; “ and, oh, what changes have taken place since then. How altered are all my thoughts and feelings

“ Do you recollect,” said Henry, “ that you once promised if I would wait a few years, you should learn to be collected and prudent,—just as calm as the river in summer’s moonlight ? ”

“ Yes, I remember it well,” rejoined Gertrude, smiling ; “ and have I not become almost a Quaker,—Friend, I should say, I suppose ? ”

“ I would have you something more than a *friend*,” answered he, with very peculiar emphasis.

“ Upon this hint they spake.” Many kind things were said, and in very tender accents ; but it is foolish to describe such scenes ;—volatile as ether, the spirit evaporates the moment you give it air.

Suffice it to say, that Gertrude’s second nuptials, in every respect so strikingly different from her first, had a termination as pleasant as those were unfortunate. Her hopes of happiness were now built on a firm foundation,—that of strict principles and long-tried affection ; and they were fully realized. Mr. Osborne, his long, white hair streaming over his shoulders, and his countenance beaming with calm enjoyment, seemed like a benignant spirit come down to shed his blessing on an

earthly union. And it was blest,—blest in mutual love, respect and confidence,—blest too, in the good old age of a parent so justly dear to them both.

Governor Hutchinson and Miss Sandford, with whom Gertrude had always kept up a friendly intercourse, were present at the wedding. The old lady with all her foibles, had a warm heart ; and she kissed the bride affectionately, as she said, “ I told you so. I told you so. I said you would marry him, that night he gave you such a lecture at our house.”

Governor Hutchinson was rather more cold, though very polite in his congratulations. If the truth must be told, he regarded the daughter of Harry Wilson, a pirate and a murderer, as quite an unimportant personage, compared with the rich descendant of the Honourable Edmund Fitzherbert, of Tudor Lodge. That ill-fated politician, forgetting, like too many statesmen, that “ a straight line is the shortest, whether in morals or mathematics,” daily made himself more unpopular among his fellow citizens. His projects of personal aggrandizement were frustrated, and his adherents baffled in all their schemes.

As the troubles of the Revolution increased, he thought it prudent to seek quiet and safety in the mother country. Accordingly, a few years after the period of which we speak, he sailed for England, accompanied by his sister-in-law, and a charming family, whom we have not introduced to our readers, because they had not the slightest connexion with our story.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Percival could arrange their

affairs, they embarked for Great Britain ; from whence they afterward sent many a generous present to their friend Mrs. Osborne.

They spent their time between Tudor Lodge and Fitzherbert Hall ; and Edward Percival had the satisfaction of seeing his young wife the blazing star of fashion and of beauty,—yet as exemplary, as docile, and as affectionate, as she was when she first left the Convent of St. Vallier. She often sent to Mrs. Osborne the most urgent invitations to revisit England ; and flattering letters from the first literary characters, contained the same earnest request ; but Gertrude had now devoted all the light of her understanding, and all the warmth of her affections, to the happiness of her excellent husband. The political horizon soon became more stormy in its aspect ; and Henry could not think of leaving America, at a time when she needed all the firmness, the talents, and the courage of her sons. During the whole of the bloody period which followed, he rendered important services in the senate and the field ; and when he returned to his anxious family, in 1784, after a long absence, the elder Mr. Osborne gave him a blessing warm from the heart of the father and the patriot ; and when Gertrude came, with her group of smiling cherubs, to welcome him to his happy home ; he pressed them warmly to his heart, as he said, “The bride was dear ; but how much dearer is the wife !”

